THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

AUG. 6, 1910 — 5c. THE COPY

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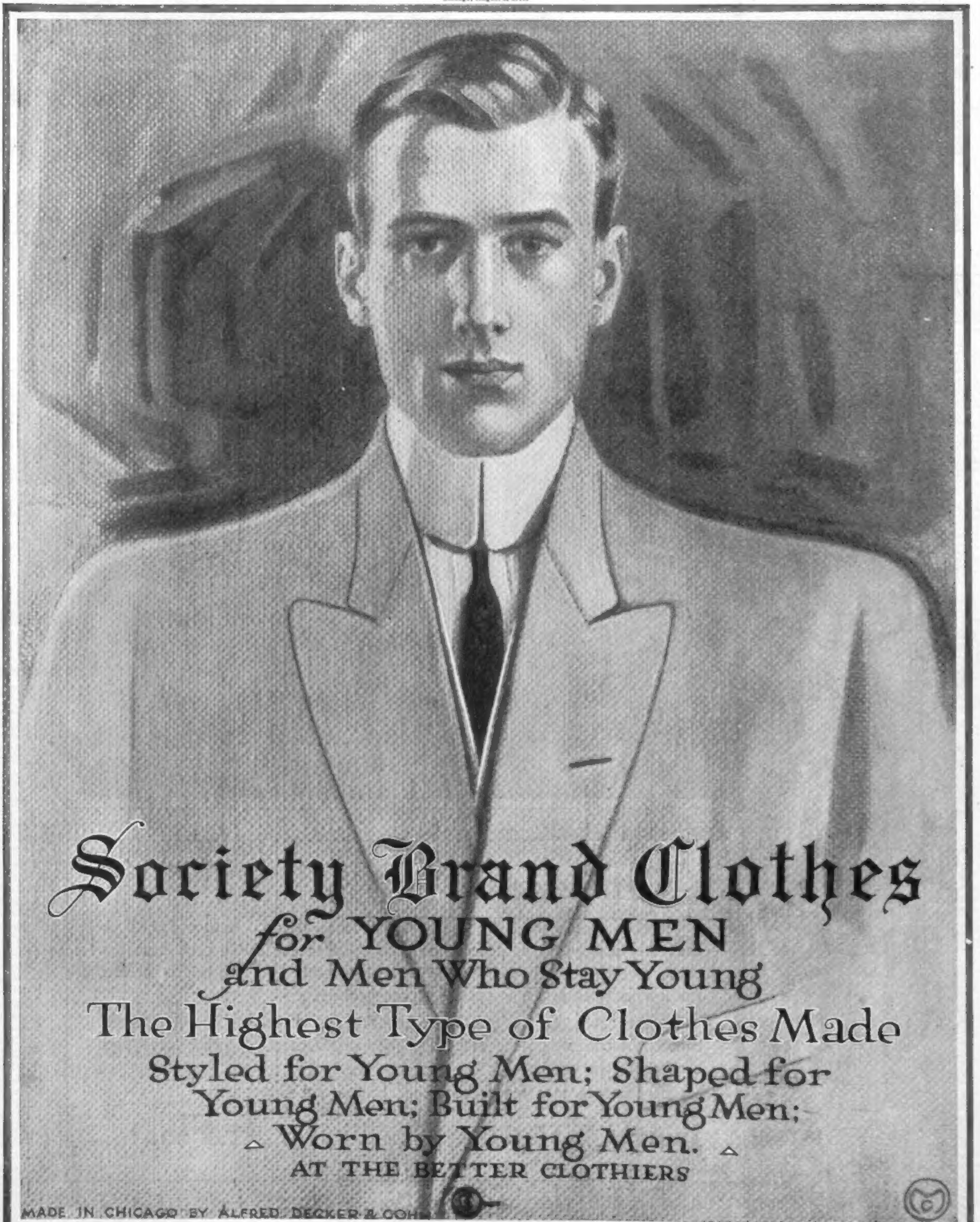
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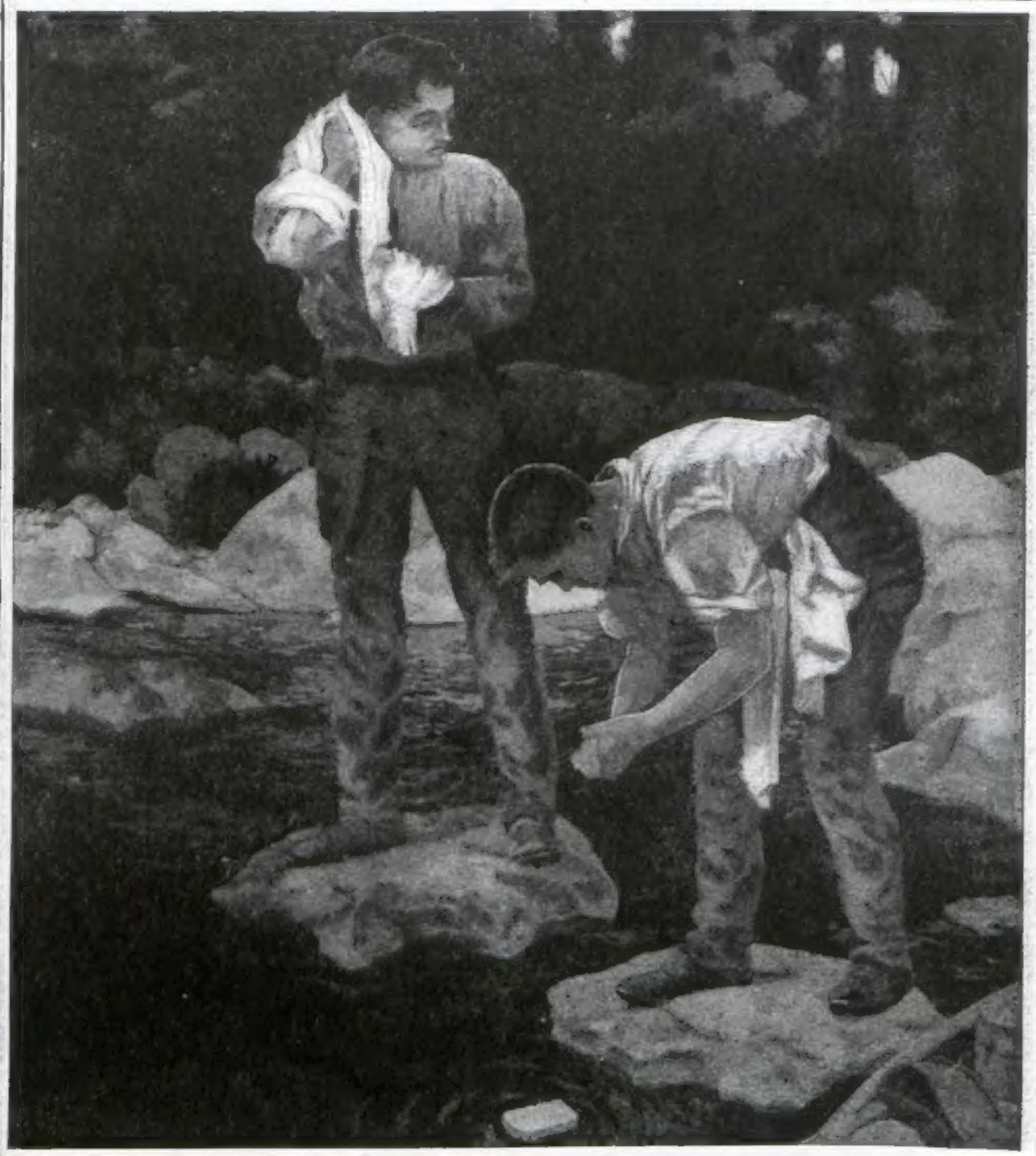

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The Log of the Courtney Ford

Wherein Three-Fingered Jack Justifies His Faith in Dreams

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. ASHLEY

IN THE days of the old San Francisco there stood, in Stewart Street, in the block between Mission and Market, a row of dingy deadfalls and sailor boarding-houses. They are gone from the Front now—gone with their romance and their tragedy into the void of Yesterday. They were strange, weatherbeaten frame buildings that housed strange, weatherbeaten men—men who came out of the vastness of the Seven Seas, tarried a little and departed, outward-bound, to the moaning solitudes whence they came.

It was a sordid section—a region of drunken brawls, of ribald laughter, of generous hearts, of full purses that soon were emptied. And over it all lay the aroma of stale beer from the boarding-house groggeries, and of tarred rope from the shipchandler's shop that stood in the middle of the block.

Quite in the center of this salt-water haven, next the shipchandler's, Three-Fingered Jack's establishment lifted its frowzy front and accounted for its share of the sea dogs' tribute to Stewart Street. It was a crazy, two-storied shack, an architectural inebriate, leaning on its rotten mudsills. It had two dirty little dormer windows in the second story front, which looked out into Stewart Street for all the world like two greedy little eyes. A light in one of these windows had been broken once upon a time, and the resulting aperture was effectually caulked with a pair of Three-Fingered Jack's discarded trousers.

The entrance to the bar, which was on the ground floor, was flanked by a large, square window. A parallel row of small iron bars stretched across this window on the outside, protecting it from the reckless elbow of Jack ashore. At a remote period this window had been painted with aluminum paint, upon which some obscure artist had emblazoned a human hand with three and one-quarter fingers outstretched. The single word "Jack's," in red letters next this sign of welcome, announced to the world, through the medium of a rather grim rebus, that here was Three-Fingered Jack's.

On this historic spot, then, in the old days, did Three-Fingered Jack live and labor and part with his index finger. I have forgotten which hand was minus. I only know that he lost it in battle with a Russian Finn, who declined to pay twice for his drinks, as became a gentleman of means just in from Alaska with the salmon fleet. Prior to this imbroglio Three-Fingered Jack had been known as Roaring Jack Something-or-other. The Finn rechristened him.

Three-Fingered Jack was the friend of my heart, yet I never knew his last name. As Three-Fingered Jack he lived and died, apparently suffering no inconvenience through the absence of his starboard cognomen. He had no new or startling theories as to life. He took what he could get away with and was satisfied. He charged five cents for his beer and served it in "schooners." He never accepted less than fifteen dollars for furnishing an able seaman for a deep-water cruise, and he wore a little gold ring in his left ear. He had been first mate of the Montserrat in the days when she was a blackbirder in the Gilberts. Few people who knew Three-Fingered Jack as a more or less ruthless materialist would have credited him with a weakness that gnawed at his soul like a rat in the skin of a ship.

Three-Fingered Jack believed in dreams.

I discovered this weakness quite by accident. One night, in the winter of 1905, when a howling sou'easter lashed the bay and the rain swept down Stewart Street in great, gusty sheets, I dropped into Jack's to escape the storm. The barroom was deserted save for the presence of the proprietor, whom I found in a pensive mood. The shriek of the storm and the emptiness of the street must have aroused in Three-Fingered Jack an echo of the nameless, age-old sadness or mysticism of his Irish progenitors, for presently he came from behind the bar, sat down by the little box-stove and told me the story.

"I never sit o' a night and listen to a sou'easter," he said, "whistling and moaning along the Front, but I think of poor Ned Penny that was mate of the Courtney Ford, and how awful lonesome he must 'a' been all that winter up in Bering Sea, when he was dyin' with nobody to talk to him—nobody to say, 'Ned, my boy, have a drink,' or a word to cheer the heart o' him. Nothin' poor Neddy had but the howlin' Ar'tic gales and maybe once in a while the bellow of a sea lion. All winter long he stayed there, listenin' to the bang an' smash o' the ice-floes telescopin', and wishin' that somebody'd happen along and give him a pleasant how-d'ye-do. Ah, poor Neddy. A fine, brave lad he was. Penny was his name, and a good penny he was. If he'd been a bad Penny he'd 'a' turned up from that cruise—which he didn't. An' he grew so lonesome and sick o' the snow and the ice and the heave o' the Courtney Ford underfoot that he wrote it all down in his log to keep from goin' crazy."

Three-Fingered Jack rose and went into a little rear room. He presently returned with a book, an ordinary ship's log. Written across the cover in a round, bold hand were the words, "Schooner Courtney Ford."

"Yes, sir," continued Three-Fingered Jack, resuming his seat, "he wrote it all down in this here log, and it's readin' that 'ud wring the heart of the devil. I've been a blackbirder, and I know a thing or two about life in the rough. Rough livin' at sea's mostly confined to rough men. The sea's no place for weaklin's, m' son. Neddy Penny wasn't a weaklin', but for all that he'd a heart in his chest—God rest his poor soul, wherever it is.

"The Courtney Ford was a fine little three-legged, baldheaded schooner. She ran for years between Gray's Harbor and Mazatlan in the lumber trade, and made money at it too, for she'd lines like a yacht and could take a bone in her teeth and walk away from anything that sported a rag o' canvas. Her skipper was Bully Madison, a big, handsome brute of a man, with red w'iskers, an' as evil-tempered an' tyrannical as a man-eating shark. He was a holy terror to his crew, an' whenever he discharged a mate that he didn't like, he'd a habit of beatin' the man after he'd pay him off. He'd a hard, hard name, an' 'twas said of him that he killed a nigger cook when he commanded the sealing schooner Eclipse. 'Twas down in the Galapagos, an' nothing was ever done about it, the man being a blackbird.

"What kind o' a man was this Ned Penny? A fair chunk of a man, weighin' maybe a hundred and eighty pound. He was five foot eight in his socks, wit' a forty-four-inch chest an' a pair o' arms on him like a gorilla. A pleasant man to look at. He was smart and active and bounced around the deck like a rubber ball. He always

went to sea with two sandalwood chests full o' books. The weakest kind o' books was Neddy's strong point—books with nothin' exciting in them at all. He had some written by a cove o' the name o' Balzac that was absolute rot. Then he had one, written by a frog-eater named Hugo. It was called Toilers of the Sea. I tried to read it once, but it was too windy a yarn for me. Anyhow, I never knew a Frenchman yet I'd trust with anythin' bigger than a skiff. You could hunt through Neddy's whole kit o' books and never find a good story like Condemned To Death Though Innocent, or Wedded and Parted. Once, when he was ashore along o' me here, he shows up with a little book called The Vision of Sir Lornfull. Scuttle me if it wasn't poetry! Still, for all his books, Neddy was no sea lawyer. A better mate never drew his sixty a month than Ned Penny.

"A drinkin' man? Well, moderate. He'd a hollow leg, had poor Neddy, and no one ever saw him the worse for liquor, though he drank his share now and then. It didn't seem like he was fond of it like most of them. He was a man in his prime—twenty-eight or thirty—when he went mate with Bully Madison in the Courtney Ford, which was the last time I saw him. The Courtney Ford was loadin' a cargo of pine on Puget Sound for discharge at Nome. Madison was shy a mate, the one he had havin' quit when he discovered the kind o' skipper he was expected to go to sea with. Ned Penny was settin' in that chair there when the telegram comes to me from Bully Madison, askin' to ship him up a mate on the P. C. boat sailing that afternoon for Seattle. As Neddy was gettin' low in spirits and none too flush o' money, I showed him the telegram and asked him how he would like to go mate with Bully Madison, Puget Sound to Nome and return.

"'I've heard of this Bully Madison,' says Neddy, very sober. 'They tell me he's a hard man. I like hard men; I'm a hard man myself when the notion gripe me. An' they tell me he's a habit of beatin' up his mates after he pays 'em off. That suits me fine, and I've a notion that I'll suit Bully Madison. Moreover,' says he, 'I've just picked up, second-hand, at a very moderate price, a cloth edition of Shakspere. I've traded in my set o' Stevenson, with five dollars to boot, an' I am now the proud possessor o' a full set o' the immortal works o' Charles Dickens. In Beale Street, not ten minutes since, I gave my last half dollar to a child with a clubfoot. Consequently, I'm ready for sea. I'm sick and tired o' Stewart Street, and I'm fair crazy with lookin' at you, Mister Three-Fingered Jack, blackguard and publican that y'are, though honest for all that as you see the light. I'll go mate with Bully Madison.'

"He was smilin' as he said it, and the smile made his face, rough and red as it was, with the eyelids a little pink and watery from fifteen years in a salt breeze, almost good lookin'. I wondered how him and Bully Madison would hit it off together. Madison was as big as two of Neddy, but I had my misgivin's. Still, what did I care? His owners was good for the advance money and the price of Neddy's passage to join the Courtney Ford. At any rate, the last I saw of him he was settin' up a' top o' his two sandalwood sea chests full of books, in the tail o' an old express wagon, bound for Broadway dock.

"I never heard of Ned Penny no more until one night a drunken swab of a Cockney quartermaster from the revenue cutter Polaris came into my place with this log under his blouse, an' I bought it from him for a drink."

Three-Fingered Jack licked the ball of the finger next in succession, and slowly turned the pages of the log.

"This is Ned Penny's story," he said. "After the Courtney Ford piled up on the beach and Bully Madison ran away with the only boat left, Ned was naturally a bit lonesome, an' decided to keep a log to while away the time. It's well written, for Neddy was an educated man. When you come to the scrawls and scratches—which is where Neddy died—I'll continue the story. I'll prove to you that there's things take place in this world that don't properly belong to this world, an' that dreams is nothing more nor less than a kind of magic-lantern show from a dead world and reflected on the mind of a human. You can't tell me that Ned Penny's girl wasn't with him on that last cruise alone through the ice. It stands to reason that she laid out his courses for him and stood her trick at the wheel. Suppose she did die two thousand miles from the Fox Islands. Ain't it reasonable to suppose that a woman's soul, dead or alive, would be where her man is—more particular when that man was in Ned Penny's fix? . . . There's where the story starts. Read it."

Thus abjured by Three-Fingered Jack, I took the book, turned to the opening entry and read:

September 21, 1902.

My name is Edward Fortescue Penny, and I am alone on the wreck of the schooner Courtney Ford of San Francisco, in latitude 54-47′ N., longitude 164-46′ W. The Courtney Ford, with a heavy list to port, lies on a shoal off the coast of one of the Fox Islands near the southerly entrance to Akutan Pass. (Tigalda, I think it is.) I was (and for that matter am—while the vessel holds together) first mate of the Courtney Ford.

I do not know why I should keep this log unless it be for the reason that I am denied man's society, and for the further reason that somewhere in my distressed being there still lurks a remnant of the orthodoxy of my boyhood which tells me that God is just. When Bully Madison first left me alone I felt that I wanted to live, simply that I might kill Bully Madison. I do not feel that way any longer. God will decide what is best for Bully Madison. Since I have been marooned on this lonely, uninhabited island—gazing across to the dim outlines of other islands silhouetted against the dirty gray stretch of sea and sky; lying in my berth at night, lulled to fitful slumbers and phantasmagoric dreams by the eternal booming of the breakers on the reef to leeward, awakening to a new day of near-starvation by the bellowing of a sea lion or the shrill clamor of the myriads of sea fowl that inhabit this desolate spot—I have had ample time to learn how pitiful is human passion.

Twice I have whipped Bully Madison with my naked hands. I will not do him the honor to hate him. And so I will merely set forth the facts in my log, in an unfaltering faith that human eyes will some day gaze upon the closing chapters of my existence. Then, if God wills it and Bully Madison has got safely through to civilization, justice will be done.

There is an envelope addressed to Miss Mary Atwood, Port Townsend, Washington, wrapped in canvas and hidden in a cairn at the foot of the flagpole bearing the code distress signals which I placed on top of the bluff overlooking the little bay that has been the last port of call for the Courtney Ford. With this envelope there is a small morocco notebook containing a brief account of the wreck of the vessel, the reasons for the wreck, Bully Madison's attempt to murder me, and his criminal abandonment of his vessel. To the person finding this log aboard the Courtney Ford or the document in the cairn under the flagpole, and who will forward the letter to Miss Atwood and the notebook to the United States Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers at Seattle, Washington, I bequeath my thanks, my sextant and the French marine glasses presented to me by the passengers of the steamer South Portland at the time she was wrecked off Port Orford on the Oregon Coast. The glasses and the sextant will be found in a tin box, buried under a granite boulder on the beach. I have painted on this boulder, in copper paint, the words "Dig Here"; and there are in the box duplicate copies of the documents cached in the cairn.

I joined the schooner Courtney Ford at Tacoma on the 25th day of July, 1901. She was loading a cargo of fir lumber at the Rainier Mill Company's dock. When I came aboard to report to the skipper, Captain Martin P. Madison, known from Nome to Mazatlan as Bully Madison, I was met at the rail by an amiable brindle bulldog, who sniffed at my legs, ascertained that my dungarees had been washed in salt water, and, in his canine way, extended a welcome.

I found Bully Madison in his cabin making up the report of his previous voyage. He signed me on at seven o'clock, and I immediately went on deck and turned the crew and longshoremen to stowing cargo. The second mate (a Scotchman named Monroe) I found to be an excellent man, slightly past middle age. He had been a skipper in his day, but had lost his grip through drink. The sailors, five in number, were all Scandinavians, and the cook was a South Sea boy, half Kanaka and half Chinaman.

The schooner lacked about sixty thousand feet of lumber to complete her deckload the morning I signed on. I worked the men hard that day, and two hours' overtime, in order to finish the deckload that night and get it lashed, as the skipper planned to tow out with the tide at daylight.

The bulldog, which had met me upon my arrival, lay on top of the house all day and superintended the stowing of the deckload. The captain was ashore all day, so fearing that his dog would not be fed, I treated the animal to the scrape from the dinner table; whereupon he became quite friendly and followed me uptown at eight o'clock, when I went ashore to lay in a supply of tobacco for the cruise.

At daylight on the 26th the tug was alongside, and we towed down the Sound as far as Dungeness. There was a nice nor'west breeze piping through the rigging as the tug cast off. We shook out the fores'l, spanker and flying jib, and the Courtney Ford, heeling over until her scuppers were awash, was soon beating down the Straits at a good nine knots.

It was off Williams Head, the morning after, that I had my first clash with Bully Madison. I was standing aft, conning the man at the wheel, when I noticed the captain striding over the deckload toward me. Suddenly he

Mary Was Out in the Ice Pack Calling to Me

The Skipper Followed to Finish the Job With His Feet

paused at the mizzenmast and it occurred to me that he was unusually perturbed over something. I saw him jump backward as if a snake had struck at him. He was very pale and for the life of me I couldn't make out what ailed the man. The only thing I could see was the brindle bulldog, sitting contentedly on his hunkers, with his humorous mouth agape and his honest brown eyes pensively gazing across the Straits into British Columbia.

"Is that your dog, Mr. Penny?" the captain asked presently. At the sound of his voice the dog bounded on to all fours, faced around on the captain with a menacing snarl and backed warily away from him.

"No, sir," I replied; "I thought he belonged to you."

"You lie, you hulking beachcomber," the master shouted, "he's yours. I saw him following you uptown last night. I'll have no infernal dogs aboard this packet without my consent. I can't bear dogs of any kind, and bulldogs in particular I despise. Mr. Monroe, have the goodness to throw Mr. Penny's dog overboard."

Monroe walked up to the dog, seized him by the nape of the neck with one great, hairy hand, and by the tail with the other, and hurled the unfortunate brute overboard. In justice to Monroe I will state that he took no relish in the job. He obeyed orders. As for me, I went blind, crazy, fighting mad. I grabbed the wheel from the helmsman, threw it hard over and brought the schooner up into the wind—hove to. Then I kicked off my sea boots, shed my cap and pea-jacket and went overboard into the Straits of Juan de Fuca after that unhappy bulldog. I don't care particularly for dogs. I never owned one in all my life, yet it occurred to me in the millionth part of a second that I wanted this dog and must have him if I had to fight for him. He was only a friendly little bummer from the docks and he had wandered aboard and stowed away. "Very well," I thought; "then let him finish the voyage."

There was a strong ebb tide running. I quickly located the dog astern, swimming toward me, trying to reach the vessel. When we met I tucked him under my left arm and struck out for the Courtney Ford. The tide rip swept us down under her bows, and as she dipped I reached up and grabbed her martingale, swung up into her forechains and thence to the bowsprit, ran along the bowsprit and down on to the fo'castle head. I dropped the dog and he scampered away to the galley and the furtive commiseration of the Kanaka cook.

Bully Madison was waiting for me on the poopdeck. It may be that he had a little liquor in him, but if so I failed to note it. He looked me over with his cold gray eyes and licked his lower lip in a most unpleasant fashion. I knew from his quick, satisfied glance that I had to fight him. I'm not what one would call a big man, to look at me in a hurry.

"Mr. Penny," he said, "there's only one master aboard the good ship Courtney Ford, and that's Bully Madison. I command you to throw that damned dog of yours overboard."

"If it's all the same to you, sir," I answered, "I'll risk my mate's ticket. I'll fight you for him."

"Damn your ticket!" he roared savagely; "when I can't enforce my authority with my fists, I'll never pull the Inspectors into the row. I'm no kill-joy. We'll fight."

We did.

When it was over Monroe and the cook carried him below, and, the wind freshening, I went aft and ordered a reef taken in the spanker.

We were rounding Queen Charlotte Island, beating out through Dixon Entrance to the open sea, before Bully Madison felt equal to a renewal of hostilities. I was starting down the companionway for dinner, when he came from behind and struck me a terrific blow under the right ear. I rolled downstairs to the cabin floor and the skipper followed to finish the job with his feet. Fortunately for me, however, the innocent cause of the difficulty was lying behind the galley stove and heard the row. He flew at Bully Madison so fiercely that the latter ceased his attack and fled with the dog at his heels.

I had no opportunity later to retaliate on the captain, much as I desired to do so. A suspicious bulge in his hip pocket deterred me. I was afraid he would use the gun on the dog, which, by the way, I had christened Nibs. It was not until we were well up toward the Alaska Peninsula that my chance came.

It was Nibs that started the row. He lifted his lip and growled at the skipper one afternoon—for no particular reason that I could see. Quick as a flash the captain drew a revolver and emptied it at Nibs. The shots flew wild, and Nibs stood his ground, growling savagely. I took a short rope, tied Nibs to the ring in the cabin ventilator, in order that he might not participate in the conflict, and then turned my attention to Bully Madison. His gun was empty, so I wasted no argument on him. Having whipped him once I knew I could do it again. Monroe did not interfere and I was satisfied.

On the 19th of August, after being baffled by head winds and thick weather, we were well up to the Fox Islands, and on the morning of the 20th we lifted the snow-capped peak of Pogromni Volcano, on the western end of Unimak Island. I had no doubt that the captain would endeavor to make Unimak Pass, which is the largest of the three Fox Island Passes (Unimak, Akutan and Unalga). In the coast pilot notes Unimak Pass is especially recommended for sailing vessels. But there is a lurking devil in Bully Madison that causes him to take chances with whatever is hard and dangerous, and to the surprise of Monroe and me he stood off for the southerly entrance of Akutan, which is safe and convenient enough for steam vessels in daylight or clear weather, though a windjammer should give it a wide berth.

The tide rips in the vicinity of these Passes are uncertain and of considerable velocity, and in navigating near the entrance to Akutan the currents must be borne in mind. It was dusk as we entered the Pass, driving before a stiff sou'west breeze. There was a strong southerly set to the current, causing tide rips that made the passage extremely hazardous. I had always heard Bully Madison spoken of as a daring man and an able navigator, but only a man unfamiliar with the coast of Alaska would have been daring and reckless enough to face those tide rips in Akutan Pass. About nine o'clock the wind began to fail, blowing in fitful gusts, and the current caught us. At ten-thirty we struck heavily.

I ran forward with three of the crew, and without awaiting the order from Bully Madison, let go the port anchor. As the hook took bottom the schooner swung around with her stern to the beach and struck again—a heartbreaking rap that I thought would shake the sticks out of her. There was a heavy sea running, and at times it broke over the Courtney Ford, sweeping her from stem to stern. When I got aft I found Monroe and the rest of the crew, including the cook, taking in the spanker.

We fell to on the fores'l and mains'l and in ten minutes everything was clewed down hard and tight, and Bully Madison, who had been raving and cursing like a buccaneer, went below.

Monroe came up to me in the dark and rested his hand on my shoulder.

"This is nasty business," he said; "the skipper's been drinking this afternoon, and if news of it leaks out it will go hard with him. He'll get a year on the beach for this."

"He won't, unless you or the men peach on him," I answered.

"I'm glad you feel that way about it," old Monroe replied. "I lost a ship myself once. I say shipmates should stick together regardless of personal differences," and with that he walked away, muttering to himself.

Poor old Sandy Monroe! I see him still as he looked the morning he left us, seated in the sternsheets of the lifeboat, with his honest, dissipated face turned to Bully Madison and me in a sort of half sad, half apologetic way, imploring us with his troubled eyes to hang together as shipmates should. If he doesn't come back to the Courtney Ford with the succor he sailed away to seek, I shall know that it isn't because he didn't try.

There was nothing to do but stand by the wreck until daylight. The day dawned bright and clear with a fresh breeze blowing offshore half a gale. Some two hundred yards inshore a long fringe of white breakers beat upon a beach strewn with huge boulders. It was a forbidding-looking coast upon which we had struck, being wild and barren close to the edge of the island, with hills back from the coast covered with a heavy growth of dark green fir. On the starboard counter a tall cliff stood boldly out to sea. Its crest was evidently a home for sea fowl, for millions of them hovered above it and us, filling the air with their cries.

It was flood tide when the Courtney Ford struck. With the coming of the ebb tide she heeled over on her beam ends, riding high in the water, and there was less of the heart-breaking pounding which the little vessel had endured all night long.

The cook served breakfast as usual, all hands eating heartily, with the exception of the captain, whose lack of appetite I was at no pains to understand. After breakfast he called Monroe and me up on the little quarterdeck to talk over the situation. We concluded that we could not hope to warp the vessel away from her dangerous position without the aid of a tug, and that in the event of a heavy sea coming on she would doubtless go to pieces very quickly. It was decided, therefore, to prepare to abandon her at a moment's notice. The lifeboat was lowered away under her counter, and, manned by four of the crew, made a splendid landing through the surf. A line was then run from the mizzenmast to the shore, where it was made fast to a large fir tree which grew on the low bluff that flanked the beach.

The boat returned to the Courtney Ford at twelve o'clock, the crew bringing with them a great quantity of gulls' eggs, together with seven brant and two penguin, which they had killed with their oars as the dense flock of birds hurtled around them.

We lunched aboard the vessel, despite the fact that occasionally she pounded on the shoal with a thud that shook the heavy crockery on the cabin table and spilled

I've Done My Duty. I've Stuck by the Ship

the coffee over the cloth. While at lunch, the captain outlined his plans, which contemplated the departure, that afternoon, of the second mate, the cook and the five seamen in the lifeboat, for Dutch Harbor, away to the west-sou'west. We were all agreed that the passage was not one of unusual danger at this time of the year, and that the boat crew would without doubt intercept a revenue cutter at Dutch Harbor, upon which they could return to the scene of the wreck to aid in floating the Courtney Ford, provided she still held together. The second mate demurred somewhat to taking command of the boat expedition, until it was pointed out to him that the supply of provisions aboard was not sufficient to last the crew more than a month, and that unless aid reached us from Dutch Harbor or elsewhere we might hang up for an indefinite period and slowly starve to death after the ice came in and the bird-life on the island migrated. I am convinced, however, that Monroe feared to leave the captain and me alone on the wreck.

The position taken by the captain was, to my mind, eminently proper. He was resolved to give his crew first chance, and to stay by the ship himself until help arrived. As chief mate, I would have considered myself lacking in good taste and pluck had I taken advantage of my prerogative to command the boat expedition, thus depriving one of my subordinates of the opportunity of reaching civilization and safety. While the trip would be fraught with considerable danger, at sea in the boat was really preferable to the deck of the Courtney Ford, settling for her long rest in Akutan Pass.

It was not until two o'clock, however, that the boat was got ready for the trip. The mast was stepped, to which a shoulder-of-mutton sail was bent. An extra sail was also placed aboard, to be spread over the little half-deck and the thwarts, beneath which lay the bulk of the provisions and two water-butts. The men dressed themselves in their heaviest clothing and each one took his blankets. At three o'clock, everything being in readiness, they shoved off from the wreck, and with a rousing cheer swept around the stern of the schooner and headed for the open sea. Bully Madison and I stood up on the fo'castle head and watched their oars dipping in unison, to the tune of a rude old sea chanty. Presently they shook out the sail to a fair breeze, and when they had faded to a speck and the speck in turn had been swallowed up against the dark background of Unimak, we both turned, each facing the other.

We were alone together on the wreck of a schooner, on the lee shore of an uninhabited island in desolate Bering Sea—and we bore each other no love. As we stood thus for a moment, my dog Nibs trotted out of the galley, up the little steps to the top of the house, and sat down on his hunkers. I do not know what ailed the dog. Perhaps it was worms. Perhaps he missed his friend, the cook, for whom he had acquired a deep-seated affection. At any rate he pointed his blunt muzzle heavenward, fixed his eyes on the very tip of the foretopmast and voiced the ancient wrongs of his species in a longdrawn, blood-curdling cry.

There is something indescribably heartrending and awe-inspiring in the howling of a dog. When I was a boy down on Humboldt Bay the sad crying of a dog always filled me with inexpressible terror. To me it was a gloomy portent of death—a view, I find, that is shared by a great many adults of more or less education. The wailing of the bulldog there on top of the house was like nothing I can imagine so much as the cry of a lost, damned thing. It thrilled me strangely. But if its effect upon me was startling, upon Bully Madison it was fearful. He sprang forward and grasped my arm with both hands.

"Throw that damned animal overboard," he screamed, white and shaking. "He's a dog of ill omen. It's death to us to keep him here. Penny, man, don't you know he's crying after that boat's crew? They'll never come back. It's a sign of death and it never fails. Stop him! He'll drive me mad. He'll give me the horrors."

I whistled to Nibs, who ceased his weird yowling and retreated to the shelter of the galley.

"Nonsense, Captain Madison," I said, laughing; "he just misses the cook. It's a habit dogs have. It's the creepiest thing I know of, but it has nothing to do with death. What does a dumb brute of a bulldog know about human destiny?"

"I can't stand it—I *can't*," chattered the skipper. His face was a sickly white, like the belly of a dead fish. "I *know* it means something horrible. That boat will never reach anywhere, and you and I will stay here to starve. I've always known that it would end with me the way no human mind could foresee. I killed a nigger boy that was cook for me in the Eclipse years ago. I never meant to hurt the black hound. Just gave him a shove and he fell over the hatch-combing into the hold. It was an accident, pure and simple. He had a bulldog aboard with him, and all that night, while this black-and-tan cook lay dead in the hold, that dog sat up on the fo'castle head and cried like all the fiends of hell let loose. I shot at him then and missed him, and the next morning I had the second mate take him ashore and leave him there. I thought the mate

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Cutting Up the Big Ranches

Hotel in a Town Less Than a Year Old

By CARL CROW

BETTER ride down to the south pasture, Hank, and see how the boys are getting along," said the boss of the Lazy L Ranch to one of the cowpunchers who was finishing breakfast. Hank saddled his pony and started out at once. By steady riding and a very short visit with the boys at the south pasture he returned late the following afternoon, with the message that the buffalo grass was holding out better than was to be expected considering the droughty season, and that Bill Williams was suspected of having stolen a lot of yearlings.

Hank's cowpony was able to make forty miles a day without difficulty, and on this trip maintained that record. The south pasture was not detached, but was an integral part of the Lazy L Ranch. During his trip Hank saw none but his employer's cowboys, and did not leave his employer's ranch.

There is an old joke at the minstrel shows, usually told as follows:

MR. BONES: Sambo, I understand that you are a farmer and have not been living in town very long.

SAMBO: Yassah, my father has one of the biggest fahms in the country.

MR. BONES: Well, Sambo, that is very interesting. And how big is it?

SAMBO: It is a mighty big fahm. Our cohnfield is so big that they stahts out in the spring to plant it and by the time they reaches the other end of the field the cohn is ripe, and they picks it on the way back.

The joke may be very funny or may not be; but in Texas Sambo might have found the counterpart of his celebrated farm. Start your plowman across an ordinary Texas ranch and it would take him a week to plow a furrow across it. It would take a hundred steam plows, working all summer, to break the ground. If the owner should decide to put the ranch in cotton it would require one thousand steam plows to get the land into condition during the spring planting season and a force of men as big as Uncle Sam's standing army would be needed to pick the crop. On the other hand, an average crop, marketed at an average price, would bring in enough money to build a fleet of battleships.

Such a cotton crop was never marketed, nor was a week-long furrow ever plowed across a Texas ranch. It was not until the ranches began to be broken up that corn and cotton replaced cattle, and alfalfa-fed hogs started to market over railroads which had been built to haul steers. When the transformation of the ranches into farms began the work was rapid, and within the last ten years an area of Texas land equal to that of Pennsylvania has been added to the farm area of the United States. The big red barn has replaced the branding pen and the rising price of land has transferred the cattle industry to many smaller breeders, who use the feeding pen and balanced rations. The big ranches have been cut up again and again, until the final division leaves them in one-hundred-and-sixty-acre farms, settled by farmers who have held up the buying end in this wholesale deal in farms.

When the cattlemen of Texas whipped the Comanches with scant Government aid, and appropriated the unused public land for the purpose of raising cattle, they found it necessary to secure large areas. They raised cattle in the same primitive manner as Abraham and Lot, whose cowboys fought each other for possession of the best grass patches on the fields of Canaan, when the world was young. Under this system the cattle were turned loose on the grass to hustle for themselves, and rounded up for the market when fattened by their own foraging. The system was simple and did not involve a great operating expense; but it did require large parcels of land, for no steer could satisfy his natural appetite with less than fifteen acres of growing grass.

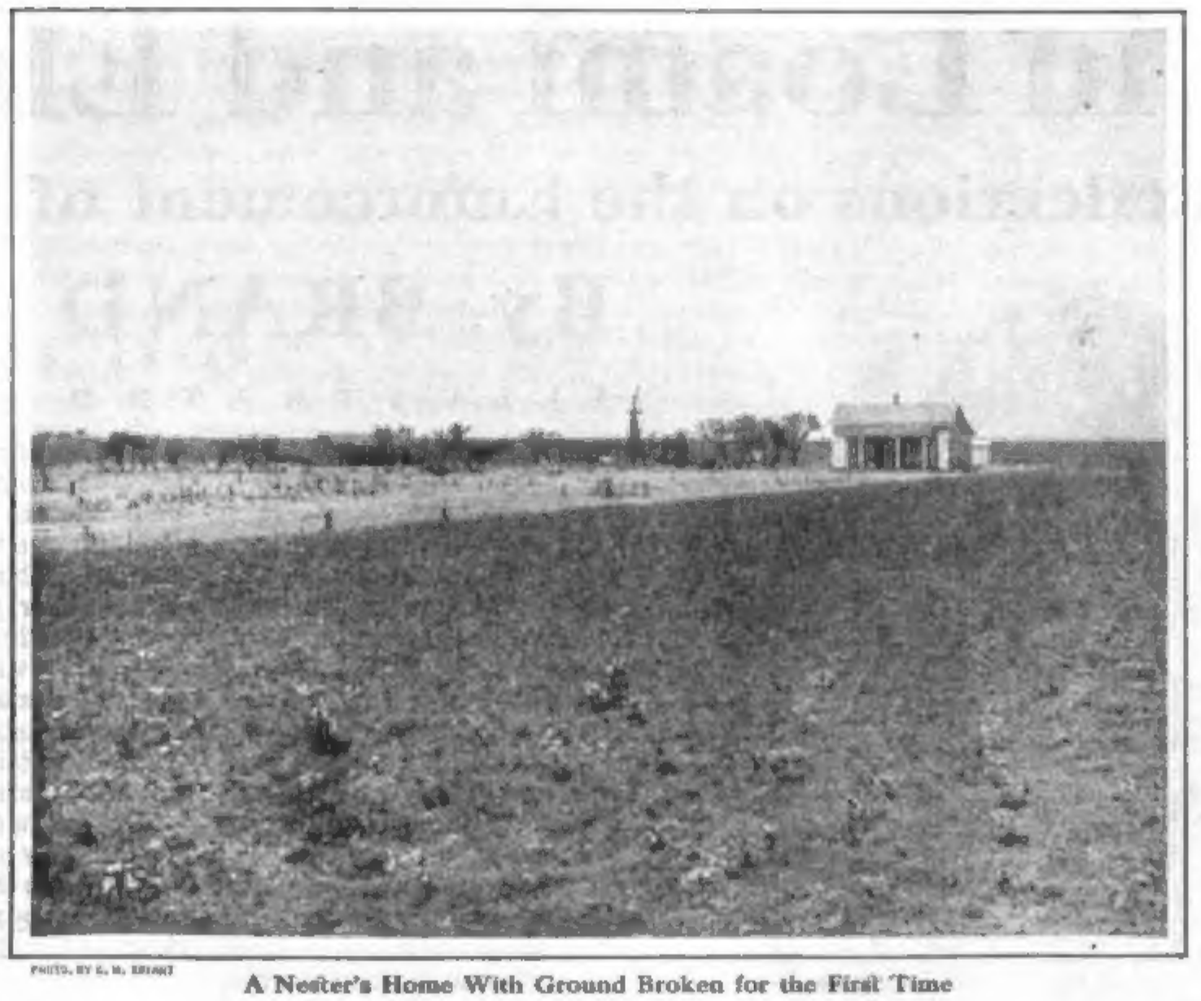
The same conditions which made the cattle industry profitable for Abraham and Lot made Texas the ideal place for the industry. In Canaan there was much land, with a population not yet large enough to quarrel over its possession. So it was in Texas thirty years ago, and the opportunities there were even greater than in that early day, for the scanty plains of Canaan would look like a back-yard vegetable patch compared with the large expanse of pasture land in Texas.

As this Texas land was generally supposed to be unfit for anything but grass and cactus, no one objected when the cattlemen acquired it. In the early days there was no legal formality attached to this proceeding. If a cowman liked the looks of certain unfenced and uninhabited pastures he took possession of them, and his cows ate the grass which had previously fed only the prairie dog and the buffalo. With his ranch headquarters established, his cattle were branded and turned loose to graze, with the nearest fence five hundred miles to the east. Going north they might wander to the Canadian border without finding a single fence to restrict them. When this infant industry began to assume a prosperous air the State of Texas, and the railroad companies to which much land had been given to encourage the building of roads, began to appreciate the value of the land, and leases were executed to the cattlemen, the rental being fixed on a basis which placed the value of the land at about a dollar an acre. For a ten-dollar bill you might lease enough for several small farms.

The cattlemen thought this a great hardship, but with the prospect of having to pay rent on land which they had long been using for nothing they saw the wisdom of acquiring possession of it. A liberal homestead law, which was enforced by officers hundreds of miles distant, made this easy. Every cattleman became a homesteader, with each of his cowboys performing a similar function of citizenship. One cattleman, it has been told, entered homestead claims in the names of his choicest steers, and thereby acquired possession of many sections; but the story was never proved, nor would such an act have been looked upon, at that time, as a very serious infraction of the law. Some sections were sold outright, but the buyers were few and refused to close a deal unless the price was very low and

the terms such that the purchaser might retire from the transaction at any time without serious loss. English and Scotch syndicates bought up thousands of sections and threatened for a time to grab all the available land in the state. The idea of land at a dollar an acre appealed to them, and then the Americans hastened to get their share, bitterly complaining that the new requirement of the cattle business—ownership of land—would be the ruination of every one connected with it. There were no conservators of natural resources to cry out that the state was throwing away valuable property. No one believed it was valuable. Many of the cattlemen, after contracting for the purchase of land, forfeited their first payments, believing they had made bad bargains. The state gave away thirty million acres to railways as encouragement, and in 1883 was still land-poor and looking for ways to get rid of more of it.

In that year the state, badly needing a statehouse, cast about for some means of building it, with all expenditures of money hampered by constitutional regulations and little money to spend. Texas was growing rapidly and, with the enthusiasm of the West, wanted a capitol building which would manifest the greatness of the commonwealth.



A Nester's Home With Ground Broken for the First Time

At the opportune moment the man with the money appeared on the scene. He was J. V. Farwell, of Chicago, and he was ready to exchange a statehouse for a bit of land. The Chicago man said he would take about four million acres at a valuation of fifty cents an acre and in return would give Texas a capitol building that would make the capitols of all other Southern states look like county courthouses.

"This is a fool Northerner," members of the legislature whispered to each other when Farwell stipulated that his land should be located in the Panhandle, and the deal was hurried through because the Texans were afraid Farwell would back out. The governor signed the bill as soon as he could get an opportunity, and the whole state breathed easy. After the deal was closed many there were to tell Farwell how he had been fooled with land that was valueless.

The Man With the Hoe

THE contract was executed and Texas became the possessor of the finest capitol building in the Union and the Chicago man received title to a tract of land slightly larger than Connecticut. He used it as a pasture for one hundred and fifty thousand Herefords.

Here was the opportunity for farming by trust methods. Farwell might have planted his four million acres in wheat, and could have boasted that he controlled one-fourth of the entire wheat area of the country. Or he could have called in a few of his neighbors, merged interests with them and made the ratio much greater. But the opportunity, if it was an opportunity, passed, and none of the big ranches was turned to agriculture until after they had been cut up and parceled out to the small farmers. From this fact we may rest assured that, no matter how far other things may be monopolized, the great art of farming will never be controlled by one organization.

When Farwell received the Panhandle pasture for his big herd of Herefords the era of the big ranch was reaching its zenith and the cattle industry of Texas was growing more and more prosperous. Texas grass grew under favorable seasons, cattle fattened on it, and English roast beef, raised in Texas, was served in the best London hotels. The cattleman owned the range from the Rio Grande to the Canadian border, and ruled it with the rough, swift justice of the frontier. Just as he began to feel most secure and looked forward to many prosperous years of cattle breeding, a lone figure appeared on the horizon to oppose him. The menacing visitor was a farmer with a hoe, demanding the right to till the soil.

When the land was parceled out to the cattlemen there were certain pieces refused by them. These were known as "shinnery" strips, because they were covered with a growth of scrub oak generally supposed to be only as high as a man's shins. No grass grew on these objectionable pieces of ground and therefore they were valueless to the cattleman, who did not have them surveyed. Here, a little later, the pestering homeseeker found his way. On this land, deemed of no value, he built his home and started in to raise his crops. He grubbed the scrub oak, plowed the land, planted corn or cotton or potatoes, and, much to the surprise of the gentleman with the branding iron, managed to make a living.

Other homeseekers, too poor to pay ten or fifteen dollars an acre for land in the older states, loaded their children and their household goods into wagons and drove through the big herds of cattle toward cheap land. They filled up the "shinnery" strips and took up the occasional sections of land which the cattlemen had overlooked.

From their baronial estates these invasions were looked upon with discomfort. The ranchman with several hundred square miles of land could well afford to spare the section the settler took, especially as he did not own it, but the coming of the farms meant the building of fences and the opening of roads—two things with which he had never before been bothered. The adventurous homeseeker was discouraged at every opportunity. "This land will grow nothing but coarse grass," the cattleman told him. "You can't farm, and you will starve to death if you stay here. I don't want to see you do that, and if you will leave I will haul you back to eastern Texas, where you can farm." Others told him: "This land is very peculiar. If you plow it up it will sink and form a lake. You'd better leave." A few picked quarrels with the newcomers, and in the pioneer history of Texas there are many unwritten chapters which would tell of the mysterious disappearance of these nesters who came to annoy the cattlemen.

When the first nester started his horse's head toward the cattle ranches of Texas he forged a chain of events which is now in part responsible for the high price we are paying for beefsteak. Soon after he arrived on the "shinnery" strip the land therein, under his cultivation, was worth five dollars an acre. From that price it jumped to ten dollars. Meantime, the choice grass-land of his neighbor was worth a dollar an acre on the tax books. At a much higher valuation the owner would have been doing business at a loss.

Hungry for Mother Earth

THE cowmen nearest the agricultural sections began to find themselves face to face with an insistent land hunger. This had been whetted and encouraged by the railroads, which early saw that vastly increased tonnage would result from the division of the ranches into farms. The cattle business gives a one-way haul, with trains of empty box cars always going back for the load. With the country settled, the haul would be more frequent and would keep the box cars busy both ways, with more profits for the freight department.

With this project in view the railroads lent their aid to the real-estate men, who saw in the rising land values an opportunity for many commissions. There was never any well-defined program, but the various forces worked together as smoothly as if the whole state were embraced in one gigantic land deal. Advertisements in the Northern

(Concluded on Page 32)

Digging a Sewer in the Center of a Big Texas Ranch

Nesters Moving Westward in Search of a Cheap Home on the Ranch Lands

The Lid in Loami and Elsewhere

Being Some Reflections on the Enforcement of Law in Cities

By BRAND WHITLOCK
MAYOR OF TOLEDO
ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

I

THE little village of Loami, down in the Sangamon country, could boast, a few years ago, an institution unlike any, perhaps, in the land, unless it were to be found in some small hamlet in the South. In the public square, on a space worn smooth and hard as asphalt, a great circle was drawn, and here, every day when the weather was fine, a company of old men gathered and played marbles. What the game was I do not know; some development of one of the boys' games, no doubt, but with what improvements and embellishments only the old men who understood and played it could say. Its enthralled votaries played it with large marbles, which spun from their gnarled and horny knuckles all day long, with a shifting crowd of onlookers gaping at their prowess. The players were old and dignified, and took their sport seriously. There were to be seen, about that big ring, sages who had sat on juries and been swayed by the arguments of Lincoln; there were gray veterans who had gone with Sherman to the sea and had been with Grant at Appomattox; and now, in their declining years, they found pleasure and a mildly stimulating excitement in this exercise. The skill they developed in the game is said by those who have studied the subject on the ground to have been considerable; some testify that these elders had raised their sport to the point of scientific dignity, and that the ability they displayed ranked them as the equals of golfers or of billiardists.

This Process is What is Called "Enforcing a Law"

The exciting tournaments went on for years, the old gentlemen were happy, the little village was peaceful and contented, when suddenly the town was shocked by a new sensation. Loami elected a reform administration. How it came about I do not know; some local muckraker may have practiced his regenerating art, or perhaps some little rivulet of the reform wave just then inundating the larger world outside may have trickled down into Loami. What privilege in the town was menaced I do not know; what portion of eminent respectability felt its perquisites in danger I cannot say; but Privilege seems to have done what it always does when pursued—namely, it began to cry for the reformation of persons instead of conditions. The new reform mayor, like many another mayor, was influenced; and, looking about for some one to reform, his eye wandered out of the window of the town hall one May morning and lighted on the grizzled marble-players.

Reforming the Marble-Players

LOAMI, though a small town of scarcely five hundred inhabitants, was yet a microcosm and the whole world was reflected there; all society was there typified, all history there repeated. There were, of course, certain good people who felt that they and they alone presented in their own characters an absolute perfection in morals and a certain call to compel others to live according to their standards. The example they had set to their neighbors, strange and inconceivable though it may appear, had unfortunately failed to induce that prompt imitation which so reasonably might have been expected; and the supernatural means of regeneration of which they were, as they intimated, the only appointed agents, having been neglected, they appealed to that most beloved and sacred institution in all America—the constable. The privileged few in Loami, wishing, of course, to divert the official mind, were not slow to seize the advantage, and by adroit and insidious suggestion they had the good people of the town wait upon the new reform mayor; and he, on that May morning, ordered the constable into action.

Upon what legal ground he based his edict I cannot say with definiteness. It is not, however, vital to our present inquiry; for, as there were about sixteen thousand laws then running in his jurisdiction, it would not have been difficult to justify his action on legal grounds. It will be remembered that the old men were playing in the public square; perhaps they played for keeps, and it may have been that there were certain little understandings of a speculative nature on the side. Above all, the old men were enjoying themselves, and if this were not a sufficient offense what could be? And if a constable's highest duty were not to interfere with the enjoyment of other folks what would become of the constitution and the law?

At any rate the old men were forbidden to play, their game was rudely interrupted, their ring obliterated, their marbles confiscated. There was, of course, resistance; some skirmishing and scrimmaging; a heated, acrimonious proceeding in the mayor's court, and afterward hatred and strife and bad feeling, the formation of factions, and other conditions catalogued under law and order. But at length the space worn so smooth under the trees near the bandstand was sodded, and the old fellows might gather in silent contemplation of a new sign, "Keep off the Grass," and reflect upon this supreme vindication of authority.

But Loami is a democracy, or as much of a democracy as the state will permit it to be, and when the next election rolled around the old men were alert, and after an exciting contest they elected a mayor of their own, a liberal. The reform mayor was relegated to the political limbo of one-termers, the privileged few preserved their privileges, and the old men, skinning the sod off that portion of the public square, drew anew their huge bull-ring, resumed their game, and everybody was happy and unreformed except, of course, the reformers; though perhaps they were happy, too, in their restored misery of having something to complain about and to wag their heads over.

II

IN RELATING this veracious little tale of the lid of Loami, it is to be questioned whether the author has sufficiently revealed that attitude of moral sympathy toward the good characters in the story which Tolstoi insists a writer should always assume and maintain. But this has not been due to any want of that sympathy. In the shadows of the scene the figure of the mayor, for instance, has ever been present—the keenest sufferer, the most unhappy man of them all. He was the one of all of them who was burdened with official responsibility; the marble-playing faction was happy in that it had no responsibility save of that light, artificial sort imposed by the rules of its game; its conscience, indeed, was untroubled. The other faction—the goo-goos, or whatever they were called in Loami—felt responsible primarily for the shortcomings of others; its conscience was troubled chiefly by the sins of other people, the easiest and most comfortable, because it is the most normal, position that the human conscience can assume. But the mayor was held responsible for everything and everybody, and in seeking to do his duty he found that difficulty which must everywhere increase in a society and a civilization which, in casting off some of its old moorings, recognizes less the responsibility of parent and teacher, not to mention personal responsibility, and is more and more disposed to look to the law and its administrators as the regulators and mentors of conduct. Whether society does this because parent and teacher have anywise failed, it would be ungenerous to inquire. What is here sought is merely an inquiry into some of the difficulties that beset a mayor in discharging those duties that relate to the enforcement of certain of the morality laws. The mayor of Loami, therefore, may be left in the pleasant repose of private life, doubtless with his larger work undone, while the cases of other mayors of wider jurisdiction are considered.

When Mayor Gaynor, to refer at once to the best of mayors, recently spoke of the difficulty of administering the affairs of a modern city according to "the standard of exquisite morals" held aloft by some persons for others, he designated in his clear and clever way a class of citizens familiar to every mayor. Emerson called them "young civilians," though they are frequently aged, and described in his sober philosophic style the curiously doctrinaire order of indurated mind with which they are endowed. They begin with the naïve assumption that their standard is the one and only correct standard, and that since men have repeatedly refused to adopt it on mere inspection they must be forced to do so by the use of violence, a process which they call maintaining "law and order." They believe that any wrong, any abuse, may be stopped instantly by the passage of a law, and if one venture to question the efficacy of any plan they propose, he is said at once to be opposed to morality and to religion, and is set down as a profane and sacrilegious person.

Foolish Faith in Reform by Law

IT IS, of course, inconvenient to argue with a person who has the supreme refuge of the irrelevant conclusion; as inconvenient as it would be were one to be offered concentrated lye as a toilet article, and, upon refusal, be accused of not believing in cleanliness. This order of mind imagines that every phase of human conduct can be ordered and regulated by the enactment of statutes; that the industries, occupations, clothing, amusements, appetites, passions, prejudices, opinions, ambitions, aspirations and devotions of man can be changed, moulded and regulated by city councils and state legislatures. Every inconvenience, every difficulty, every disagreeable feature of modern life, is to be done away by the passage of a law.

The mental reactions of a large portion of mankind against the irritations of opposing opinion habitually express themselves in the phrase, "There should be a law against it"; and if the cats howl on the back-yard fence in the nighttime, if a strike interrupts business, if the sheets on the hotel bed are too short, or the hatpin of the woman in the crowded car is too long, if a new trust is formed or a waiter is impertinent or the cook leaves, all eyes are lifted up hopefully toward that annual calamity known as the session of the legislature. And all these statutes, rushed through in the midnight hours of the closing day of the session, amid howling and confusion and corruption and bribery and licentiousness and drunkenness, are to be

The Space Worn So Smooth Under the Trees Near the Bandstand Was Sodded

reverenced - like the statutes passed on that last night of the New Jersey legislature! In the intricacies of such moral confusion, is it permitted to inquire whether or not we, in our social development, have arrived at the phase of the apotheosis of the policeman, who is to replace nurse and parent and teacher and pastor, and, relieving all these of their responsibilities, undertake to remould man into a being of absolute perfection, in whom character may be dispensed with, since he is to dwell forever under the crystal dome of a moral vacuum from which temptation has been scientifically exhausted? And is the lid to become the fetish of a race, and is each to rush about trying to adjust the lid of his fellow, forgetting that the individual lid is the one efficient lid, and that the world would improve more rapidly if each would only see to it that his own lid is at all times on straight?

There is a story somewhere of a little girl, orphaned, homeless, supperless, shivering in rags in the cold rain of the streets of New York, and of a passer-by observing in a kind of sardonic sympathy:

"And she is living under the protection of sixteen thousand laws!"

"Ah, yes," said his friend, perhaps a professional reformer of third persons, who naturally lacked a sense of humor; "but that is because the laws are not enforced!"

It is not altogether inconceivable that if all the laws were enforced the little girl's condition would have been even worse than it was, considering how haphazard had been the process of making all those laws, and how, if set in motion, many of them would have clashed with each other; but, as Harry Lauder says, that is going off the question altogether. There are, of course, many who feel that the chief omission is in the lack of law enforcement. That there is a lack of enforcement is, sadly enough, too true; and, what is worse, there is a lack of reverence for law, and it may not be unavailing if some questions are asked as to why certain of the laws are not better enforced.

Many Men, Many Minds

IT IS axiomatic in municipal politics that a reform administration—that is, an administration elected as a protest against machine government, boss rule and the domination of public-service corporations—is immediately confronted by demands from the good people of the city—or those who call themselves the good people—not only to enforce all the sumptuary laws but also to exterminate vice. This demand is the result of three principal causes. In the first place, more perhaps is expected of a so-called reform administration than of a partisan machine administration. In the second, the word reform has a meaning that differs with individuals. Reform means to each man his own pet reform, and if he happens to hear of a reform administration he concludes that it intends necessarily to do the kind of reforming he wants done; and besides, the goo-goo never sees any but personal reform, and he thinks this can be produced by policemen. And, in the third place, the privileged interests and their allies and representatives seek to divert the attention of the administration from themselves and their larger and more complex immoralities to the smaller and uninfluential offenders—an old device—always in the hope of escape inspired by Privilege when pursued; just as friends of the fox might turn aside the hounds by drawing the aniseed bag across the trail. Many a reform administration has been by these means led into a cul-de-sac. As Mr. Carl Hovey observed recently of that neat saying to the effect that the way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it, the process usually proves to be merely a good way to get rid of a good administration. And this, too, is axiomatic; the masses are apt to think that reform means interference with their pleasures, their comfort, their amusements, their appetites—and when reform governments begin to govern tyrannically they, of course, cease to be popular and are speedily retired. The lid never fits any one but the other fellow.

There is, singularly, an impression that a mayor, by virtue of his office, possesses some peculiar, occult power by which he can make people good. Many speak as if he had a magic wand that he can wave over the city and make it good; they regard him in the light of a beadle of a New England village, say in the year 1692, instead of the mayor of a modern American city in the year 1910, elected not to govern the people but to represent them; not to bear rule over them but to carry their will into effect. They lightly ignore the fact that men are not made good by legal declaration or by official action; that they are not good because of the fear of policemen or of the pains and penalties of the laws. They fail to reflect that men are good when they follow the best impulses of their souls; that goodness is developed from within, and that that is the only way that any one can become good.

The duty of a mayor consists in carrying out the will of the people of his city, not the best people alone, not the wisest people alone, not the good people alone, whoever they are—not the people of any one class. This includes, theoretically, those who were opposed to his being mayor as well as those who were in favor of his being mayor; it includes the bad, whoever they are, and the poor, and all the rest. This is the theory, though, of course, practically, he cannot carry out the will of every man and woman. As Carlyle once said of himself, a mayor has many judges, or, as the old proverb puts it, "He that builds by the wayside has many masters."

In a modern city there are hundreds of thousands of persons of different tongues, races, creeds, interests, needs, traditions, ideals, views of what is good and what is bad, what is right and what is wrong, what is wise and what is foolish, what is expedient and what is inexpedient. They differ on all these points; each has his own notion of how the mayor should act, each his own conception of the mayor's duty according to his tradition, employment, education, environment, economic condition, and so on. They all differ in these respects; they differ in large divisions and classes; they differ in everything, perhaps, except in the great fact of their common brotherhood in humanity—the one preëminent fact unfortunately ignored by men. Even the men of any one class, who are agreed on certain points, perhaps, would not agree on all points touching the duty of the mayor. How, then, does the matter stand among a whole densely packed population, dwelling together on a few square miles of land, speaking a score of tongues, and with all those curious and inscrutable differences that mark a cosmopolitan population?

There are, to be sure, on the scrolls of the state, and on the books of the city, statutes and ordinances that forbid the commission of certain sins, and even enlarge venial offenses to the proportion of crimes for the sake of prohibiting them, and having enacted this legislation society seems to be content because a theoretical remedy for evil has been provided. All that remains, according to the theory, is to "enforce" these statutes and ordinances, and the evils will vanish, the sins cease. But these remedies do not search out the mysterious and obscure causes of crime; they are concerned solely with the symptoms or surface indications of deeply hidden disease. Statutes and ordinances can be administered only by human agencies that have to encounter human obstacles.

It is easy to utter words and to employ phrases, such as "law enforcement," and the like. In what does the enforcement of a law or statute consist? It consists in the following: In a city there is a man called a mayor because he has been voted into an office by a majority of the people; there is another man, called a director of public safety, or a police commissioner, or a chief of police, selected in a different manner; and there are still others, more numerous, selected in still another way, called policemen, who wear garments of a certain color, fashioned in a certain, but uniform, manner, and fastened by gilt buttons. There are still others, called officials, each with his distinct title—magistrates, judges of police courts, turnkeys, superintendent of the house of correction, guards, jailers.

All of these men, though called officials, are nevertheless men, and the only real distinction between them and other men is that they have what is called "authority"—that is, there are those, called subordinates, who do, or are presumed to do, what they are told. Thus the mayor tells the police commissioner to enforce a law, whereupon the police commissioner tells an inspector of police to enforce a law, and then the inspector of police tells the policemen to enforce a law. The policemen, thereupon, seeing an individual violating that law, or hearing that he has violated it, seize him, lead him before a magistrate, tell the magistrate that he has violated the law; and the magistrate tells other men, called by different titles, to take the man to the house of correction, and there deliver him, with a paper containing certain written directions and stamped with a seal, to a prison-keeper, who is to lock the man up for a certain number of days. This process is what is called "enforcing a law," and it is supposed that by it the man who violated the law will be prevented from violating it again, and that other men, who have been thinking of violating it, or intend to violate it, will be deterred from doing so; and that still other men, who were bad or are about to become bad, will be kept good. It is considered and believed that this will be the effect, because it has been so stated and written and printed in books.

There Were Gray Veterans Who Had Gone With Sherman to the Sea and Had Been With Grant at Appomattox

City Crusades

WHENEVER the act in which the violation of that law consists is one which the majority of the people do not want to commit, and think it wrong to commit, an act *malum in se*, as the lawyers say—that is, one in and of itself immoral, and so condemned by the universal conscience of mankind—then it is comparatively easy to go through with this process. But when the act that violates that law is venial, and *malum prohibitum*, and would not be wrong in itself; when large numbers of the people, or a majority of the people, wish to commit that act or have no objection to others committing it—such an act, for instance, as playing ball, going to a theater, drinking beer, trimming a window, running a train, or having ice cream delivered for the orthodox Sunday dinner—then it becomes a difficult matter to carry out such a process, and it also becomes impossible to carry out such a process without resorting to violence, namely, by rushing policemen here and there in patrol wagons, and forcibly carrying away men and women to police stations, courts and prisons; and, when they are out, doing the same thing over again. This process, when attempted on a large scale, is called a "crusade," and is generally accompanied by disorder and tumult, sometimes by riot, and always engenders hatred and bad feeling. Its results are harmful, and as it has been found to be impossible to sustain the high pitch of excitement and even hysteria that are necessary to conduct a crusade properly—that is, according to the precedents, as it should be conducted—the enthusiasm of the crusading officials soon subsides, other duties are found to demand attention, and the crusade dies out, is abandoned, and things are worse than before.

This method has been tried, in all cities, again and again, and invariably has failed. It produces no permanent good, and is often more demoralizing than the conditions it seeks to remedy. It chokes the courts with cases accumulated by a resort to those dilatory processes of the law devised to safeguard the innocent, and its sporadic character and sensational features but attract attention to the evil instead of to the good, and expose, in a manner out of

all relation and proportion, conditions that exist in all cities, and always have existed in all cities and towns; and, furthermore, by overshadowing the good qualities of the city, which are in great preponderance, it gives it an evil and sinister reputation that it does not deserve.

There is, however, another method that may be employed to enforce these morality laws. This consists in a determined, sincere, constant effort to correct evil conditions: first, by seeking out and wherever possible removing their causes; secondly, by steady repression and discouragement; and thirdly, by striving to create a higher concept of life and conduct. So far as relates to the police this system consists in a constant repression by them of the worst and most flagrant evils of a positive character, such as wine rooms, gambling and disorderly saloons and resorts. In some cities this can be done by the revocation of licenses; in others, where the license system is not in vogue, an effective if extra-legal way of regulating a disorderly saloon, for instance, is to post a police officer in uniform at the door, which invariably discourages and in a short while ruins the patronage of the place.

III

IT WILL be found, however, that the phrase "law enforcement" has a certain, almost definite, meaning in cities. There, as nearly everywhere, there is no difficulty in enforcing the laws against crimes *mala in se:* everywhere the laws against murder, assaults, burglary, arson, and so on, are not difficult of enforcement; nor are, generally speaking, the crimes against property. Our criminal system, indeed, was devised chiefly for the protection of property, for, as Emerson said, ours is a property civilization. Absolute law enforcement, of course, is an impossibility, and will continue to be until the millennium dawns with absolute law observance, and therefore, it may be presumed, without coercive laws. But the problem of law enforcement in cities relates chiefly to the social evil, gambling, disorderly saloons, the sumptuary laws and Sabbath observance. These conveniently fall into the old classification of crimes *mala in se* and crimes *mala prohibita*—that is, into natural and artificial offenses. There can be no two opinions about the spirit and motive of the laws against gambling and the social evil; every one regards them as expressions of the highest and best moral thought of mankind—they agree with the universal conscience. But, human nature being what it happens, for some reason, to be, it is not so easy to enforce them as to say that they should be enforced. Nor is it always easy even to frame legislation against them, beyond that of mere wide-sweeping prohibitions.

Or the Hatpin of the Woman in the Crowded Car is Too Long

Take, for instance, the case of "wine rooms," as they are called in some cities, though the local vernacular may supply other names. The evil is one universally recognized and universally deplored. It is customary to speak of "wine rooms," and to use the term "wine room" or its local synonym, as if there were a certain, definite, specific kind of place, easily identified, known to all, referred to by all and accepted by all as a "wine room," and as such prohibited by and amenable to law. The fact is, of course, that the term "wine room," in the vernacular, means a saloon or low restaurant frequented by women as well as men. The saloon, as well as the restaurant, is a legal institution recognized where it exists by statute, and the law does not deny women the right to enter a saloon as men do or to drink there as men do—one of the few relations, by the way, in which the law regards women as the equals of men It is easily to be seen, therefore, that it is difficult to provide legislation that shall regulate this practice and be constitutional. And the subject involves itself in the old problem of the social evil.

And here, perhaps, we have the most striking of all examples of the impotence of statutes as moral agents. The social evil has existed in all cities, in all countries and in all times. The problem is as old as humanity, as old as sin. It has been made the subject of countless laws, from the time of the Mosaic code down to the latest revision of the statutes. It has been the basis of the speculations of moralists, philosophers and sociologists. It is a theme upon which the prophets of old uttered their inspired moralities. The scarlet woman has been made the subject of a dramatic period in one of the imperishable orations of Cato in the Roman Senate. She has evoked one of the most eloquent passages of the famous historian of European morals, whose imaginative vision could behold her, while creeds and civilizations rise and fall, the eternal priestess of humanity, blasted for the sins of the people. And she has survived all manner of edicts and decrees and whole folios of impotent legislation, and her pathetic figure remains, to typify a sad, age-old problem that is seemingly as insoluble as ever.

Laws seeking to regulate, diminish or extirpate the social evil have been confined almost exclusively to the female. Since the days of Aholah and Aholibah the man has been guiltless, but the woman has borne her iniquity, and it is only recently that there has been anything like an acceptance of the truth that there should be an equal standard of morals for men and women. Regulation, whether by law or otherwise, is repugnant to the moral sense of most American communities,

(Continued on Page 30)

The Farmer and the Cost of Living

PROBLEMS FROM A RAILROAD MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

By B. F. YOAKUM

CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE 'FRISCO AND ALLIED LINES

FARMERS, and not military power, must restore our economic balance. The politicians pour out the Government's money to build fighting machines and starve the agriculturists. The appropriations of this last Congress amount to more than one billion dollars. Thirty dollars of this went for military expenses to every dollar spent for agriculture.

It is necessary that we aid the farmer in the adoption of better agricultural methods in order to increase production, and that he be helped to a better business system, so as to increase his profits and at the same time assist in reducing the cost of living to the consumers. The promises of politicians in their agitation for radical legislation will not assist in working out this important American problem.

A recent writer in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST said that the annual waste in handling the two-hundred-million-dollar Texas cotton crop would make the Standard Oil's mouth water. The cotton planters of Texas do not need more laws, but the application of ordinary business methods in handling their cotton.

The farmers of southern Texas discovered a few years ago that their soil was well adapted for growing Bermuda onions. The onion industry was soon found to be unprofitable on account of poor marketing facilities. They employed a good man and put the selling in his hands, with the result that a losing business was made a profitable one. All the laws which Texas might make could not help these onion farmers. It required the employment of business methods. What applies to the onion crop of Texas applies to every other product of the soil in the United States.

The farmers of the country will eventually work under a strictly business organization for their own protection and to the advantage of the consumers of food. At the growing end the farmers will have, through coöperation with the railroads, shipping agencies. At the consuming end they will have marketing agencies. Under this method the men who produce, the men who transport and who consume will come into close contact. To the industry of farming will be added the business of marketing.

It is not the amount of potatoes, cabbages, onions, grain, dairy products or other foodstuffs a community of farmers produces that fattens their bank accounts. It is the price for which they can sell them and the waste they can cut out between the farm and the table. It is not the prices that the farmers are getting that make living so expensive. It is the expense of getting them to the railroads and the profits of dealers, wholesalers and retailers.

After a careful investigation, it is estimated that during the past year the farmers received and the consumers of the city of New York paid, for the following articles of food, approximately the amounts respectively shown:

	RECEIVED BY FARMER	PAID BY CONSUMER
Eggs	$ 17,238,000	$ 28,730,000
Coffee	2,402,000	12,009,000
Rice	1,354,000	6,191,000
Cabbages	1,825,000	9,125,000
Onions	821,000	8,212,000
Milk	22,912,000	48,880,000
Potatoes	8,437,000	60,000,000
Meat and Poultry	219,300,000	291,000,000
Total	$274,289,000	$464,147,000

The freight paid on the above articles was approximately $25,045,000.

On only these articles of food, for which the farmers received $274,289,000, the expenses and profits of the middlemen were $164,813,000 after paying the freight bill of $25,045,000. In other words, in addition to the freight, the expenses of handling and profits were over sixty per cent. Reducing these expenses and profits one-half would make a saving on these articles of $82,406,500 annually. These articles represent approximately five-eighths of the annual food bill of New York. If the same proportions obtained as to the balance of New York's food bill, the expenses and profits paid by consumers would be $265,800,000 annually, or about $728,000 a day.

This is the big business proposition that confronts New York and applies to all consuming centers, and the only way to work it out is to tackle it in detail, cutting out every possible waste, expense and needless profit.

To handle this immense quantity of food will require extensive facilities. The railroads entering New York have hundreds of millions of dollars invested in terminals to handle and distribute the business of this one consuming point. Six hundred and forty million dollars have been expended in street cars and subways for handling New York's four million people. But nothing is being done to lessen the cost of local expense on this great bulk of food.

There are living on Manhattan Island two and a half million people. Splendid passenger facilities are provided to transport these people, but none to handle their food economically. A tunnel could be built with tracks to be utilized for freight between certain hours, with distributing stations every ten or fifteen blocks for marketplaces, where all table food could be supplied. Conducted under proper regulations, the six hundred carloads a day of foodstuffs coming to New York could go to these marketplaces with a saving of one hundred and fifty million dollars annually, or four hundred and ten thousand dollars daily, to the people of New York, and allow twenty per

cent for handling. There is no common-sense argument against convenient marketing centers in large cities. They are just as practicable as the establishment of passenger stations. While the passengers can take care of themselves, a business system is necessary to handle the consumers' daily supplies.

The railroads are doing more than their share in working for an economical handling of freight in cities. The money required for terminals is something enormous. Money invested in terminals does not add proportionately to the earning power of lines, yet it is necessary for the railroads to provide for proper deliveries of business.

The cost of getting food supplies to the railroad in the country over poor public highways, and of getting these same supplies to the homes in the city, is out of all proportion to the railroad charge for transportation. The Government is largely responsible for one of the biggest expenses, which comes from the fact that the greatest country in the world has the worst public highways.

To help cut down the producers' expense of bad country roads, the Government provides a little over one hundred thousand dollars a year, and buys battleships for eighteen million dollars apiece. It requires no investigating committee to pick out the effects of this kind of pinching and squandering of money on cost of living.

Our commerce and manufacturing industries have grown beyond expectation. Our railroad systems are by far the best in existence, handle business for the American people at less rates than any in the world, and pay their employees better wages than the railroads of any other country. They are now economically operated, but we do not know how long this will continue. It is to be expected that, as the Government takes more and more control of the transportation, the expense of operation will increase. Senator Aldrich recently said that if the Government were operated as a private business the running expenses could be reduced three hundred million dollars annually, or practically one-third the present operating expenses of the Government. It is true, and shows the wasteful political methods which the politicians have not undertaken to correct.

Guide Posts for the Public

THE expense of running all the railroads of the United States is now approximately two billion dollars a year. On the same ratio of extravagance as the Government, the gross earnings of the railroads, approximately three billion dollars, would soon be absorbed under Government policies if the politicians were to get full control, which they are gradually doing.

The agitations and threats that are emanating from Washington are doing more real damage than the actual legislation. Ceaseless agitation has a tendency to make investors lose faith in railroad securities. There is no mystery about costs and income in the railroad business. Any man can find out as much as any railroad man knows. The railroad man may know it a little sooner, but he depends upon the same figures as are on file in Washington. These available statistics will show that if railroads were now getting the same rates as received twelve years ago, their income would be two hundred and eighty-nine million dollars more than received at the present rates.

These statistics will show the Congressmen, just as they show the railroad men and the public, that, if their equipment and operating material and supplies could have been purchased by the railroads last year at the prices paid twelve years ago, they would have cost two hundred and forty million dollars less. Also these statistics will show that the labor bill last year was one hundred and ninety-seven million dollars more than for the same service twelve years ago. These, with other items, made a difference to the railroads last year of seven hundred and thirty-eight million dollars as against twelve years ago.

The railroads of the country, during the last fifteen years, have used up their surpluses and strained their credits in building new lines, acquiring new facilities and working out various economic propositions to keep up with the growth of the country's business and handle it in a manner satisfactory to the shippers and to the general public.

The safest securities that the railroads will have to offer to investors in the future will be securities issued by the existing roads to take care of their necessities on existing lines and to provide additional terminals.

Conservative investors will not care to buy securities of new railroads unless such securities have the guarantee of existing roads, as they will have to wait four or five years, with the possibility of a receivership, before any income can be had from the earnings of these newly constructed railroads.

Legislation that tends to prevent new construction can be regarded as a bull argument in favor of existing railroads and a bear argument against the country's future growth and development. For the development of the country up to its present high standard it has required for the last thirty years an average of forty-seven hundred miles of new railroad annually. There should be constructed at least as much new mileage annually in the future to enable the country to reach its full development. To build and equip forty-seven hundred miles of railroad costs not less than one hundred and eighty-eight million dollars, fully eighty per cent of which goes for labor and the products of labor. Each forty-seven hundred miles gives permanent employment to twenty-eight thousand employees of all classes. Therefore unwise legislation does not so seriously affect the class of men that are being criticised by the politicians as it does the class of men that work by the day and are upon the payrolls of the company.

When we consider that the country west of the Mississippi River, which constitutes seventy per cent of our entire area, yet requires one hundred and forty thousand miles of railroad to give it the same railroad facilities on an area basis as the country east of the Mississippi River, we can understand what any action that retards railroad building would mean to the country at large. Ten miles is as far from a railroad station as a farmer can profitably do business. A twenty-mile round trip for a team a day is as far as he can profitably extend his business from a railroad.

B. F. Yoakum, Chairman of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad Company and Allied Lines

Some of the Western states have post-offices more than fifty miles from a railroad, as follows:

Colorado	25	post-offices
California	10	" "
Oregon	40	" "
Washington	5	" "
Utah	15	" "
Montana	12	" "
New Mexico	6	" "
Nevada	12	" "
Idaho	25	" "
North Dakota	4	" "
South Dakota	4	" "
Wyoming	10	" "
Kansas	3	" "
Arizona	10	" "
Texas	25	" "

The territory in the United States that is fifty miles or more from any railroad, without considering Alaska, is equal to the total area of England and France.

Our Western states are rich in fertile soil, which irrigation and improved methods of farming are making productive. They are adding to our agricultural wealth as fast as railroads can be made available for their development. Additional railroad building will not take place if investors are constantly told that their investments will not yield fair profits, and that there are yet to come, during the next Congress, more restrictive laws.

Existing railroads will only construct new lines as they need them. The large railroad systems of the United States have been built through promoters of small railroads which have been taken into the systems later. Under existing conditions such development is a thing of the past, although there is not a Western state that is not today plastered with new short-line railroad charters largely necessary for the development of the outlying country. But the money is not to be had for them to carry out their enterprises.

The prevailing opinion is that our farmers are growing rich. Our farmers are receiving advanced prices for their products, but they are paying equally advanced prices for everything they buy for family use and machinery for their farmwork. Their margin of profit is largely absorbed by the increased price of things they must buy. They have not been benefited by freight reductions made to dealers.

There are six million two hundred thousand farms in the United States. There is an average of four and a half persons to the farm. The value of the products of the farms last year was eight billion seven hundred and sixty million dollars, or an average of about three hundred and fourteen dollars for each member of a farming family. This means that three hundred and fourteen dollars last year had to clothe, feed, educate and provide everything for one person on the average farm, besides paying his proportion for help, taxes, repairs to buildings, machinery and tools, the care of the animals and the upkeep of the farm. This shows that the farmer's return is comparatively small. He works long hours with no overtime. He hitches up early and feeds late.

The public men who are responsible for our national laws have not given proper consideration to the development of our agricultural interests. They are satisfied to make political capital by telling the farmers they must be protected against corporate greed. This is all right for the politician, but it does not aid the farmer; it does not help the consumer. Such talk does not add one acre of new ground, nor increase production, nor provide better marketing facilities for the men whose business is farming.

The Old World Blazes a Trail

THE continued production of the farms of the older countries has been accomplished by proper nourishment. The Department of Agriculture report tells us that Germany alone uses annually over half a million tons of nitrate of soda; two hundred and seventy-five thousand of sulphate of ammonia; one million two hundred thousand of superphosphate; one million four hundred thousand of basic slag and a large quantity of potash salts. Moreover, they rotate crops and use leguminous plants liberally.

The thrifty farmers of the old countries have, on every hundred cultivated acres, seventy-eight per cent more cattle than we have; forty-five per cent more horses; seventy-five per cent more hogs and thirty per cent more sheep and goats. The result on these well-stocked farms is profitable and adds to their fertility.

The employment of ordinary business methods and up-to-date agricultural ideas in farming is necessary with us if we are not to have abandoned farms in the Middle West just as we now have in New England. From 1890 to 1900 there was a decrease of thirty-eight per cent in the improved farmland of New England. In all the New England states there was an average loss of nearly ten per cent in rural population and a gain of more than forty per cent in city population. But what is a more serious condition is that Ohio showed a five-per-cent loss in farm population and a gain of thirty per cent in city population.

Unless something is done, this change, now reaching to the Mississippi Valley, will extend over the great prairies to the foothills of the Rockies.

In short, the American farmer is up against an important business proposition—one in which a good share of the surplus money of the country can be well employed. The national industry is entitled to the attention of the financial interests, as well as the encouragement of the Government, if we are to have our own people supplied with foodstuffs at fair prices and at the same time continue the balance of trade in our favor against foreign nations. Both must be done through business methods, and not through Congress taking up two-thirds of its time, as was the case in the last Congress, in the debate and passage of a railroad bill of no material advantage to the country, and only one day in the discussion of the high cost of living.

A political committee was appointed to make a political investigation and report on that subject. The report was the defense of a political party and was of no importance to the great mass of Americans who are struggling under high prices for the stuff that goes on their tables. Neither does the report add any information or any suggestions to increase farm products, which must supply these people with what they eat.

CHOCOLAT-DUHAMEL

Too Much Prodigal Son—By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

M. PAILLARD glanced at the back cover of the Illustration where a company of baggy-trousered infantry walked in single file across the tops of the block letters that spelled Chocolat-Duhamel. In the middle distance exploding shells half hid and half revealed the legend, "An Enemy to Fatigue," while the clutter of weapons that bestrewed the battlefield in the foreground was interspersed with lower-case type, reading, "In the knapsack of every Soldier of France."

"And I suppose he's a multimillionaire," M. Paillard commented. He sat at the corner table of the basement café of the Restaurant Bodin, while Doctor Beretta filled the round-backed chair opposite and balanced with the aid of a teaspoon two lumps of sugar over his steaming *mazagran*. When the doctor leaned forward to strike a match the chair leaned with him, for it fitted him like a glove. Indeed, if the doctor wished to rise it required two waiters to hold down the chair or else he would have gone home wearing it like a tournure.

"'*Mon Cher* Adrien,' I Wrote With the Back of a Thin Steel Pen"

"And I suppose he's a multimillionaire," Paillard repeated. Doctor Beretta raised his eyebrows till they almost touched his bushy black hair.

"That goes without saying," he said. "One does not insert a weekly full-page advertisement in the Illustration on wind. In addition to his chocolate he owns two automobile factories and an island in the West Indies."

M. Paillard clucked his tongue.

"But why did he cast the young man off?" he asked. "Surely one can forgive much to one's only child."

"There are some things that touch a man's honor, *mon cher* Paillard," the doctor replied; "and certainly when one inserts a full-page weekly advertisement such as this"—he indicated the back cover of the Illustration, with its soldiers, its cannon and its patriotic legend about the army of France—"one cannot countenance the refusal of even an only son to serve his time with the colors. The young Adrien Duhamel flatly declined. He said he would run away to America first, and Duhamel replied, 'Run!'"

"So Adrien is in America?"

"Some say working as a waiter in a restaurant here," the doctor continued, "while the poor old man eats his heart out in his spacious office and warerooms"—here the doctor consulted the advertisement—"Numbers 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rue St. Botolphe, Bordeaux."

It was a pathetic picture that the doctor drew and Paillard nodded sympathetically.

"But why doesn't the old man advertise over here: 'Adrien, return. All is forgiven.' My own paper, for instance, is an excellent medium for such an announcement."

He referred to the Journal des Débats des Etats-Unis, of which he was telegraph editor. Daily he contributed half a page of items under the title Dépêches Service Spécial du Journal, headed variously: Paris, Marseilles, Bruxelles and Kiel. All of them save one testified to M. Paillard's vivid imagination, which was in proportion to the high rate of cable tolls. The exception represented a lazy streak in the telegraph editor, who, when pressed for time, had recourse to Kiel in the following form:

Kiel, 20 juillet.—Une tempête violente sévit dans la mer du Nord et toute navigation est suspendu.

"There is pride on both sides," Doctor Beretta replied to Paillard's advocacy of his paper's advertising columns, "and even if Adrien should see the advertisement he would not answer it. The old man has offered a reward of fifty thousand francs for information leading to the discovery of his son, and there are no takers." By this time Doctor Beretta had concluded the lighting of his cognac-soaked sugar, and after the blue flame thus kindled had been quenched in the diluted coffee beneath, he drank his *mazagran*, smacked his lips, and called for Emile and Georges, the two café waiters. On each side of him they bore down the arms of the chair while Doctor Beretta extricated himself from its tight embrace.

"*A tout à l'heure*," he said, waving an airy adieu with his dimpled right hand. Paillard nodded and turned again to the Illustration. For a quarter of an hour he lingered over his coffee and then he called for writing materials.

The result of the first ten minutes' labor was an accident to the cruiser Impeccable, at Havre, and three strikes, trades not specified, accompanied by severe rioting in Lyons, Toulon and Boulogne-sur-Mer. After this he bit the end of his pen and pondered deeply. The inspiration had spent itself, and he was about to repeat the North Sea tempest when his face lit up with a new idea.

"Paris, July 21," he wrote. "The news is confirmed that M. Adrien Duhamel, the only son of the Chocolate King, M. Adolphe Duhamel, who has recently become estranged from his parents, is working as a waiter in a café in New York."

II

THE Journal des Débats des Etats-Unis was essentially the organ of the Maison Bodin. Emile subscribed for a copy, as did Crépin Bodin and the latter's partner, Aristide Gély; and the three copies arrived by messenger promptly at five o'clock every morning.

On the day following the inditing of the Duhamel item, Emile had already perused the cable news when M. Bodin descended to the café for his breakfast, the order for which he had given in his bedroom a quarter of an hour previously.

It was, therefore, with a sigh of complete satisfaction that Bodin sat down at the corner table and opened the Journal, for not only was he in the lively anticipation of an *omelette aux fines herbes* but a cool breeze came from the North River via West Twenty-eighth Street and brought with it a distinct aroma of roses from the wholesale florist's next door.

Even as he sniffed at the delicate perfume, however, another and more robust odor mingled with it. It was the unmistakable smell of burned omelet.

In three strides he arrived at the kitchen door.

"Aristide!" he bawled; "do I smell something burning?"

He looked sharply about the kitchen, but instead of M. Gély, his partner and chef, he saw only M. Gély's assistant, who stood immaculately garbed in white, with one hand resting lightly on a silver dish-cover.

"Pardon, M'sieur," the assistant cook said. His voice was a rich baritone and his speech possessed an accent of refinement that well accorded with his lean, oval face.

"Where is M. Gély?" Bodin demanded.

"For the moment he is abovestairs," the assistant replied. "Mme. Gély is prostrated by a cold, M'sieur, and the chef now attends her."

Never for a moment did his hand leave the dish-cover, and his clear gray eyes met his employer's gaze unmoved.

"What occurred to the omelet I ordered?" Bodin asked

"Did M'sieur order an omelet? This is the first I am informed."

"Then what is the stench of scorched egg that is here? Answer me that."

The assistant chef raised his chin and dilated his nostrils as though in obedience to the stage direction, "business of smelling." For three seconds he inhaled the atmosphere like a connoisseur over the bouquet of a particularly choice vintage, and without raising his hand from the dish-cover he finally nodded and smiled.

"M'sieur has right on his side," he said in the correct tones of a savant who has tested and affirmed the scientific discovery of his confrère. "M'sieur possesses, indeed, keen nostrils. I threw some eggshells in the stove this morning at five-thirty precisely."

For one brief moment Bodin's eyes rested on the dish-cover and then they sought the assistant chef's face. It was as free from guile as a sleeping babe's, and Bodin turned away quite satisfied. As his employer closed the kitchen door behind him, the assistant chef whisked off the dish-cover and deposited the incinerated remains of an *omelette aux fines herbes* in an adjacent ashcan, just as Emile, the waiter, entered.

"The omelet for M'sieur," Emile said.

"In a moment," the assistant chef replied.

"In a moment!" Emile replied. "Why, I ordered it twenty minutes ago."

"*Mais oui*," the assistant chef said dreamily. "Time flies fast when one is young."

He broke two eggs into a basin and beat away vigorously.

"Yes, Emile," he went on. "Now it is July, soon it will be August, then September, and so on. The calendar heals all wounds. Next autumn a little thing like a tardy July omelet will be forgotten in the pleasures of the new vintage."

He melted the butter in the copper pan and this time the omelet was a complete success.

"Also, here is your omelet, Emile," he concluded. "The blessing of a pure heart go with it. Please close the door behind you."

The assistant chef had held his position only three days; nevertheless in this short time he had made Emile realize

"*Flute!* It Is Another Link in the Chain"

that repartee in his instance was useless. Hence Emile snorted impotently and passed out into the basement café.

"*Voilà, M'sieu'*," he said, as he placed the omelet on the table in front of the *patron;* but M. Bodin paid no attention to his breakfast. He was literally buried in the Journal des Débats, and he was reading for the twentieth time the dispatch concerning Adrien Duhamel, the heir to Chocolat-Duhamel, when Emile again spoke.

"But, M. Bodin," he besought, "your omelet grows cold"

"Huh?" Bodin cried, putting down the paper. He looked first at the omelet and then at Emile.

"Emile," he said, "how long have you worked here?"

"Two years, M'sieur," Emile replied.

Bodin looked at Emile again. The cablegram made no reference to the date of Adrien's departure, but two years ago could hardly be called recently. Therefore it was assuredly not Emile.

"Then what the devil are you standing there idling away your time for?" Bodin cried. "Get to work on the brass rail."

As Emile slunk away the *patron* lifted the silver dish-cover from the omelet and a faint cloud of steam arose and again wafted toward Bodin a faint odor of scorched egg. Critically he examined the omelet, but it was cooked to a nicety, and hence he turned his attention to the dish-cover. He sniffed it once, twice, and rising abruptly to his feet he made for the kitchen.

"You," he yelled to the assistant chef—"You, what do you mean by telling me that ——"

Here he noticed for the first time the cool, insolent pose of the assistant chef, who stood with one hand on his hip and the other twirling the ends of his vertical mustache. It was a posture worthy of a Bourbon prince, and as M. Bodin's bulging eye rested on the high, narrow forehead, the thin nose and the well-brushed hair he gasped involuntarily. Three days ago he had hired this assistant chef upon the understanding that credentials should be forthcoming within a week. They had not arrived, and why? M. Bodin swept his moist forehead with his pudgy hand.

"Does M'sieur desire something?" the assistant chef asked. His voice was beautifully modulated, and his enunciation reminded Bodin of his former customers when he was a waiter in the Maison Dorée. For two minutes the *patron* attempted to formulate a demand, a rejoinder, anything to save his face; but the calm gray eyes of the assistant chef were too much for him, and he returned to the restaurant without another word. He arrived at his omelet in time to see Emile dodge hurriedly from behind the cigar counter and resume his polishing

"Vagabond!" Bodin cried, "you are like the mule—always to be whipped to your work. No sooner is my back turned than you idle away your time."

He scowled viciously at Emile, who, to Bodin's utter surprise, returned the scowl with interest. Ordinarily Emile was as anxious to please as a lost dog in a railway station, and it was some minutes before Bodin could do justice to the situation.

"Oaf," he bawled; "do you presume to make faces?"

Emile shrugged, and Bodin was on the point of hurling the cream pitcher at him when, fortunately for the waiter, M. Paillard entered.

"Good morn-eeng," he said. "Hah-oh du yu du? *Y a-t-il quelqu'un qui parle anglais?* Oll rah-eet."

"You are a linguist this morning," Bodin commented.

"I am always a linguist," Paillard replied. "I speak English as well as I speak Arabic. Emile, coffee and rolls. Anything new in the papers this morning, Bodin?"

Emile dropped his polishing cloth, and as he passed the table on his way to the kitchen a piece of torn paper fluttered from his trousers' pocket to the floor. It fell at the feet of M. Bodin, who stooped and picked it up. Evidently it was the corner of a sheet of notepaper that had been torn into small pieces, and the fragment that Bodin now read contained but three words in a thin, feminine hand, as follows: "*Mon cher* Adrien." He thrust it into his coat pocket and turned to Paillard with a forced smile.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"I said—why, what's the matter? Aren't you well?"

"I am all right," Bodin replied. "A little puzzled—that's all. Tell me, M'sieur, when was it that the son of Duhamel disappeared?"

"The son of Duhamel!" Paillard repeated. The cablegrams once inserted in the Journal were quickly forgotten, and although it was barely seven o'clock he had already formulated an entire column of dispatches for the next day's issue. "The son of Duhamel! What do you mean?"

For answer Bodin picked up the Journal folded at the Duhamel dispatch, and presented it to Paillard, who examined it carefully.

"Oh, yes," he said; "I remember now. Well, the cablegram says 'recently,' doesn't it?"

"Of course," Bodin replied, "but 'recently' is an elastic term. It might mean two months or it might mean two years."

"It might," Paillard agreed enigmatically. He was very tactful when it came to discussing the cable news of the Journal, proceeding upon the sound theory, "Many suspect, but few can prove."

"But hardly two years," Bodin insisted. "Two years could not be called 'recently.'"

"Why not?" Paillard commented as Emile entered with the coffee and rolls.

"Does M'sieur wish for more coffee?" he asked Bodin.

The *patron* cleared his throat and smiled amiably.

"If you please, Emile," he said in dulcet tones. Emile looked at the floor. The piece of paper had disappeared, and as he returned to the kitchen a broad grin spread itself over his commonplace features. He swung the kitchen door inward and it smote the rotund figure of M. Gély, who had doffed the white livery of the kitchen for a blue serge coat, for he was en route to breakfast in the café.

"Blockhead!" he growled. "Do you want to kill me?"

He turned aside to let the waiter pass, and noticing the absence of dishes in Emile's arms the chef aimed a kick at him that sent him sprawling against the kitchen table. Emile picked himself up and shook his fist after the departing chef.

"Never mind," he cried; "wait till he finds out from Bodin—that's all."

"Finds out what?" the assistant chef asked politely.

"*Tatillon!*" Emile cried. "Mind your own business."

He drew a pot of coffee from the urn, and as he pressed against the swinging door to reënter the café he descried the figures of Paillard, Bodin and Gély bending over the Journal. He stepped back hurriedly and deposited the coffee on the kitchen table. Then he drew from a pocket his own copy of the Journal and turned to the cable news.

"Have you nothing better to do with your time?" the assistant chef cried as he grabbed the paper from Emile's hands.

"What the devil are you doing?" Emile demanded. He reached for the paper, but the assistant chef seized a large kitchen knife.

"I warn you, Emile," he said solemnly; "I am a desperate man. Attempt to reclaim this paper and with one sweep I will decapitate you neatly between the third and fourth cervical vertebræ. On the other hand, if you will permit me to retain it for ten minutes, I will reward you with a lifelong friendship. Meantime the coffee grows cold." Emile shrugged and disappeared into the café with the pot of coffee.

"Now, let us see what goes on in the world," the assistant chef said to himself. "The devil!"

He laid down the paper with his thumb at the item concerning Adrien Duhamel and stared blankly.

"It has come out at last," he muttered to himself, and he was still perusing the item when Emile came back with Gély's order. The assistant chef surrendered the paper and busied himself in preparation of Gély's breakfast. As for Emile, he immediately fell to a rereading of the Duhamel item, which was precisely what M. Gély himself was doing in the café.

"But what makes you suspect Emile?" Gély asked his partner, Crépin Bodin.

Instantly Bodin produced the scrap of paper, and Gély and Paillard both examined it carefully.

"It is very little to go upon," Paillard declared, "but certainly, in affairs of this sort, very little is often much. When did you say he came to work here?"

"About two years ago," Gély replied.

"And who did you get references from?" Paillard asked.

"In those days we were not so particular about references," said Gély; "and the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Emile has been always honest."

"But doesn't any one know anything at all about him?" Paillard demanded.

Bodin snapped his fingers. "I have it," he cried. "Georges came here the same week. He will surely know."

"And where is Georges now?" said Paillard.

"It is his late day today," Gély replied. "I will wake him up and get him down here."

No sooner said than done, and a moment later Gély entered the garret occupied by Georges without the formality of knocking. Indeed, he burst into the room like a police officer with a search-warrant, and seizing the scanty bedclothes with one hairy fist and the back of Georges' nightshirt with the other he drew both bedclothes and waiter to the floor in a single movement.

"Pour Some Cognac Into the Bottom of a Tumbler—a Liberal Quantity"

III

WITH an imagination like Crépin Bodin's it was not difficult to weave a romance about the personality of even so commonplace a man as Emile, but Georges as an object of romantic speculation was simply impossible. His grapelike eyes in their pink settings indicated a stupidity that was remarkable, and as he stood before his employers, ten minutes to the dot after Gély's summons, it was patent that any inquiry as to Emile's origin would be fruitless.

"Stop sniffing and listen to me," Gély cried, for Georges coped with a severe cold by a process of inhalation. "How long have you known Emile?"

Georges glanced around him for his fellow-waiter, but Emile had been dispatched to the drug store on a convenient errand, so that the investigation might be conducted without his knowledge.

"Emile has stolen something? What?" Georges murmured.

Bodin jumped to his feet in an accession of indignant fury.

"Traducer!" he bellowed. "How dare you utter such slander against an honorable young man?"

"Softly, softly," Paillard said soothingly. "You will learn nothing that way. Concentrate your thoughts, Georges, and tell us something which we wish to know. Did you know Emile before he entered the employ of the Maison Bodin?"

Immediately Georges commenced a voluble disclaimer that threatened to merge into a fit of hysterics.

"*Pas du tout, M'sieu'*," he wailed. "I know nothing, I assure you. Emile to me is a stranger absolutely as to yourself. All I know is, he comes here to work and I come here to work. Further than this I am innocent."

Bodin slapped the table with his open hand.

"Shall I tell you something?" he declared fiercely. "He is sworn to secrecy, and by Emile."

He glared at Georges, who began to tremble violently.

"*Pas du tout, M'sieu'; pas du tout,*" the waiter moaned.

"But he shall tell all," Bodin exclaimed, "or we will ——"

"Hello," cried a deep bass voice, "what have we here? A court martial?"

It was Doctor Beretta, who had entered unnoticed, and he drew a round-backed chair toward the table and neatly inserted himself into its tight-fitting embrace.

"Proceed," he said. "Do not let me interrupt."

"You are the very man we want to see," Paillard replied. "We believe we have discovered the missing Duhamel."

"Then you are lucky fellows," said Beretta, "for you will get the reward of fifty thousand francs."

"Fifty thousand francs!" Bodin gasped, while Gély sat back against the plush-covered lounge and passed his hand across his forehead. "We will redecorate and add twenty tables on the second floor."

"Not so fast, Bodin," said Paillard. "In the first place, you must make sure of your ground. Now, Georges, listen carefully to us. You know, do you not, that Adrien Duhamel, the missing son of the millionaire Duhamel, is working here in this restaurant?"

"I know nothing, M'sieur," Georges protested.

"Liar and thief!" Bodin shouted. "You would rob us of fifty thousand francs."

He leaned forward as if to strike Georges, who put an end to the investigation by dropping to the tiled floor in a dead faint. Doctor Beretta struggled from his chair, and waving the others aside he knelt and lifted the body of the unconscious waiter until the head hung downward.

"Pour some cognac into the bottom of a tumbler," he commanded—"a liberal quantity."

Bodin fled to the bar and returned bearing half a tumbler of choice three-star.

"Here, here," he cried and pressed the tumbler into Beretta's left hand. The doctor was supporting the torso of his patient with his right arm, and as he seized the tumbler he gently lowered the waiter's body. The little group that surrounded them gazed anxiously at doctor and patient, and when at length Georges' head again rested on the floor the doctor arose.

"*A votre santé*," he said, draining the tumbler at a gulp. "He will recover immediately."

Between them, Beretta and Bodin bore the half-conscious Georges to his garret, which he shared with Emile and the assistant chef, and deposited him on his truckle-bed.

"Let him lie quiet for the rest of the day," Beretta advised, and as he turned to go he emitted an exclamation.

"Hello!" he said. "What's this?"

He stooped and picked up a piece of paper from the floor. It was a fragment of a letter written in a feminine hand.

"They search for you everywhere, but in vain," it read. "Duhamel is beside himself."

Beretta turned it over and on the opposite side appeared the words: "Adieu. I kiss you tenderly on both cheeks. Lliane."

Twice Beretta read it over, and then he handed it to Bodin, who absorbed its contents with bulging eyes.

"*Flute!*" he exclaimed. "It is another link in the chain."

"Let us show it to Gély and Paillard," said Beretta, and together they descended the stairs. As they reached the café Emile entered from the street with a diminutive package of Spanish saffron in his hand. Bodin rushed forward to relieve him of his burden.

"Permit me, *mon cher* Emile," he cried as he seized the package. The waiter relinquished it with a smile that blended amiability and condescension in just the right proportions. After he had passed into the kitchen Bodin turned to his partner.

"We will cable Duhamel without delay," he said.

"By all means," Gély agreed, "because if he smiles like that at me I may be tempted to kill the goose that is to lay the golden egg."

As Emile passed through the kitchen the smile of condescension changed to triumph.

"You have won the grand prize of the drawing. What?" the assistant chef commented.

"No impudence from you," Emile retorted. "Scullion!"

"Scullion?" the assistant chef repeated, reaching for a stirring spoon.

"I have spoken," Emile replied with dignity. "Strike me at the peril of your job."

The astounded cook dropped his spoon.

"Why this uppishness?" he asked.

"Can you keep a secret?" Emile said.

The assistant chef scratched his head.

"Mystery on mystery," he declared. "Confide in me, Emile. I am discretion itself."

"Very well, then," Emile replied. "You are entertaining an angel unawares."

"So?" the assistant chef murmured

"Precisely," Emile continued. "You think I am a waiter. You call me Emile, they call me Emile. It is Emile here, Emile there. Emile, bring me this. Emile, bring me that. *Toujours* Emile. But the time soon comes when I am unmasked. Yes, *mon camarade*, I am not Emile at all. Do you know who I am?" The assistant chef shook his head.

"Then I will tell you," Emile concluded. "My name is Adrien Duhamel, son of Chocolat-Duhamel."

For one moment the assistant chef regarded his informant with a stare of blank amazement, and then he burst out into a tremendous roar of laughter that brought Gély and Bodin running from the café.

"What is the matter?" they exclaimed with one breath.

"Remember your promise," Emile hissed.

The assistant chef nodded even as the tears of merriment coursed down his cheeks

"*Dit donc*," Bodin cried. "Why do you laugh?"

The shaking cook wiped his eyes and finally recovered his breath.

"I am subject to attacks of hysteria," he gasped, "and this is one of them."

IV

M. PAILLARD, by virtue of his position as telegraph editor of the Journal, indited the cablegram, which read as follows:

M. ADOLPHE DUHAMEL, Bordeaux.
Come immediately, your son is found.
MAISON BODIN, New York.

"To my mind," Beretta advised after Paillard had read the cablegram aloud, "the words 'immediately' and 'is' are fifty cents thrown away. 'Come, your son found,' is sufficient. If Duhamel receives such a cablegram he will come immediately without your saying so."

"For that matter, one could as well say, 'Your son found,' and M. Duhamel would come without your saying so," Gély suggested.

"Or why not simply put it, 'Adrien found'?"

"Excuse me," Paillard cried. "Who is writing this cablegram? My experience teaches me that in cablegrams it is better to leave nothing to the imagination of the reader; and, therefore, let us send it at once in its original form. Address and all it will be three or four dollars. Call Emile and have it done."

"Emile!" Bodin exclaimed. "Are you crazy? We must do this ourselves. Gély, take it at once. If we let Emile know that we cable his father he will leave us and hide himself again; and then where is your reward? Go and whistle for it."

"Take it yourself if you are so anxious," Gély rejoined.

"Am I dressed?" Bodin cried angrily, pointing to his carpet slippers.

"All right," Gély broke in. "Give it to me."

He grabbed the cablegram and burst into the kitchen.

"You," he called to his assistant, "put on your coat and hat and take this to the telegraph office on Sixth Avenue immediately."

He returned to the café at once.

"I gave it to my assistant," he said triumphantly; "he will send it immediately."

"What?" Bodin yelled. "You gave it to that young fellow in the kitchen? Why, they are hand in glove together. He will tear it up and keep the money."

He bounded from his seat to the kitchen, and when he returned his carpet slippers were replaced by a pair of congress gaiters and he waved the cablegram in his hand.

"I Warn You, Emile, I am a Desperate Man"

"If you want something done right do it yourself," he said, and walked hurriedly out of the café toward Sixth Avenue

Gély shrugged his shoulders.

"For my part," he said, "I believe there is nothing to this missing heir story. The whole thing is a canard."

"A canard!" Doctor Beretta cried. "What d'ye mean? The story was told me in full by my sister when I was in Bordeaux last summer. She is an intimate friend of the Duhamels."

"That may well be, but you do not know anything about this of your own knowledge. You do not know any of the Duhamels personally," Gély insisted. "All you go upon is a woman's gossip. Therefore, I repeat, it is a canard, a hoax."

For the moment he had forgotten the dignity of Beretta as a physician, or the honor of Paillard's position as telegraph editor of the Journal, but he was instantly reminded of it when Paillard jumped to his feet with his eyes ablaze.

"You are a true peasant," Paillard exclaimed. "You insult because you know you can do it with impunity Who would resent the insult of a cook?"

His fingers tingled to slap the ruddy cheeks that bulged so temptingly before him, but he restrained himself and beckoned to the doctor.

"Come, Beretta," he said, and the physician, with a complex twist that a boa-constrictor might have envied, rid himself of his chair and waddled out of the café after Paillard.

"The beginning," Gély murmured to himself. "Two good customers we lose and ——"

Worse forebodings were here interrupted by the entrance of Emile himself. The waiter looked about the café for Bodin, but seeing only Gély he started back for the kitchen.

"Emile," Gély cried, "you want something?"

Emile stopped. Emboldened by the assistant chef's news of the cablegram he was about to test the strength of his position with Bodin by asking for the loan of ten dollars. Gély he knew to be of tougher material, but nevertheless he determined to make the plunge.

"I was about to ask a favor," he began. "I need money."

"Who does not?" Gély commented.

"And so I thought," Emile continued, "I would ask you to lend me ten dollars for a few days."

Gély leaned back against the wall. Three dollars for a cablegram they had spent on this fellow, two good customers had left them on account of him, and now he had the face to try to borrow ten dollars.

"A morning drunkard," Gély said, "is worse than a thief."

"What do you mean?" Emile demanded.

"I mean you shall go up to your room and sleep it off," Gély shouted. "You are drunk."

"I am not drunk," Emile replied hotly. "I ask you, like one gentleman to another, to lend me ten dollars."

"Like one gentleman to another," Gély repeated. "A gentleman—you?" He scrambled to his feet. "Go," he hissed, "pig of a waiter! Go, before I brain you."

Emile reached behind him with both hands and unfastened his apron.

"I am through," he said, and, suiting the action to the word, he flung his coffee-stained badge of office over his employer's head.

V

WHILE Gély was still struggling to disentangle himself, Crépin Bodin returned from the telegraph office.

"What's this?" he demanded. "Where are Paillard and Beretta?"

Gély gurgled from beneath the apron, and at length he emerged from its strangling embrace and relieved himself with a burst of profanity.

"Wait till I get him!" he gasped at length. "I'll murder him. I'll choke him to death if he were the son of Rothschild himself."

"What d'ye mean?" Bodin cried.

"He wanted to borrow ten dollars," said Gély, "and ——"

"And you refused him?" Bodin almost shrieked.

"Do you suppose I gave it to him?" Gély asked.

Bodin loosened his collar with his fingers and gulped convulsively; then he started for the kitchen with a smothered cry. When he arrived there Emile was sitting on a stool with his arms folded. He had expected the visit. It required ten minutes of wheedling persuasion before he would accept the fifteen dollars forced upon him, and once more he assumed his coffee-stained apron.

During the ensuing week he conferred additional favors upon his employers to the extent of ten and twenty dollars respectively, and the score of his consideration for Bodin had reached fifty-five dollars on the day before the arrival of the first boat that could

(Continued on Page 34)

AILSA PAIGE

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS VAUX WILSON

XVI

THE regimental bands played the next day; the distant cannonade had ceased; sunshine fell from a cloudless sky, and the army watched a military balloon, the Intrepid, high glistening above the river, its cables trailing in graceful curves earthward.

Porter's Fifth Corps now formed the rear guard of the army; entire regiments went on picket—even the two regiments of lancers took their turn, though not armed for that duty. During the day there had been some unusually brisk firing along the river, near enough to cause regiments that had never been under fire to prick up a thousand pairs of ears and listen. As the day lengthened toward evening picket-firing became incessant, and the occasional solid report of a cannon from the shore opposite disclosed the presence of Confederate batteries, the nearness of which surprised many an untried soldier.

After That It was a Gallop at Full Speed

Toward sundown Berkley saw a businesslike cavalry officer ride into camp with an escort of the Fifth Regulars. Men around him said that the officer was General Philip St. George Cook, and that the chances were that the regiments of the reserve were going into action pretty soon.

About three o'clock the next morning boots and saddles sounded from the headquarters of the Cavalry Reserve brigade, and the Fifth and Sixth United States Cavalry, followed by Colonel Rush's Lancers, rode out of their camp grounds and were presently followed by the First United States and a squadron of Pennsylvania carbineers.

The troopers of the Eighth Lancers watched them ride away in the dawn; but no orders came to follow them, and, muttering, they went sullenly about their duties, wondering why they, also, had not been called on.

That nobody had caught the great Confederate cavalryman did not console them; they had to listen to the jeers of the infantry, blaming them for Stuart's great raid around the entire Union army; in sickening reiteration came the question: "Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?" And, besides, one morning in a road near camp some of the Eighth Lancers heard comments from a group of general officers which were not at all flattering to their own cavalry.

"You see," said a burly colonel of engineers, "that this army doesn't know what real cavalry looks like—except when it gets a glimpse of Jeb Stuart's command."

An infantry colonel coincided with him profanely: "That damned rebel cavalry chases ours with a regularity and persistence that makes me ill. Did the world ever see the like of it? You send out one of our mounted regiments to look for a mounted rebel regiment, and the moment it finds what it's lookin' for the rebs give a pleased sort of yell and ours turns tail. Because it's become a habit: that's why our cavalry runs! And then the fun begins! What's the matter with our cavalry?"

"You can't make cavalry in a few months," observed a colonel of heavy artillery, stretching his fat, scarlet-striped legs in his stirrups. "What do you expect? Every man, woman and child south of Mason and Dixon's line knows how to ride. The Southerners are born horsemen. We in the North are not. That's the difference. We've got to learn to be. Take a raw soldier and send him forth mounted on an animal with which he has only a most formal acquaintance, and his terrors are increased twofold. When you give him a saber, pistol and carbine to take care of, when he has all he can do to take care of himself, those terrors increase in proportion. Then show him the enemy and send him into battle—and what is the result? Skedaddle! Don't make any mistake; we haven't any cavalry yet. Some day we will, when our men learn to ride faster than a walk."

A brigadier-general muttered under his white mustache: "It's been a bitter pill to swallow—this raid around our entire army by fifteen hundred of Jeb Stuart's riders and two iron guns!"

The half-dozen lancers lying on their bellies in the grass on the bank above the road where this discussion took place remained crimson, mute, paralyzed with mortification. Was that what the army thought of them?

But they had little time for nursing their mortification that morning; the firing along the river was breaking out in patches with a viciousness and volume heretofore unheard; and a six-gun Confederate field battery had joined in, arousing the entire camp of Claymore's brigade. Louder and louder grew the uproar along the river; smoke rose and took silvery-edged shape in the sunshine; bugles were calling to the colors regiments encamped on the right; a light battery trotted out across a distant meadow, unlimbered and went smartly into action.

About noon the bugles summoned the Third Zouaves. As they were forming the camps of the Eighth Lancers and the Tenth Light Battery rang with bugle music. Berkley, standing to horse, saw the Zouaves leaving the hill at a jog trot, their red legs twinkling; but halfway down the slope they were halted to dress ranks; and the lancers, cantering ahead, turned westward and moved off along the edge of the river swamp toward the piled-up cloud of smoke downstream.

After them trotted the Tenth New York Flying Battery as though on parade, their guidons standing straight out behind the red-and-white guidons of the lancers.

The Zouaves had now reached wet land, where a staff officer met Colonel Craig and piloted him through a field of brush and wild grass and under the parapets of an emplacement for big guns, on which men were nonchalantly working, to the beginning of a newly-laid road of logs. The noise of musketry and the smoke had become prodigious. On the logs of the road lay the first big pool of blood that many of them had ever seen. What it had come from they could not determine; there was nothing dead or dying there.

The men glanced askance at the swamp, where the black, shining water had risen almost level with the edges of the road; but the colonel and his staff, still mounted, rode coolly over it, and the regiment followed.

The corduroy road through the heavily-wooded swamp which the Third Zouaves now followed was the only inlet to the noisy scene of local action, and the only outlet, too.

Except for watching the shells at Blue Bridge, the regiment had never been in battle, had never seen or heard a real battle; many had never even seen a wounded man. They understood that they were going into battle now, and now the regiment caught its first sight of wounded men. Stretchers passed close to them on which soldiers lay naked to the waist, some with breasts glistening red and wet from unstopped hemorrhage, some with white bodies marked only by the little round blue hole with its darker center. Soldiers passed them, limping, bloody rags dripping from thigh or knee; others staggered along with faces the color of clay, leaning on the arms of comrades; still others were carried out feet first, sagging, a dead weight in the arms of those who bore them. One panic-stricken man with half his fingers gone, the raw stumps spread, hurried out, screaming and scattering blood as he ran.

The regiment passed an artilleryman lying in the water whose head, except for the lower jaw, was entirely missing; and another on his back in the ooze whose bowels were protruding between his fingers, and he was trying very feebly to force them back, while two comrades strove in vain to lift him.

The regiment sickened as it looked; here and there a young Zouave turned deathly pale, reeled out of the ranks, leaned against a tree, nauseated, only to lurch forward again at the summons of the provost guard; here and there a soldier disengaged his white turban from his fez and dropped it to form a sort of havelock; for the vertical sun was turning the men dizzy, and the sights they saw were rapidly unnerving them.

They heard the tremendous thunder and felt the concussion of big guns; the steady, raining rattle of musketry, the bark of howitzers, the sharp, clean crack of rifled field guns dismayed them. Sometimes, far away, they could distinguish the full, deep cheering of a Union regiment; and once they caught the distant treble battle cry of the South. There were moments when a sudden lull in the noise startled the entire regiment. Even their officers looked up sharply at such times. But ahead they could still see Colonel Craig riding calmly forward, his big horse picking its leisurely way over the endless road of logs; they could see the clipped gray head of Major Lent under its red forage-cap, steady, immovable, as he controlled his nervous mount with practiced indifference.

It was broiling hot in the swamp; the Zouaves stood bathed in perspiration as the regiment halted for a few minutes, then they moved forward again toward a hard ridge of grass that glimmered green beyond the tangled thicket's edges.

Here the regiment was formed in line of battle and ordered to lie down.

Stephen wiped his sweaty hands on his jacket and, lifting his head from the grass, looked cautiously around. Already there had been fighting here; a section of a dismantled battery stood in the road ahead; dead men lay around it; smoke still hung blue in the woods. The air reeked.

The Zouaves lay in long, scarlet rows on the grass; their officers stood leaning on their naked swords, peering ahead where the colonel, major, and a mounted bugler were intently watching something—the two officers using field glasses. In a few moments both officers dismounted, flung their bridles to an orderly and came back, walking rather quickly, Major Lent drawing his bright, heavy sword and tucking up his gold-embroidered sleeves as he came on.

"Now, boys," said Colonel Craig cheerfully, "we are going in. All you've got to do can be done quickly and thoroughly with the bayonet. Don't cock your muskets; don't fire unless you're told to. Perhaps you won't have to fire at all. All I want of you is to keep straight on after me—right through those dry woods there. Try to keep your intervals and alignment; don't yell until you sight the enemy; don't lose your heads; trust your officers—where they go you are safest."

He dropped his eyeglasses into his slashed pocket, drew out and put on a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. The soldiers saw him smile and say something to Major Lent, saw him bare his handsome sword, saw the buglers setting the shining bugles to their lips.

"Now, *charge*, you red-legged rascals!" shouted Major Lent; and up from the grass rose a wave of scarlet and flashing steel. Charge! Charge! echoed the bugles; a wailing storm, high among the treetops, passed over them as they entered the dry woods on a run; branches crashed earthward, twigs and limbs crackled down in whirling confusion. But there was nothing in the woods except smoke—and the streaming storm shrilling overhead, raining down on them leaves and boughs and splintered sticks.

Stephen Looked Cautiously Around

The belt of woodland was very narrow; already the men could see sunlight on the farther edge and catch glimpses of fields; and still they ran forward, keeping their alignment as best they might among the trees, and came very soon to the wood's edge. Here they were halted and ordered to lie down again; and they lay there, close to the ground among the dead leaves, while from above living leaves rained on them in never-ending showers and the wild tempest sped overhead unchecked.

Far out across the fields in the sunshine, looking diminutive as toys in the distance, four cannon puffed smoke toward them. The Zouaves could see the guns—see even the limbers and caissons behind and the harnessed teams and the cannoneers very busily at work in the sunshine. Then a long, low wall of white smoke suddenly appeared along a rail fence in front of the guns, and at the same time the air thickened with bullets storming in all about them.

The Colonel and the Major had run hastily out into the field. "Get up! Get up!" shouted the company officers. "Left dress, there! Forward! Don't cock your rifles; don't fire until you're told to. Steady there on the left. Forward! Forward! Now yell, you red-legs! Yell!"

As they started running their regimental colors fell, man and flag sprawling in the grass; and the entire line halted, bewildered. The next instant a Zouave had lifted the colors and was running forward, and: "Get on there! Continue the movement! What in hell's the matter with you Zouaves?" shouted their lieutenant-colonel. And the sagging scarlet line bellied out, straightened as the flanks caught up, and swept out into the sunshine with a cheer—the peculiar Zouave cheer—not very full yet, for they had not yet lost the troubled wonder of things.

Stephen, running with shouldered musket, saw close ahead a long line of blue smoke and flame, but instead of the enemy there was nothing hidden behind the smoke except a long field-ditch in which dry brush was burning.

Into the ditch tumbled the regiment and lay panting, coughing, kicking out the embers and hugging the ground closely, because now the storm that had swept the treetops was shaving the weeds around them; and the drone of bullets streaming over the ditch rose to a loud, fierce whine.

Up in the blue sky little white clouds suddenly unfolded themselves with light reports and disappeared, leaving jagged streamers of vapor afloat here and there; the near, jarring discharge of artillery shook the ground till bits of sod fell in particles, crumbling from the ditch's edge; the outrageous racket of musketry never slackened.

Lying there, they heard a sudden burst of cheering, and far to the left saw another regiment come tumbling into the ditch and crouch, huddled there in a blue line stretching as far away as they could see. And again the firing increased to a stunning roar and there were more cheers, and to their right another regiment came running and rolling into the ditch.

Officers, recklessly erect, stood here and there along the interior of the ditch; then from the lair of each regiment flags emerged, bugles blew clear and impatient; there came an upheaval of bayonets, and the three regiments scrambled to their feet over the ditch's edge and surged forward into the sunshine.

Across the fields Stephen saw guns being limbered up and drivers lashing their horses to a gallop across a bridge. The regiment on their left was firing by wings as it advanced; the regiment on the right had broken into a heavy run, yelling: "Hey! We want them guns! Wait a second, will yer? Where you takin' them guns to?"

There was a new rail fence close in front of the Zouaves, barring their way to the bridge; and suddenly, from behind it, men arose with leveled muskets, and the Zouaves dropped flat to the volley that buried the fence in smoke.

"Now, boys!" cried Colonel Craig, "we've got to have that bridge! So we'll finish this business right here with the bayonet. Come on and let's end it now!"

Major Lent ran forward and started to climb the smoky fence; everywhere the Zouaves were swarming along the newly-split rails or driving their bayonets through the smoke at the gray phantoms clustering behind. Shots rang out; the crack of stock against stock, the ringing clamor and click of steel filled the air.

The Zouave next to Stephen lurched up against him, spouting blood from the neck; on the other side of him another, a sergeant, too, had gone stark mad apparently, and was swinging his terrible saber bayonet without regard to friend or foe; and still another man of his squad, swearing horridly, had clutched a ghostly enemy in the smoke across the fence and was trying to strangle him with his bare hands.

Stephen, bewildered by a blow which glanced from his head to his left shoulder, clung to his musket and tried to stagger forward; but a bayonet seared his right temple, tearing the scalp and letting down a rush of blood all over his face and eyes. Blinded, the boy called instinctively: "Father! I'm hurt! Could you help me?"

Colonel Craig turned white under his tan.

"I can't help you, my boy. Sergeant, will you look after my son?" And he ran forward into the infernal network of bayonets, calling out: "Get through there, boys. We might as well clean up this mess while we're about it. Pull that fence down! Never mind those men behind it! Rush it! Kick it over! Now come on! I don't ask you to do anything that I don't do. Major Lent and I will take you through. Come on and take that bridge!"

A captain, fighting back the bayonets with his sword, suddenly floundered to the fencetop and clung, balanced on his belly, shouting hysterically:

"Look at the lancers! Look at 'em coming! Now, Zouaves! Pull down the fence and give them a chance to charge the bridge!"

Over a low swell of land some horsemen trotted into view; behind them the horizon was suddenly filled with the swimming scarlet pennons of the lancers. A thousand horses' heads shot up against the skyline, manes tossing; a thousand lance points fell to a glittering level.

They were cheering shrilly as they came on; the Zouaves heard them, the gray infantry regiment gave way, turned, filed off, retreating toward the bridge at a slow trot like some baffled but dangerous animal; and after it ran the Zouaves, firing, screaming, maddened to hysteria by their first engagement, until their panting officers and their bugles together barely managed to halt them short of the edges of utter annihilation just as a full Confederate brigade rose grimly from the wood's edge across the stream, ready to end their hysterical yelling forever.

Stephen, sitting on the grass among the dead and stricken, tied his bloody turban, pulled the red fez close over it, smeared the blood from his eyes and, clutching his musket, stood up unsteadily.

He could see the charge of the Eighth Lancers—see the horsemen wheel and veer wildly as they received the fire of the Confederate troops from the woods across the stream, squadron after squadron sheering off at a gallop and driving past the infantry pell-mell, a wild riot of maddened horses, yelling riders and streaming scarlet pennons descending in one vivid, headlong torrent to the bridge. But the structure was already hopelessly afire; and the baffled carbineers of the advance reined up at the edge of the burning timbers and sent an angry volley after the gray infantry now jogging back into the woods beyond. Then, suddenly, the Zouaves heard the lancers cheering wildly in the smoke of the burning structure, but did not know what it meant.

It meant—Berkley!

Fear had squired him that day. When the bugles sounded through the cannon thunder and his squadron trotted out, Fear, on a paler horse than Death bestrides, cantered with him, knee to knee; Fear's startled eyes looked into his through the jetted smoke of musketry, through the tumult of the horses and the trumpets; Fear made his voice light and thin, so that he scarcely heard it amid the fierce cheering of his comrades, the pounding of hoofs, the futile clattering of equipments.

It was all a swift and terrible nightmare to him—the squadrons breaking into a gallop, the woods suddenly belted with smoke, the thud and thwack of bullets pelting leather and living flesh, the frantic plunging of stricken horses, the lightning down-crash of riders hurled earthward at full speed, the brief glimpses of scarlet streaks under foot—of a horse's belly and agonized iron-shod feet, of a white face battered instantly into obliteration, of the ruddy smoke flowing with sparks amid which bugles rang above the clashing halt of maddened squadrons. Then through the rolling ocean of smoke he saw officers and men trying to hack away and beat out the burning timbers—saw a reckless carbineer, his own tentmate, dismount and run out across the planking, which was already afire—saw him stumble and roll over as a bullet hit him, get to his knees blindly, trip and fall flat in the smoke. Then Fear bellowed in Berkley's ear; but he had already clapped spurs to his horse, cantering out across the burning planking and straight into the smoke pall.

"Where are you, Burgess?" he shouted. The fear of death stiffened his lips as he reined up in the whirling, spark-shot obscurity. "Burgess—damn you—answer me, can't you!" he stammered, half strangled in the smoke, trying to master his terrified mount with rein and knee and heel.

Vaguely he heard comrades shouting for him to come back, heard shells exploding amid the smoke, wheeled his staggering horse, bent swiftly and grasped at an inanimate form in the smoke, missed, dismounted and clutched the senseless carbineer—his comrade, and once his valet.

Out of the fiery tunnel came tearing his terrified horse, riderless; out of the billowing, ruddy vapors reeled Berkley, dragging the carbineer.

It was the regiment cheering him that the Zouaves heard.

. . . . . .

The fields were now swimming in bluish smoke. Through it the Zouaves were reforming as they marched. Little heaps of brilliant color dotting the meadow were being lifted and carried off the field by comrades; a few dismounted carbineers ran hither and thither, shooting hopelessly crippled horses. Here and there a dead lancer lay flat in the grass, his scarlet pennon a vivid spot beside him.

The hill road to the burning bridge was now choked with Colonel Arran's regiment returning to the crest of the hill; through the blackish and rolling smoke from the bridge, infantry were creeping swiftly forward toward the river bank, and very soon the intermittent picket-firing began again, running up and down the creek bank and out across the swamp lands, noisily increasing as it woke up vicious volleys from the woods on the opposite bank and, finally, aroused the cannon to thunderous anger.

Berkley, standing to horse with his regiment on the sparsely-wooded hillcrest, could see the crowding convolutions of smoke rising from the thickets as each gun spoke from the Confederate batteries. But to him their thunder was like the thunder in a dream.

Hour after hour the regiment stood to horse; hour after hour the battle roared west and south of them. An irregular cloud, slender at the base, spreading on top, towered to mid-zenith above the forest. Otherwise, save for the fleecy explosion of shells in the quivering blue vault above, nothing troubled the sunshine that lay over hill and valley, wood and river and meadow land.

McDunn's battery was not firing; the Zouaves lay dozing awake in the young clover, the lancers, standing to horse, looked out across the world of trees and saw nothing stirring save a bird or two winging hastily northward.

Berkley could distinguish a portion of the road that ran down to the burning bridge, where part of McDunn's battery was in position. Across the hills to the left a scarlet windrow undulating on either flank of the battery marked the line of battle where the Zouaves lay in a clover-field, within supporting distance of the guns.

Except for these and a glimpse of Lowe's balloon overhead, Berkley could not see anything whatever even remotely connected with the uproar which continued steadily in the west and south. Nobody seemed to know whose troops were engaged, where they came from, whither they were trying to force a fiery road through a land in arms against their progress.

At times, to Berkley, it seemed as though every tree, every hill, every thicket were watching him with somber

intent; as if Nature herself were hostile, stealthy, sinister, screening terrors yet unloosed, silently storing up violence in dim woods, aiding and abetting ambush with all her clustering foliage; and that every river, every swamp, every sunny vista concealed some hidden path to death.

He stood rigid at his horse's head, lance in hand, dirty, smoke-blackened, his ears deafened by the cannonade, his eyes cool and alert, warily scanning hill and hollow and thicket.

Dead men of his regiment were borne past him; he glanced furtively at them, not yet certain that the lower form of fear had left him, not yet quite realizing that he had blundered into manhood—that for the first time in his life he was ready to take his chance with life.

But little by little, as the hours passed, there in the trodden grass he began to understand something of the unformulated decision that had been slowly growing in him—of the determination, taking shape, to deal more nobly with himself—with this harmless self which had accepted unworthiness and all its attributes, and which riven pride would have flung snarling amuck at the civilization which branded him as base.

It came—this knowledge—like a slowly increasing flare of light; and at last he said under his breath to himself:

"Nothing is unworthily born that is born of God's own law. I have been what I chose. I can be what I will."

A gracious phantom grew under his eyes, taking exquisite shape before him; and, dim-eyed, he stared at it till it dwindled, faded, dissolved into empty air and sunshine.

No, he could never marry without revealing what he was; and that he would never do because of loyalty to that tender ghost which he must shield forever even as he would have shielded her in life.

No living soul had any right to know. No love of his for any woman could ever justify betrayal of what alone concerned the dead.

. . . . . .

The shells, which, short-fused, had been bursting high above the swamp to the right, suddenly began to fall nearer the cavalry, and after a while a shell exploded among them, killing a horse.

They retired by squadrons, leisurely and in good order; but the shells followed them, searching them out and now and then finding them with a deafening racket and cloud of smoke, out of which mangled horses reared, staggered and rolled over, screaming; out of which a rider here and there was hurled sideways, head first or sent spinning and perhaps headless among his white-faced comrades.

McDunn's guns had opened now, attempting to extinguish the fire of the troublesome Confederate battery. Berkley, teeth set, pallid, kept his place in the ranks and hung to his horse's head until he got the animal calmed again. One of his sleeves was covered with blood from a comrade's horse, killed beside him.

He could see McDunn's gunners working methodically amid the vapors steaming back from the battery as it fired by sections; saw the guns jump, buried in smoke; saw the long flames flicker, flicker, flicker through the cannon mist; felt the solid air strike him in the face at each discharge.

Hallam, white as a sheet, stood motionless at the head of his troops; a shell had just burst, but it was as though he dared not look back until Colonel Arran rode slowly over to the stricken company—and saw Berkley still standing at his horse's head, and gave him a look that the younger man never forgot.

Again, by troops, the lancers retired; and again the yelling shells found them. They retired to the base of a hill—and came upon a division in full panic.

Over a culvert and down a wooded road troops of all arms were riotously retreating, cavalry, baggage-wagons, battered fragments of infantry regiments, ambulances, all mixed and huddled pell-mell into a headlong retreat that stretched to the rear as far as the eye could see.

Astonished, the lancers looked on, not understanding, fearful of some tremendous disaster. A regiment of regular cavalry of the provost guard was riding through the fugitives, turning, checking, cutting out, driving, separating the disorganized mob; but it was hard work, and many got away. Teamsters began to cut traces, and skulking cavalrymen clapped spurs and rode over screeching deserters who blocked their path. It was a squalid sight; the lancers looked on appalled.

Colonel Arran rode his horse slowly along the front of his regiment, talking quietly to his men.

"It's only one or two of the raw brigades and a few teamsters and frightened sutlers—that's all. Better that the provost guard should let them through; better to sift out that kind of soldier." . . . He calmly turned his horse's head and rode back along the lines of horses and dismounted troopers, commenting reassuringly on what was taking place around them.

"There is never any safety in running away unless your officers order you to run. The discipline of a regiment is the only security for the individual. There is every chance of safety as long as a regiment holds together; no chance at all if it disintegrates.

"The regulars understand that; it is what makes them formidable; it is what preserves them individually, and every man knows it. The regulars don't run; it happens to be contrary to their traditions; but those traditions originated less in sentiment than in plain common-sense."

He turned his horse and walked the animal slowly along the lines.

"I am exceedingly gratified by the conduct of this regiment," he said. "You have done all that has been asked of you. To do more than is asked of you is not commendable in a soldier, though it may display individual courage. . . . The carbineer, Burgess, tenth troop, Captain Hallam, was foolhardy to attempt the bridge without orders. . . . The lancer, Ormond, tenth troop, Captain Hallam, however, did his full duty—admirably—when he faced death to rescue a wounded comrade from the flames. . . . In England an iron cross is given for deeds of this kind. The regiment respects him—and respects itself. . . . I care to believe that there is not one officer or trooper in my command who is not ready to lay down his life for a friend. . . . I am happy in the consciousness that it is not courage that is lacking in this command; it is only experience. And that will come; it came with the shells on the slope yonder. There is no more severe test of a regiment's discipline than to endure the enemy's fire without being able to retaliate."

The regiment's eyes were fastened on their colonel's tall, heavy figure as he walked his powerful horse slowly to and fro along their front, talking to them in his calm, passionless manner. Strained muscles and tense nerves relaxed; breath came more regularly and naturally; men ventured to look about them more freely, to loosen the spasmodic grip on curb and snaffle, to speak to comrades in low tones, inquiring what damage other troops had sustained.

The regular cavalry of the provost guard had turned the tide of stragglers now, letting through only the wounded and the teams. But across the open fields wreckage from the battle was streaming in every direction; and so stupid and bewildered with fear were some of the fugitives that McDunn's battery had to cease its fire for a time, while the officers ran forward through the smoke, shouting and gesticulating to warn the mass of skulkers out of the way.

And now a fearful uproar of artillery arose immediately to the west, shells began to rain in the river woods, then shrapnel, then, in long, clattering cadence, volley succeeded volley, faster, faster, till the outcrash became one solid, rippling roar.

Far to the west across the country the lancers saw regiments passing forward through the trees at a quick-step; saw batteries galloping hither and thither, aides-de-camp and staff officers racing to and fro at full speed.

The Third Zouaves rose from the clover, shouldered muskets and moved forward on a run; a staff officer wheeled out of the road, jumped his horse over the culvert and galloped up to Colonel Arran. And the next moment the lancers were in the saddle and moving at a trot out toward the left of McDunn's battery.

They stood facing the woods, lances poised, for about ten minutes, when a general officer with dragoon escort came galloping down the road and through the meadow toward McDunn's battery. It was Claymore, their general of brigade.

"Retire by prolonge!" he shouted to the battery commander, pulling in his sweating horse. "We've got to get out of this!" And to Colonel Arran, who had ridden up, flushed and astonished, "We've got to leave this place," he repeated shortly. "They're driving the Zouaves in on us."

All along the edge of the woods the red breeches of the Zouaves were appearing, slowly retreating in excellent order before something as yet unseen. The men turned every few paces to fire by companies, only to wheel again, jog-trot toward the rear, halt, load, swing to deliver their fire, then resume their jogging retreat.

Back they fell, farther, farther, while McDunn's battery continued to fire and retire by prolonge, and the lancers, long weapons disengaged, accompanied them, ready to support the guns in an emergency.

The emergency seemed very near. Farther to the left a blue regiment appeared enveloped in spouting smoke, fairly hurled bodily from the woods; Egerton's Twentieth Dragoons came out of a concealed valley on a trot, looking behind them, their rear squadron firing from the saddle in orderly retreat; the Zouaves, powder-soiled, drenched in sweat, bloody, dishevaled, passed to the left of the battery and lay down. Then from far along the stretch of woods arose a sound, incessant, high-pitched—a sustained treble cadence, nearer, nearer, louder, shriller, like the excited cry of a hunting pack, bursting into a paroxysm of hysterical chorus as a long line of gray men leaped from the wood's edge and swept headlong toward the guns.

Berkley felt every nerve in his body leap as his lance fell to a level with eight hundred other lances; he saw the battery bury itself in smoke as gun after gun drove its canister into obscurity or ripped the smoke with sheets of grape; he saw the Zouaves rise from the grass, deliver their fire, sink back, rise again while their front spouted smoke and flame.

(Continued on Page 38)

Dismounted and Clutched the Senseless Carbineer—His Comrade, and Once His Valet

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An Educational Gap

PROBABLY few competent critics will dissent from the opinion that the factory system, which has accomplished such splendid results in other fields, is a failure in the field of higher education. Between the gods of the machine and the human material upon which their vast enginery operates there is little human relationship. "No one," writes an experienced university dean, "knows better than the college instructor and his wife how discouraging it is to offer social opportunities in the way of private hospitality. The students are awkward, silent, embarrassed—a social deadweight. The gap between faculty and students is apparently unbridgeable."

Such a gap is regrettable. Prince Kropotkin, for example, speaks with the greatest enthusiasm and affection of the quick personal touch between teacher and student which he found in the comparatively small Russian college of his youth and from which he derived the highest benefit. A modern university faculty, taken collectively, knows everything—except how to bridge that gap, and of all possible items of knowledge that particular one would most enhance its social usefulness.

The finest opportunity to acquire useful knowledge that is to be found in the whole educational field is here offered—to the faculty. But the faculty, viewing and deploring the gap, is rather inclined to blame the poor fledgling students because they don't bridge it.

Why We Say Wild and Woolly

"OUR woolen manufacturers," observed Adam Smith a hundred and thirty-five years ago, "have been more successful than any other class in persuading the legislature that the prosperity of the nation depends upon the success of their particular business. They have not only obtained a monopoly against the consumer by prohibiting importation of woolen cloths, but they have obtained another monopoly against the sheep farmer by prohibiting exportation of sheep."

About sixty years later the wool interests arranged a convention of protectionists at Harrisburg. It bore fruit, widely celebrated in its day as that "Tariff of Abominations," which led South Carolina to assert, with passion, that a state might nullify an oppressive act of Congress.

Two generations passed away, and President Taft, reviewing our latest tariff act, observed, "With respect to the wool schedule, I agree that it is too high and that it ought to have been reduced."

We wonder if this explains the etymology of our slang term "woolly," meaning rude, lawless, uncontrollable. Probably it explains, at least, why Senator Aldrich declared wool to be the very citadel of protection.

Sizing Up a Legislature

IN ILLINOIS, as in most other states, there is a great cry for honest and intelligent men to go to the legislature. But, when you think it over candidly, why should they go? What's the inducement?

A non-partisan, sincere and eminently respectable voters' league has been studying the legislative records of present members, many of whom are up for reëlection. It finds that fifty-three members of the House, out of a hundred and fifty-three, are entitled to unqualified indorsement, while fifty-nine deserve unqualified condemnation, and the rest are more or less doubtful. Of the members from Chicago it says that eight should be reëlected, twenty-eight are quite unfit, and the remainder are betwixt and between. Some recent proceedings in criminal court suggest that one member seemed to think his legislative duties consisted principally of selling his vote at a reasonable figure and trying to borrow money in order to pay his bar bill.

Probably this report and the court proceedings give a gloomier view than average experience would warrant. Very likely, taking the country over, the proportion of really unfit members hardly runs above thirty or forty per cent. It is a notable thing that it is no higher. The job itself is petty, involving little power, little responsibility, little honor. How many voters in Chicago, for example, know even the names of their representatives at Springfield?

If the membership of the House were fifteen instead of a hundred and fifty it would be a much more serviceable body.

The Lesson a Panic Teaches

PROBABLY, it is said at Washington, there will be no important banking and currency legislation for a good while to come, because the present House is not disposed to take up the subject in earnest and the next House is likely to be Democratic; so that neither party will have effective control of both branches of Congress and the Executive.

Considerable legislation was enacted in the fourteen years from 1876 to 1890, during which period neither party had effective control of both branches of Congress and the Executive. Moreover, in 1890 the Republicans had only a small majority in the House and no majority in the Senate which was strictly amenable to party discipline. Yet then was passed a currency measure which was not only important but also one of the worst, in its consequences, that Congress ever enacted—the silver-purchase law, which assisted in intensifying the panic of 1893. In short, full control of Congress and the Executive is not essential to legislation.

The interests which benefited by the act of 1890 were small, but well-organized, alert, militant and exceedingly effective politically. The interests which would benefit by adequate banking and currency reform now are coextensive with the nation, but unorganized, unalert, unmilitant and ineffectual politically. So it may be true, as a Washington correspondent says, that "it will require another currency shortage such as that of 1907 to create public opinion of sufficiently strong force to cause the enactment of a new system."

A Rubbery Joke on the President

OVER at the back of the new tariff law—under "Schedule N; Sundries"—if you look carefully you will find the following little item: "Manufactures of bone, chip, grass, horn, quills, india rubber, palm leaf, straw, weeds or whalebone, not specially provided for in this section, thirty-five per cent ad valorem." Under the Dingley law the duty was thirty per cent. The House retained that rate; but in conference it was increased to thirty-five per cent.

Now, if you will turn to those estimates, "prepared under direction of the Senate Finance Committee"—Mr. Aldrich's committee—which President Taft used in his Winona speech to prove that duties had been advanced hardly at all on articles that entered largely into common consumption, you will find that manufactures of rubber were quite overlooked. Under Schedule N the estimates say that the duty was reduced on bituminous coal, which is consumed to the extent of a billion dollars a year, and on boots and shoes, of which three hundred million dollars' worth are consumed annually; that duties were increased on fireworks, which are used to the amount of two million dollars yearly; but there isn't a word about manufactures of rubber.

You would conclude, probably, that manufactures of rubber constituted so trivial an item that they were not worth mentioning; that they were about equal in importance to manufactures of horn, quills, palm leaf, straw, weeds and whalebone, with which they are bracketed in the bill.

Nevertheless we imported last year about a hundred million dollars' worth of crude india rubber. Hence the manufactures must amount to several times that rather tidy little sum. Certainly Senator Aldrich has discovered that rubber is not the negligible item he thought it was when he raised the duty on it. He has been elected director of a rubber company.

Fighting Gear and Motor Cars

RECEIPTS from customs duties in the year that ended June 30 were the largest known. Internal revenue receipts were slightly smaller than in 1900 and 1901, when the Spanish-American War taxes were in force, but with that exception they broke the record. A new source of revenue, the corporation tax, brought in over seventeen million dollars before the close of the year. Thus the Government's total income was larger than in any previous year—larger by seventy millions than in the two preceding years; more than double the total revenue in the last year of Cleveland's Administration. Also, the Government spent it all and something besides.

The post-office deficit was much smaller than in the year before, and for all peace purposes the Government spent less. But expenditures of the War and Navy Departments increased, exceeding two hundred and eighty millions. This is nearly two hundred millions more than the two departments cost in the last year before the war with Spain. In five years the War Department has spent seven hundred millions—exclusive of the Panama Canal—and the Navy Department five hundred and sixty millions. In five years the Navy Department has cost nearly as much as in the whole generation between the Civil and the Spanish Wars, and less than a third of the expenditures come under the head "Increase of the Navy."

These are tall figures. We hear a good deal nowadays about extravagance. Some thoughtful persons say that farmers are ruining the country buying automobiles. A little arithmetic will show that thirteen hundred million dollars, spread over five years, would provide many rural families with nobby runabouts. If we want the farmer to economize, why doesn't somebody set him an example?

The Country School Teacher

CAN you give an account of the Toledo War and describe its importance? You will not find it mentioned in the index of Woodrow Wilson's History of the American People, for example; but the school commissioners want to know. What must be the diameter of a cylindrical tank whose depth is five feet five inches, to hold five hundred fifty-two and a half gallons? Do the industries of a locality change, and if so give the reasons?

Out of twenty examples in mental arithmetic—such as, one hundred and twelve is eight-fifths of how many times nine?—how many can you do in twenty minutes? Can you illustrate a compound-complex declarative sentence?

The above are culled from one hundred and thirty-five questions which candidates for second-grade teachers' certificates are supposed to answer. Any one who answers most of them correctly can get a job teaching youngsters the alphabet and the multiplication table in a country school at thirty-five dollars a month. Obviously, compound-complex declarative sentences and finding the diameter of a cylinder of a certain depth and capacity are the merest dry bones of pedagogy. The only earthly reason why anybody would wish to know them is that he can't teach a country school unless he does.

Having duly qualified himself by storing this dusty rubbish in his brain he—or rather she—walks a mile and a half through the snow, builds her fires, empties her ashes, instructs Class B that two times two are four, and for doing that she receives about a dollar per diem. Which is more or less like telling a person that if he will learn to recite Deuteronomy backwards in the original he shall have a bright new cent at Christmas.

Misconceptions About Red Blood

TO HIS other literary laurels Mr. Roosevelt has now added the distinction of writing in praise of boxing without mentioning red blood.

We account for this achievement on the ground that Mr. Roosevelt is also something of a scientist; hence he is aware that a red nose does not necessarily signify that its possessor's blood is of a different color from his neighbor's. He knows that the fiery countenance which some of his brother literati mistakenly admire as the sign of a peculiar blood-color usually arises merely from injudicious habits.

We wish the former President would write a monograph on this subject in the interest of a more correct use of language. It is a reproach to American letters that many authors say red-blooded when what they mean is red-nosed. What, for example, could an intelligent foreigner, having the least knowledge of physiology, make of such a sentence as "Ten thousand red-blooded men gathered at the ringside"? If the correct term were used, however, the meaning would be clear, and the foreigner would receive a vivid, illuminating impression of the scene described.

Neither is it true that a person's intelligence reacts upon the color of his blood, so that the nearer zero his intelligence the redder his blood, and the more highly his mind is developed the paler grows his circulating fluid.

To correct these physiological errors will go far, no doubt, toward correcting the further error: that men of the sort vulgarly described as red-blooded excel in masculine virtues. We seem to recall that the greatest of all red-blood heroes once got himself in an embarrassing position by beating a waitress.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Hindsight

OFTEN enough, when the House of Representatives is in session, some loud and resonant statesman rises in his place, extends a long and incriminating finger—it's a mercy those long index fingers the loud and resonant statesmen extend at Uncle Joe will not go off like a pistol, else our beloved and bedeviled Speaker would long ago have been shot fuller of holes than a porous plaster, provided the clamorous and resounding statesmen knew how to shoot—but, as we were saying, a stentorian and vociferant statesman rises in his place and cries: "Mr. Speaker, against this procedure I make a point of order!"

Instantly our benign, beneficent and bedamned Speaker leans to the right—slants in that direction, it may be said—and whispers hoarsely to a large, square, impassive person who stands by the desk: "How about it, Asher? Does that point of order obtain?" And instantly the large, square, impassive person feels of his brow a couple of times and replies: "It does not. In the Second Congress Speaker Jonathan Trumbull held adversely on a similar point, and in the Thirty-sixth Congress Speaker William Pennington established the precedent. The point of order is not well taken."

Whereupon the ancient, amiable and now much-abridged Speaker unslants himself and presently remarks, after receiving a brief memorandum from the large, square and impassive person who stands at his right: "The chair is now prepared to rule. In the Second Congress," and so on and so forth. And the galleries say: "Isn't it wonderful how that old man who is Speaker down there knows so much about parliamentary procedure and precedents? He certainly is a marvel! Why, he went clear back to the Second Congress and this is the Sixty-first."

Well, he is a marvel all right, but, in this particular premise, one degree removed. The marvel is the large, square, impassive person who stands at his right. When a knotty point comes up the Speaker is merely the outward and visible sign of the inward and precedentous perspicacity of said person, who, by name, is Asher C. Hinds, and who, by knowledge, is the founder of the Precedent family, old Peter Plausible Precedent himself.

Old Peter Plausible Precedent Himself

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Asher Hinds can give you a parliamentary precedent for anything, from the exact status of a motion to recommit to the proper manner to wear a white string tie; from the right time to go into the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union to the advisability of throwing an inkstand at an infuscated member. He has at his tongue's end precedents for adjourning, trimming your whiskers, getting a division, taking a drink, making a point of no quorum, collecting mileage, discharging a committee, having an electric bath, taking an appeal, passing a pension bill, drawing down a stationery account, ordering a suspension of the rules, wearing a red carnation, taking a recess or getting a job for a constituent.

He is the Grand Old Man, the Grand Young Man and the Grand Middle-aged Man of parliamentary procedure. He knows everything that has happened, is happening or is going to happen in Congress. He is the Speaker, the majority, the minority, the insurgents—the whole works. Whenever anything gets into a tangle he is there to untangle it. If the Speaker needs a precedent to perpetrate an outrage Asher is on the spot with a bookful. If the Speaker needs a precedent to perform an act of high and holy patriotism Hinds has a peck of them right on tap. He is calm and unabashed. He has the goods. All he needs is ten minutes to get the stuff in shape, and he can hand over to any person in the chair a bunch of precedents showing how it is eminently right, just, proper and parliamentary to tie tin cans to the members of the minority and chase them into the Potomac River.

Author of Thirty Pounds of Precedent

HE HAS all the other parliamentarians tied in double bowknots. He has a spotlight on the acts, decisions, conditions and conclusions of all the Speakers, from F. A. Muhlenburg to Joseph Gurney Cannon, and including Henry Clay, James K. Polk, James G. Blaine, to say nothing of Langdon Cheves and Michael C. Kerr. Indeed, after he got tired of carrying all these precedents in his head he sat down one day, took his trusty fountain pen, and dashed them off into a book, a slight brochure of some seven or ten volumes of four hundred pages each, and weighing in the neighborhood of thirty pounds. Hinds' Precedents it is called, and you can find precedents in it for anything, from canvassing the Presidential electoral returns to climbing a chandelier in the heat of debate.

Asher Hinds used to be a newspaper reporter in Portland, Maine. Some time during the service of Thomas B. Reed in Congress Hinds came with him to Washington in the capacity of clerk. Reed's secretary, toward the end of his Congressional career, at any rate, was Amos Allen, also from Maine, which state, of course, was Reed's as well. Amos was hard-working and faithful, but his work was personal to Reed. Hinds studied parliamentary practice, and presently, when Reed became Speaker, was made clerk at the Speaker's table. It soon developed that Hinds knew more of parliamentary precedent and procedure than even the brilliant Reed, and Hinds served with Reed, as his mainstay, during the Reed Congresses.

When Reed quit Congress he let his mantle drop on Amos Allen, and Allen came to Congress in Reed's stead. That was in the Fifty-seventh Congress. Amos was reëlected until the present Congress, the Sixty-first, when he gave notice that he would not be a candidate again. All this time Hinds served at the Speaker's table. He guided Dave Henderson through his tumultuous terms as Speaker, and when Uncle Joe was elected Hinds was there, telling him what to do and how to do it.

After Amos Allen decided he had had enough, Hinds, always the precedent person, decided it would be just as well to keep on in the old track, and he said he would like to come to Congress himself from that First Maine District that had originally had Reed and had then selected Allen, Reed's private secretary. Inasmuch as Hinds had been with Reed also, it was a natural and precedentous conclusion on Hinds' part, and precedent is his ruling passion. He announced himself as a candidate.

No sooner had this announcement been made than Colonel Fred Hale, of the same district, declared that he had some of that precedent stuff in his mind also, and that he would be a candidate to follow Allen, being the son of a United States Senator, the nephew of a United States Judge and the brother of the Third Assistant Secretary of State—all Hale—and desiring to know, in tones of clarion inquiry, what was the matter with the Hale family that it should not garner this small but additional honor at the hands of the proletariat of the grand old state of Maine.

They went at it, Colonel Hale and Hinds, and a few also-rans, and the fight waxed exceedingly bitter. The senior and Senatorial Hale withdrew himself from the campaign as a candidate for reëlection to the Senate, but all to no avail. After the tumult and the shouting had died Hinds was unanimously named by the convention as the candidate to succeed Amos Allen, and he probably will succeed him, thereby making a deep and durable dent in the House of Hale.

Just what they will do down there when they elect another Speaker, without Asher standing slightly to the right of the chair with his precedents handy, I do not know. Of course one good way out of it would be to elect Asher Speaker, which would be economical also, for there would be no need of a clerk at the Speaker's table if Asher were Speaker himself. Asher would be both. However, even if that event should come to pass, it is not likely any offices will be abolished. There are too many patriots needing jobs, and with Hinds in the chair the place of clerk at the Speaker's table would be an immortal cinch.

Hinds is a big, brawny, broad-shouldered, slow-moving man, hard-headed, clear-minded, with no nonsense about him. He is so familiar with the workings of Congress that he cannot fail to be a most valuable member the moment he gets on the floor. He is modest, agreeable, methodical, able. His book, Hinds' Precedents, is monumental and will always be standard. And as they have a habit of returning their men to Congress up there in Maine it is probable he has many years of service before him if he is elected this time, which he probably will be.

It will be interesting, too, to have Hinds on the floor. Suppose he gets up and makes a point of order. Imagine the predicament of the Speaker who wants to overrule him and must look for precedents in the book compiled by the man who is making the point!

Platt's Preference

IT WAS the custom of the late Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, to read himself to sleep nearly every night. He took a book, went to bed early and read until he slept, whether that was nine o'clock in the evening or three in the morning.

Nor was he particular about the books. Novels, history, criticism, philosophy, essays—all were one with him; but, as much as anything, he liked detective stories. The late Senator O. H. Platt, of Connecticut, was a great reader of detective stories too, as are other men whose minds are working actively many hours a day on great problems.

The Senator and the Chief Justice met at a dinner one night. "I understand," said the Chief Justice gravely to Senator Platt, "that you read detective stories."

"I do," replied Senator Platt, with equal gravity.

"Tell me," continued the Chief Justice, "which do you prefer, the five-cent kind or the ten-cent kind?"

"Well," said the Senator, after mature deliberation, "I think I prefer the five-cent kind."

"So do I," assented the Chief Justice; "you get quicker action in those."

And this point having been settled they took up a certain phase of the Constitution.

A Hurry Call

A MAN named McGrath was living in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake.

A day or so after the catastrophe a friend in New York wired him, asking: "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," McGrath replied, as soon as he could get a wire through. "Send me a rubber house."

Near Nutmegs

THE Connecticut delegation to a Republican national convention at Chicago took along a lot of badges, each ornamented with a wooden nutmeg

The badges were very popular. The delegates from other states thought it a great joke to wear a genuine Connecticut wooden nutmeg.

Presently the man who had charge of the badges came to Senator Brandegee and said:

"Senator, we're in a fix. All our wooden nutmeg badges are gone and there is still a great demand for them. What can we do?"

"Get some more."

"But there are no wooden nutmegs in Chicago. We had to have these especially made for us back home."

"All right," directed the Napoleonic Brandegee; "go down to a grocery store and buy four or five hundred real nutmegs and stick them on the badges. They'll never know the difference."

And they didn't.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Artificial Baits and How to Use Them

IN THE waters under the earth life is just as much a continual hunt for bargains as it is on the earth itself, and hustling is just as necessary for a fish as it is for a man. Indeed, it is perhaps more so, for a fish has no hands with which to take hold of anything—no organs of apprehension, as the scientists term it—and therefore is obliged to take hold of everything with its mouth, whether its motives be those of greed, curiosity, hunger or anger. In these facts lie many angling opportunities. It makes no difference to the angler what may be the mental processes of the fish, just so that it seizes the hook.

A fish, however, is a very active creature, both mentally and physically, and it does not require much time to get away from what it discovers to be a false bargain. The theory of the artificial bait and the principles of its construction rest on this latter truth. It is customary to make the hook of the artificial fly so small that the mouth of the fish will readily close over it, and it is usual to provide trolling baits with gangs of three hooks, which make it almost impossible for a fish to strike without getting fastened. This is the reverse of the live-bait theory, for in fishing with bait the hook used should be small enough to induce the fish to swallow the entire bait without noticing its hook.

It is easy to see that much may be said either for or against angling with either the natural bait or the artificial. All things considered, live bait will kill more fish; but it is impossible to avoid cruelty in live-bait fishing, with minnow, frog, crawfish or even worm. On the other hand, although the use of artificial bait eliminates one form of cruelty, it is in another aspect even more barbarous than live-bait fishing. The single hook used by the bait fishermen is less apt to injure the fish that strikes it. Very many artificial baits are made with gangs of hooks, perhaps three or four or even more trebles, or say fifteen, eighteen, or even twenty-four hooks. This is not only unsportsmanlike, but cruel, for it robs the fish of any sort of even chance and is apt to kill it, whether or not the intention was to return it to the water. Artificial baits made in sportsmanlike way, with the gangs of hooks reduced to one treble, and that not too large, are above reproach, and to their use an angler may ascribe a very large per cent of his sport. Indeed, if the artificial fly be included in the general title of artificial baits it may be said that ninety per cent of our best sport is had without the use of bait at all. When used in casting, the spoon or spinner demands a high degree of skill, although dragging a trolling spoon behind a boat has never been considered a very high form of sport, productive as it sometimes is of large results.

The Original Spoon Bait

The art and theory of the artificial fly are things distinct in themselves, and have nothing in common with the use of spinning or trolling baits. All of these latter baits are based on the original spoon hook, which was used for many years without much modification. The origin of this form of lure is difficult to trace, although baits of metal or shell have long been used among savage people. In this country, at least, the general use of the spoon hook does not go beyond the present generation, and the recent great multiplication of casting and trolling baits is a matter of the last few years.

The first spoon hook one remembers to have seen was made of the bowl of a silver spoon, and it had a single hook soldered to the end of it, and was not meant to spin around a central shaft, although it was swiveled. It is said that the first spoon hook ever made was built in this way out of a silver spoon, it having been discovered by accident that such a piece of metal will flash in the water something like a small fish. Later on there were three hooks instead of one, and a still later development surrounded these triple hooks with bright colored feathers, and attached this gang to the shaft, allowing the swiveled spoon to revolve more freely around the head of the shaft. Sometimes beads of glass or agate have been attached to make the friction less, and the shape of the spoon blade has varied from a long oval to a kidney shape, heart shape, or the like. The original spoon bait was fluted at the lower end of a long oval, silver on one side and red enamel and silver on the other. There have been hundreds of modifications of this bait put out by different manufacturers, but like the Colt's revolver and the Winchester rifle, the old oval fluted spoon has been the standby of the public for very many years. It is doubtful if the many later baits, provided with flanges, mounted above or below artificial flies, or arranged supposedly to imitate the contour of a swimming minnow, ever have much surpassed in killing quality the old-time spoon of our daddies. But even so, this rule has the usual number of pleasant exceptions, and it leaves mankind as unable as usual to solve the vagaries of the fish's brain. There are two theories of trying artificial flies. One the imitative theory and one the freak theory. No one can tell today which does the more killing. No one can tell any more now than in the time of Izaak Walton what makes a trout strike at an artificial fly, whether hunger or curiosity. It is the same with the spoon hook. In motion it does not look very much like a fish, or anything else; yet the very fact that it moves and glitters impels a great many fish—more especially those of the savage pike family—to rush at it and to take hold of it with the only existing organ of apprehension—that is to say, the mouth. It makes little difference to the angler what be the process of piscine ratiocination.

Bad Form in Fishing

The restless American mind is continually interested in perfecting destructive agencies. We have done about everything that could be done in firearms and in artificial baits as well. It was not long before makers began to turn out spoon hooks with copper blades, or of copper and silver, or of gold and silver, or of copper and red and silver; and soon an established scale of sizes, running from those of trout spoons up to those made for giant pikes, became recognized on the market. Moreover, since the treble hooks readily foul any passing leaf or reed or lily pad, the somewhat modern device of the weedless hook was duly applied to the spoon hook gang—one of the worst objections to the spoon hook being that it is difficult of use in precisely the places where fish are most apt to lie.

It is said to have been some man out on the shores of deep Lake Tahoe, in the far West, who first began to use a spoon hook made of the pearl of the abalone shell—a bait which has been very popular on the Pacific Coast. These spoons, which for a long time were not introduced in the Eastern market, were made with a short bowl, almost round, and they did not spin, but only wobbled in the water, the gang of small hooks being ringed in on the end of the bowl itself, which was stiffened by a band of metal on the inside. These wobblers were very deadly for the big Tahoe trout and other trout also; and sometimes a copper and silver wobbler was also effective. Very small pearl spoons are made for trout of less size, to be used as the artificial fly is used; but these are not considered very good form, nor is their use much countenanced among fly fishermen. None the less, pearl as an attractive lure has its place along with the shining metal, although it cannot be made to spin so well, and although it is far more destructible in the jaws of a big pike. There are all sorts of pearl minnows also made, sometimes with flanges or bent fins to make the whole body revolve around the shaft, sometimes mounted with an artificial fly above them and sometimes arranged with a treble at each end of the lure. All of these lures will kill fish occasionally, although most of them are made rather to sell goods than to kill fish. The original spoon and the original pearl wobbler have by no means been improved out of existence. It is to the credit of the pearl spoon that the gangs used with it are usually less numerous and deadly than on the metal trolling spoon or the artificial minnow.

Of artificial minnows there are many scores of patterns, some made of silk, others

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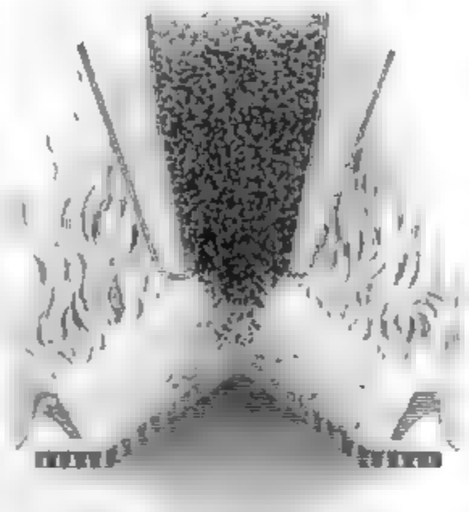
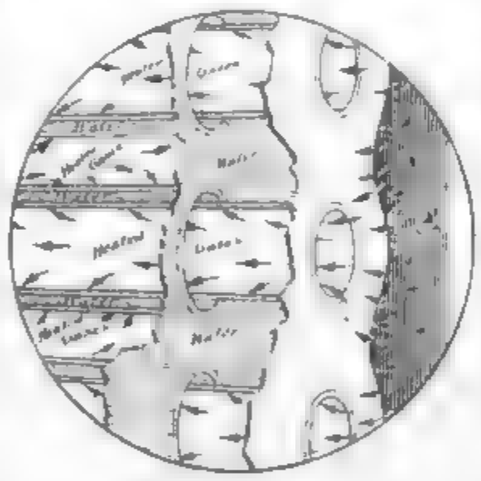
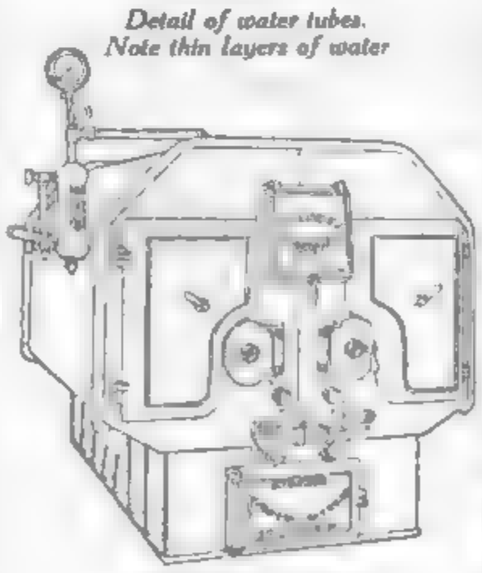


Cross-section of water-jacketed magazine showing raised grates



Detail of water tubes. Note thin layers of water



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In mild weather, with a horizontal "Spencer" only one side of the heater need be used. This gives only half the boiler capacity, reducing the heating surface, as well as the coaling surface, one half.

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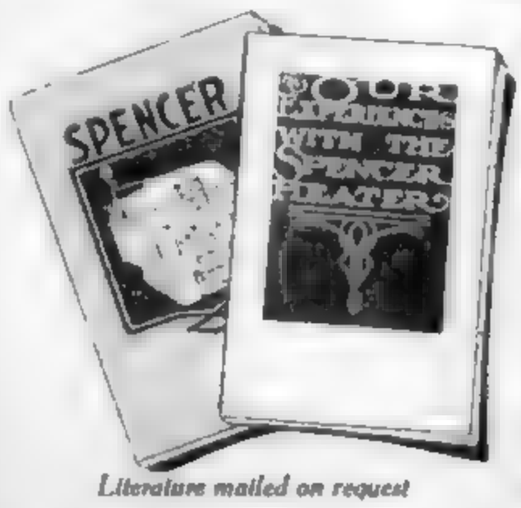

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of rubber, others of fish skin, others of metal, some of quill. Most of them are arranged with flanged fins, so that they spin. These old spinning minnows were the predecessors of the modern wooden minnow, which is used successfully in casting in many different forms. The spinning minnow has long been accounted a successful lure in England, Ireland and Scotland in certain conditions, but, except where deep trolling for lake trout is necessary, it has never ranked very high among artificial lures in America. Nearly every angler you know will have one or two of these minnows in his tackle box, but you rarely will hear of any one who ever caught a fish on one of them.

Of late years the art of bait casting from the free reel and the short rod has developed very swiftly, and as it is sometimes difficult to secure proper live bait, the casters have tried very many artificial lures. Among these have been the small spoon mounted above the artificial fly, the spoon mounted above a piece of split pork rind, above a dead minnow or a dead frog. Of late years the use of the wooden minnow or "plug," provided with a vast number of savage gangs, has become rather general in some parts of the West and South. This bait seems to have originated in a Michigan town, and in that state, used on a short casting-rod, presently met with such success that it was not only used but imitated by many manufacturers in many other regions. There are times when such a bait, made either to float on the surface or to dive a short distance under the water, and painted in any of a score of fanciful ways, will prove very effective, especially on black bass. It will not always do so, however, and it is apt to kill the most bass while they are on their spawning beds in shallow water. During the month or two when the bass are on the spawning beds they will run at anything that passes near them. Such a wooden minnow as this is even more brutal and barbarous than the spoon hook, because it is almost impossible for a bass to come near it and not be snagged by some of the gangs. A fish cut in the gills so that blood comes is almost sure to die—a trout so wounded always will—and these nuisances of the tackle shop do not give the fish a sporting chance and ought not to be used by sportsmen. It is entirely feasible to provide such a bait with a single hook at the tail, and, perhaps, a single other hook underneath. The best of the sport in bait casting is the strike of the fish, where it plunges at the bait on the surface, and these two hooks leave the margin of certainty quite sufficient. There are scores of muskallonge fishers who will not use more than a single hook on a spoon.

Rowing on the Bias

The day of many rods and many gangs, of spring machines to wind up muskallonge, of deadly spring hooks and numerous heavy trebles is now happily past or passing. It is by no means all of sport just to see how many fish can be killed. Quite enough can be killed with the use of a single hook on any form of artificial bait, and the fish so taken is not necessarily injured to the point of death.

Merely to drag a spoon hook around behind a boat is not to exhaust all the uses or beauties of the artificial lure. The successful fisherman knows that fish bite where they feed, and he therefore goes where they feed. Sometimes lake trout lie very deep, but nearly all the bass and trout family do most of their feeding in shallow water. Some finicky persons do not care to fish for bass with a spoon hook, but prefer either live bait or the artificial fly. Almost all anglers, however, will agree that it is entirely fair to kill a pickerel, a pike or a muskallonge—which are three very different fishes—on the artificial spoon. These species are most apt to be found along weedy bars, or at some place where there is cover of vegetation along the edge of deeper and clearer water. Sometimes these bars are shallow places in the lake, but which lie with none of their vegetation showing at the surface. About all your guide has to tell you is his knowledge of the places where these bars exist. Anybody can row a boat, but a boat simply dragging a spoon over deep, clear water will not kill very many fish.

The best way is to troll as close to the weeds of a good bar as you can go without fouling the hook. The speed of the boat should not be very great, just enough to keep the spoon spinning nicely. The depth beneath the surface should vary, and it is better to go a little too deep than a little too shallow. You may have noticed that very often you will strike a fish just at the time the boatman is changing his course. It was because the spoon sank a little deeper at the turn. Zigzag rowing is better than a straightaway drag. A very successful and very drunken oarsman is accredited with this discovery. He couldn't row straight one day, but found he was catching all kinds of muskallonge. A large metal spoon with its gaudy feathers no doubt looks more artificial to the fish which sees it close to the surface, and therefore sharper against the sky.

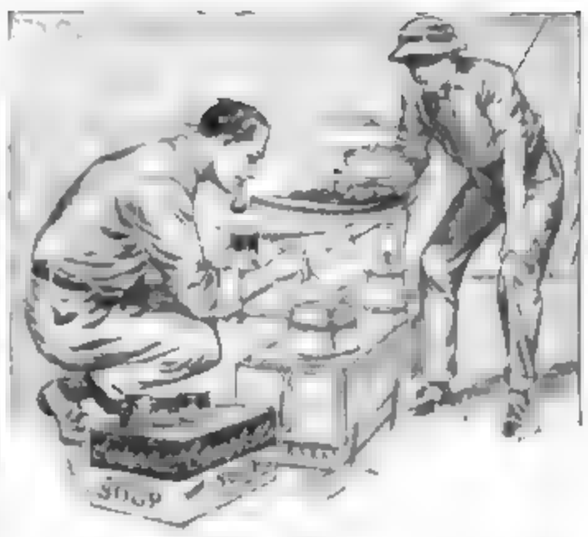
The Kind That Kinks

The longer the line the deeper the spoon will run, and sometimes a copper wire is used to sink the spoon in very deep trolling for lake trout. For ordinary trolling you want a stiffish rod, not too stiff to give you fun after you have hooked your fish; and you should have a large-barreled reel which for muskallonge fishing will hold a hundred yards of good laid linen line, not silk, which is more apt to kink. It is not a bad plan to trail the empty line for a time behind the boat, as you go to your fishing grounds, to take out kinks. Then bend on your spoon—not too large a one, even for large fish. Size No. 3 or 4 is big enough for bass, and No. 8 is about the limit for muskallonge. Very often a No. 7 will raise a 'lunge where the No. 8 will not. Sometimes on a very bright day a copper spoon instead of a silver, and fished rather deep in preference to shallow, will be a good thing to use for muskallonge.

It is not the long line which is apt to catch the most fish, even where the fish are shy. As you pass along the front of a bar you are more apt to catch a fish on the fifty-foot line on the inside of the boat than on the one-hundred-foot line on the outer side—something which you will remember if you are very greedy and wish to beat your friends, which it is to be hoped you are not. It is courtesy to offer the inside of the boat in trolling.

Now, granted that you have a rod with some sporting quality left in it, and not merely a stiff trolling club—granted a decently light line and a single hook—if you fasten some such fish as a full-grown muskallonge, or its scarcely less game brother, a Great Northern pike of equal weight, you will be in a position fit to be called sporting in every sense of the term. First you must get your fish free of the weeds—something difficult to do if you nail him in a pocket far back from the clear water. Fish act differently at different times. A big-mouthed bass will run into the weeds and quit. Sometimes a muskallonge will do almost the same thing, or even in open water will not rush very much, but only roll and tug. He is quite apt, however, to make a long and savage rush when first hooked. Usually he will head for the deep water. As you know you have a large hook, or perhaps a gang of them, you strike him once firmly to set the barbs yet deeper, then hold tight and let the line cut through the weeds, if it will. You must always keep a tight line with these big fish, for they are so strong that they cut the hold of the hook loose in the jaw, so that it will drop out or be shaken out if the line slacks. Keep the spring of your rod steady and hard, therefore, and head the boat for the open water. Once free of the weeds, fight your fish with the tip close to the water. The spring of the rod in this position is apt to pull his head down when he jumps and to keep the line tight. You can make a fish jump by pulling on him hard, but the jump is the dangerous time.

When your fish is alongside, keep your tip up, and see that the line does not foul the reel handle, or get in any shape to prevent free rendering through the guides should the fish start away again. Reel in carefully, but leave the line free to pay out. Avoid sudden motions, and lead your fish to the gaffer, who should be at one end or other of the boat, if possible. The gaff should be passed up through the throat of the muskallonge and he should be pulled into the boat with the same motion, and then slugged on the head very promptly, or held down, for he will fight hardest when pulled into the boat. As he throws his head about savagely you must be very careful, or he will snag your hands with the spoon hook and show you how it goes yourself to be caught on a hook over the barb.



"All the comforts of home"

HUNDREDS of "classy" young men who know how tasty and satisfying Campbell's Soups are at the home table are consuming them by the dozen on their summer outing.

When you stop to think of it this is a remarkable compliment to

Campbell's SOUPS

Young men are specially prone to "want what they want"; and "*when* they want it."

They have learned in large numbers that Campbell's Soups are not only palatable and pure; but nourishing and strengthening. And incidentally they require no fussing nor delay.

If *you* are "taking to the woods" you'll find these soups a mighty handy and satisfying provision.

Buy them of the grocer nearest your camp. Get them by the dozen or the case. He will return the money if not satisfied.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli	Tomato

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

You'll find Campbell's Menu Book a helpful companion.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
CAMDEN N J

Sudden callers—That's no trouble,
Bring the water to a bubble.
Campbell's Bouillon boiling in it,
Luncheon served in half a minute.

This Advertisement, Run One Time, Costs $6000

WE DO not want to waste $6000, or any part of $6000. Because it is only *by avoiding wasteful methods* that we are able to sell the Winton Six at *a price so much lower* than is asked for other cars of similar size and power.

Competitors Offer Two Objections

For three years we have advertised the superiority of Six-Cylinder cars over four-cylinder cars.

Friendly competitors say we are *wasting our money.*

That we ought to talk Winton cars exclusively, and say nothing about Sixes in general, because: —

1—The public already knows all about Sixes.

2—By advocating Sixes in general, Winton advertising helps other makers of Sixes to sell their cars.

* * *

If the Public Really Knew

Our opinion is that the public *does not know* all about Sixes.

And we are unselfish enough to advertise Sixes in general, because when any buyer gets a first-grade Six (even if it isn't our make) we know *that buyer will be happier* than he ever was before.

Also we know that when the public actually knows the truth about Sixes, the demand for Sixes will be so overwhelming that *we shall be glad* there are other makers of Sixes to take care of the surplus orders.

* * *

Mr. Reader, Do You Know?

But what is your opinion, Mr. Reader?

Do *you*, as one of the public, know all about Sixes?

Do you know that *the only self-cranking motor* in the world is a Six?

That the Vanderbilt Cup race of last year was won by a Six?

That the Glidden Tour of last year was won by a Six?

That the world's 24-hour speed record of 1581 miles was made by a Six?

Do you know that the Six is the *only* motor producing continuous power?

That the Six motor will drive its car at anything from a man's walking pace to express train speed *without ever shifting gears?*

Do you know that the Six has more reserve power than any other type of car, and that, because of this reserve power, the Six is *the most superb hill-climber?*

Do you know that the Six excels all other cars in *quietness?*

That it has practically *no vibration?*

That the Six motor strikes a piston blow 50% lighter than the four, and that Six power-strokes overlap, thereby *minimizing wear* and *extending the car's life and usefulness?*

That the Six, doing better and prettier work than the four, consumes *no more gasoline,* and is much easier and *less expensive on tires?*

That *the world's lowest upkeep record* of 77 cents per 1000 miles is held by a Six?

* * *

If We Don't Tell, Who Will?

If you already know these facts, Mr. Reader, of course there isn't any reason why we should advertise them.

If you don't already know them, then *it is our duty* to keep on publishing them until your knowledge of Six superiority impels you to become a Six owner.

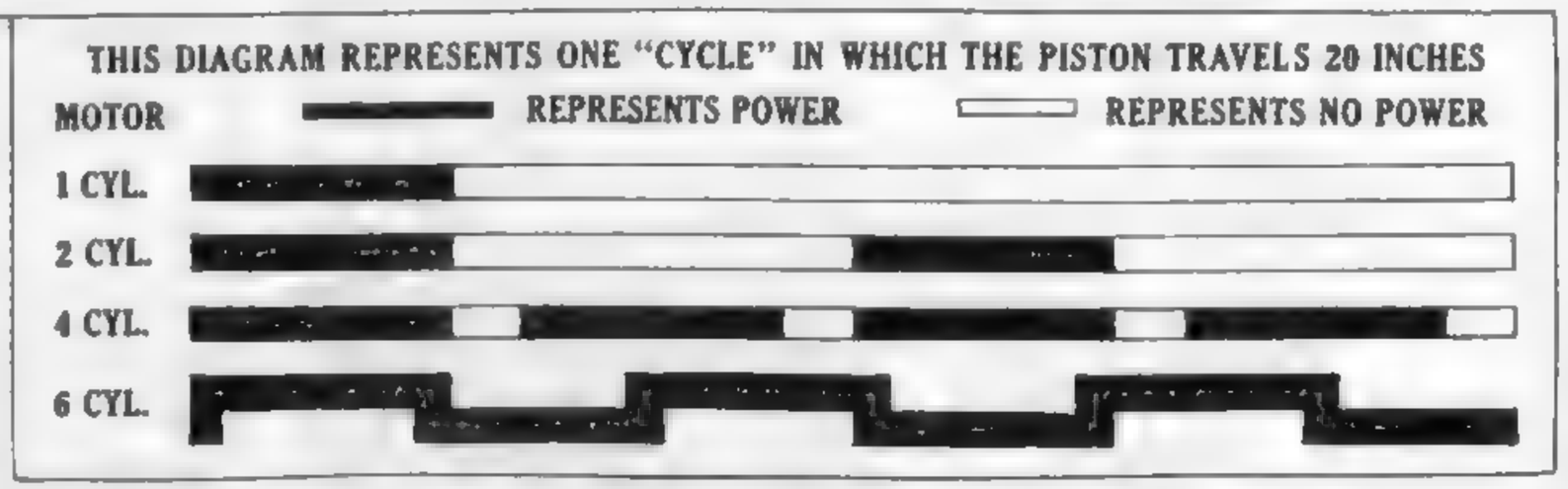
Indeed, the burden of responsibility is upon *us.*

Continuous Power is Impossible in Less Than Six Cylinders

ENERGY is usually measured in horse-power. Let's measure it in *inches.*

A motor has, for example, a 5-inch stroke. The piston in each cylinder travels down and up twice on each cycle, or (4x5) 20 inches.

Power (energy) is actually produced in each cylinder on only four-fifths of the so-called "power stroke"—a distance of 4 inches.



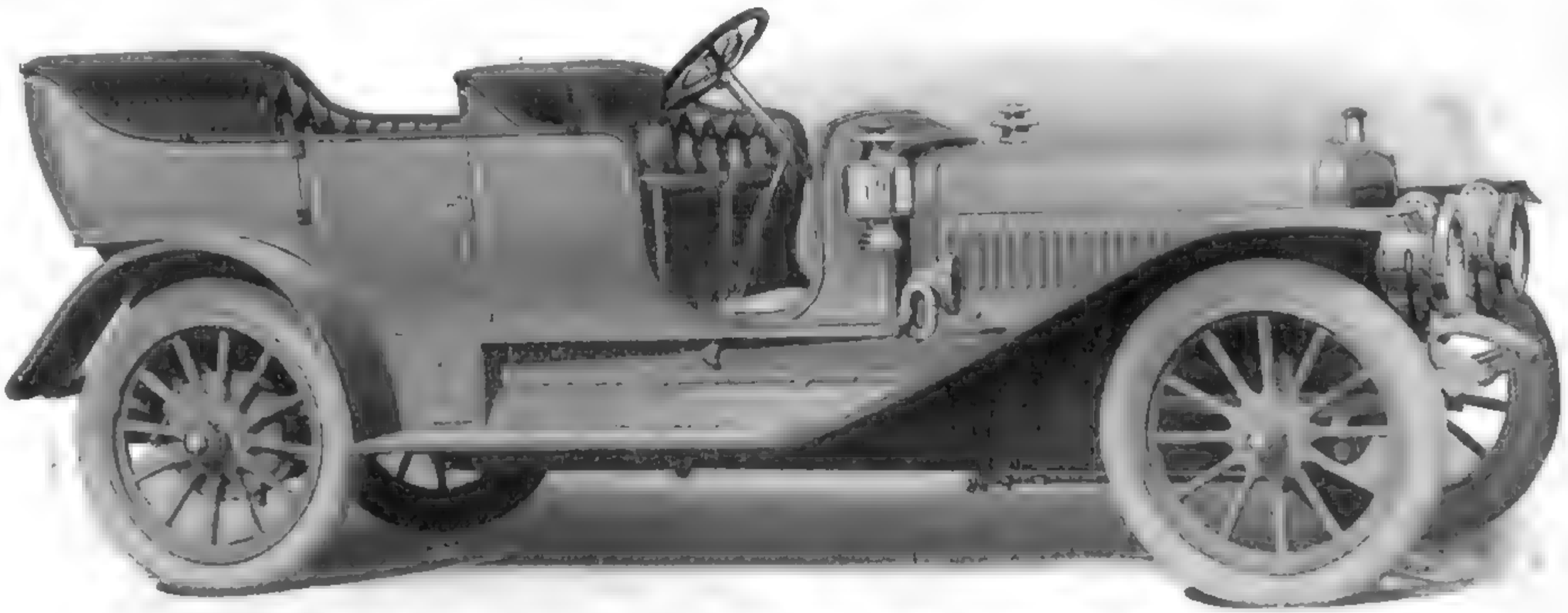
Thus in a one-cylinder motor, the engine produces 4 inches of power in 20 inches travel, leaving on each cycle 16 inches of *no power.*

In a four-cylinder motor, the engine produces (4x4) 16 inches of power in 20, leaving on each cycle four inches of *no power.*

Thus the four-cylinder motor *has not enough power* to equal the distance of the cycle. The result is a "broken" power stream.

In a six-cylinder motor, the engine produces (6x4) 24 inches of power in 20, giving four inches *more power* than the distance of the cycle.

This *surplus* of power makes it *impossible* for the Six to lack power. Thus the Six (and only the Six) has a stream of *continuous power.*



WINTON SIX

The 1911 Winton Six sells at $3000. Holds the world's lowest upkeep record—77 cents per 1000 miles. Its six-cylinder motor is as smooth as velvet. And the entire car has the "class" that in other makes costs as high as $6000.

For, as we were the first company in the world to show our faith in the Six by making *Sixes exclusively*, so it is "up to us" to let you know why and how the Six excels all other types.

You will readily understand that the manufacturer who makes *both* fours and sixes is prohibited from advocating one type against the other.

From him you can *never* learn the whole story of either type.

But our position is different. We formerly made fours, and we know the four like a book. We now make *Sixes only*. And when we talk about Sixes vs. fours, we talk from actual experience with both types —experience covering a period longer than that of any other American manufacturer.

* * *

Let the Buyer Insist

When you come to buy a Six, insist upon getting one that meets your highest expectations, based upon *knowledge of Six superiority*.

For, be it known that there are Sixes and sixes.

More than one maker is today making sixes, not because he wants to, but because demand compels him.

And that maker is most likely making sixes in a half-hearted manner.

With the result that his car is a half-hearted six.

Sixes Exclusively and Why

The Winton Six is a whole-hearted Six.

We make *Sixes exclusively*, because we want to, like to, love to make Sixes.

We believe in Sixes.

We are now making Sixes exclusively for the fourth consecutive year.

And the 1911 Winton Six is the same 48 H. P. Six we first made in 1907—without a single radical change —a car refined from season to season to a state of perfection that makes us more enthusiastic over Sixes than ever before.

* * *

If You Don't Know, Ask Us

And so we keep on advertising Sixes in general, because the more you know about Sixes, the more certain you are to buy a Winton Six.

If you do not know as much as you would like to know about Sixes, send for our 1911 catalog. It's a book (library size) filled with common-sense, straight-from-the-shoulder facts.

The Winton Motor Car. Co., 121 Berea Road, Cleveland, O.
Licensed under Selden Patent

Send Winton Six literature to

The Log of the Courtney Ford

(Continued from Page 6)

would kill him, but he didn't. There was a brig there loading turtles, and a boat crew from her picked up the dog on the beach. Penny, I tell you it's the same dog. I know it is. And if you think you're going to be allowed to keep that dog aboard the schooner Courtney Ford a minute longer, it's a fight to the finish."

"I never brought the animal aboard, sir," I replied, "and I'm not responsible for him. But for all that I hate to see a dumb animal abused. Moreover, if I don't mistake, I fought you for that dog and won him fairly."

"Fair or unfair," he bellowed, "I'll be master of my ship if she does lie a hulk on the beach. There's been no luck or peace since you came aboard—you and that death-dog of yours. I wouldn't lay hands on the cur for a dozen ships"—his voice lost its bullying note and there was a tone of pleading and self-pity in it now—"and I'm out of cartridges. It's up to you. I tell you, Penny, I'll go mad with that dog aboard. There's circumstances connected—I tell you I can't stand his crying. For God's sake, Penny—I ask it as a favor—throw him overboard!"

I looked at the man, and it was evident to me that some fearful unrest of conscience underlay his abject abhorrence of the dog Nibs. I hated to do it, but the terror in the man's face moved me to a compassion greater than any I felt for Nibs. I went down into the galley, carried Nibs up in my arms, walked to the edge of the deckload and threw him overboard. Bully Madison ran to the side of the vessel and watched the flood tide bear the struggling dog into the white smother of breakers. Nibs made no outcry; only he faced the ship as the tide sucked him shoreward and never removed his reproachful gaze from my face. I knew he would drown in the breakers and I turned away. Bully Madison watched him disappear in the whirling spray, but unable to bear the sight of poor Nibs' sufferings I went below. When I came up an hour later the skipper still stood by the shrouds looking shoreward. I followed his glance and at the very edge of the water I saw a small black object lying on the beach. I felt like a murderer, and I am not ashamed to admit that tears came into my eyes, and I wanted to fall upon Bully Madison and throw him overboard to keep company with Nibs. It was a dirty business.

The sea continued unusually calm that night. There was no wind and consequently no tide rips, and the Courtney Ford rested fairly comfortable on the sandy shoal. I cooked supper and the captain and I ate—rather sparingly I thought, and with very little conversation. After supper he asked me to play a game of cribbage with him, but I declined and went on deck for a pipe and a look at the weather. He followed a few minutes later. The night was quite dark, with the faintest kind of a breeze blowing offshore. Suddenly, as we stood aft by the wheel, neither of us speaking, I heard a sound that made the cold shivers run up my spine. Clear and mournful above the booming of the breakers came the dirgelike note of Nibs' voice, raised in agonized protest against the inhumanity of man. Three times the cry rose on the chill night air and quavered away into silence.

I was scarcely aware of a feeling of infinite joy in the knowledge that Nibs had survived the buffeting of the surf and doubtless had come to on the beach after we had supposed him dead, when I felt Bully Madison's powerful arms grip me around the midriff and lift me high in the air.

"Go, you dog," he snarled, "and join that other hellhound that's calling you!" and with that he shot me bodily over the stern railing into the sea.

My first thought, as I came to the surface, was of the hawser that stretched from the schooner to the beach, and I struck out to reach it at a point where it sagged from the stern of the schooner into the water. I realized that it would be death for me to attempt to make the beach through the surf, and accordingly I hung to the line, my body rising and falling with each wave that passed. For full twenty minutes I hung to the hawser; then, judging that Bully Madison would by that time doubtless consider me thoroughly drowned, I commenced to crawl up the line hand over hand. It was hard work, for the water was very chilly and my hands and limbs were benumbed. When, finally, I did manage to crawl aboard over the stern, I fell exhausted. Madison had evidently retired to his cabin, and presently I got to my feet and made my way forward noiselessly to the deserted fo'castle. Here I divested myself of my wet clothing, rolled into a berth lately occupied by a sailor and endeavored to go to sleep. It was nearly midnight, however, before I succeeded. Bully Madison was up on deck until that hour with a lantern. I could not see what he was doing, but he made a number of trips to and fro between the cabin and the after part of the schooner. I had some curiosity to know what he was up to, but inasmuch as I was resolved to settle with him in the morning, I concluded to wait until that time. So when eventually he retired for the night I did likewise.

It must have been close to seven o'clock when I awoke. I dressed myself in a suit of dry dungarees that had been left behind by one of the men. Then, armed with my sheath-knife, I sallied forth to argue the question with Bully Madison. I went directly to the cabin. He was not there, so I went aft. The first thing I noticed was that the dingey was missing. The dingey was an exceptionally staunch, round-bottomed oak craft, and had been kept lashed on the deckload just abaft the mizzenmast. I swung around and gazed down the Pass and about three miles away I saw a speck. I ran down to my cabin for my glasses and returning to the deck discovered that the speck was the dingey, with Bully Madison aboard. He had shipped a wisp of a sail and was making a fair passage of it.

I do not know what possessed him to desert the ship, to take a chance at sea in the dingey; but I can understand why he tossed me overboard. The man is a brute, and he hates me, for I have whipped him twice. And he has conceived a superstitious horror of Nibs. Even a dead nigger can weigh on a man's conscience, and Nibs won't let him forget. He might have stayed by the wreck on the chance that the second mate and the crew would arrive safely at Dutch Harbor, but apparently he lost hope that they could make the trip. Under the impression that he has disposed of me he is making a forlorn dash for the nearest trading station before the ice comes in. For instance, if he reaches Scotch Gap safely he can lie there until the tender visits the light and takes him off. In the mean time the Courtney Ford will have gone to pieces and he'll go south and lie himself into another ship.

September 22, 1902.

I put in a busy day yesterday writing up my log and reconnoitering the food supply. God knows there is little enough. I have three cans of dried apples, a can of dried apricots, about half a bushel of potatoes, three fifty-pound sacks of flour, half a side of bacon, about ten pounds of sugar, a can of pepper, half a pint of vanilla, eight cans of condensed milk, three cans of corn, half a dozen cans of tomatoes, a few tins of canned corn beef and potted tongue, three packages of fine table salt, a ten-pound chest of tea and a canister of coffee. If I am to last out the winter here I must control my appetite.

I brought all of my rations down into the galley. With a cargo of lumber aboard I will not lack for fuel while the Courtney Ford holds together. When she breaks up—well, I won't need any earthly fires to keep me warm.

I shall not lack for light. I discovered six cases of kerosene in the lazaret. After playing three hands of solitaire I turned in about nine o'clock and slept soundly.

September 23, 1902.

This morning at breakfast I had an inspiration. The chances of a vessel passing through Akutan Pass and picking me up, or even of sighting the wreck, are very meager. It therefore devolves upon me to get ashore and break out some kind of a signal from the top of the big headland that juts out into the Pass about half a mile up the beach.

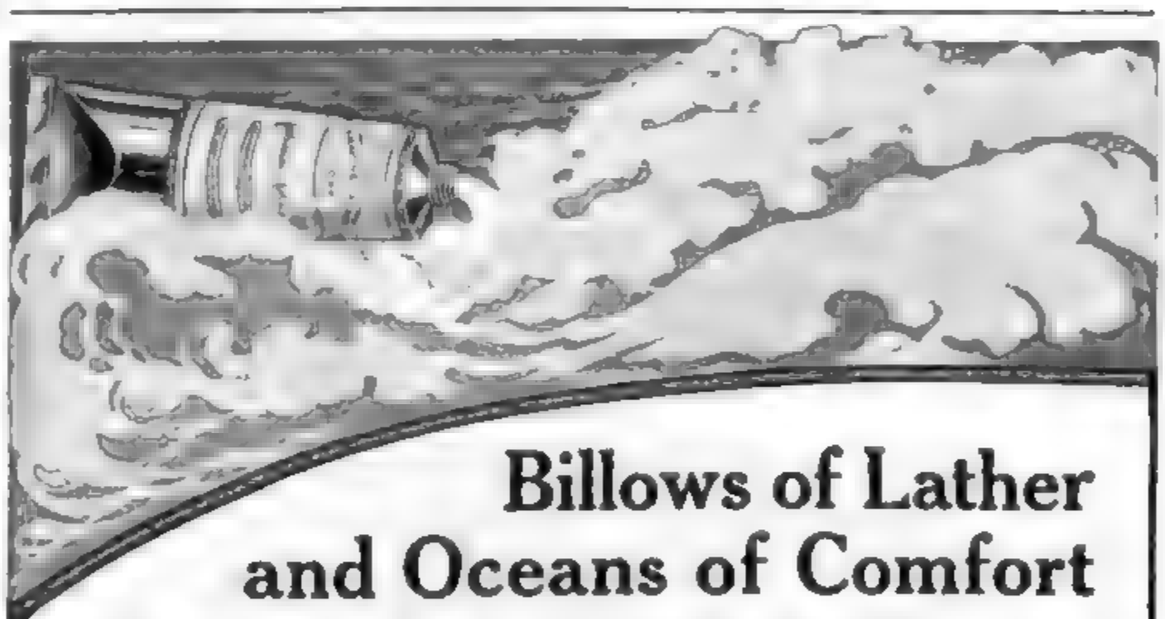
Right after breakfast I went down in the lazaret and found quite a quantity of nails and spikes. There was a toolchest in a little storeroom off the fo'castle, and as for

After Shaving

Use MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM Toilet Powder

and insist upon your barber using it also. It is antiseptic and will assist in preventing many of the *skin diseases* often contracted. Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c. **Sample box for 2c stamp.**

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J.



Billows of Lather and Oceans of Comfort

"In the Good Old Summer Time" man's face requires special care. The beard grows faster, thicker and wiry. The skin is often sunburnt and becomes sore and tender. The ordinary old style shaving soap irritates the face and produces uncomfortable shaving.

Billows of luxuriant lather and oceans of comfort are embodied in every tube of

JOHNSON'S Shaving Cream Soap

It is the most modern form of shaving soap—a clean, wholesome cream which bursts into rich, lasting lather that does not dry. Instantly softens the toughest beard without mussy finger rubbing. Soothes abrased or sunburnt skin, leaving the face smooth and refreshed.

"I never knew that soap had so much to do with shaving until I tried Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap." WILLIAM R. STOBBE, Philadelphia, Pa.

Quick Start

EVERY DRUGGIST SELLS IT

25 Cents a Tube—150 Shaves

A TWENTY-SHAVE TRIAL TUBE mailed to any address upon receipt of a 2 cent stamp.

Johnson & Johnson

Dept. 2-O, New Brunswick, N. J.

Great Finish

lumber—the deck is piled with it. I am building a boat. It will not be a very elegant craft, but when it is finished I think I can land through the surf at low tide.

September 24, 1902.

Worked all day on my boat. In the evening after supper, the nights being rather chilly, I carried my mattress and blankets into the galley and made down my berth on the galley floor, before a rousing fire in the range. It is very comfortable, and the schooner has quit pounding Evidently she hes on a sandbar and the sand is shoaling up around her I am reading David Copperfield and am enjoying it. Nevertheless, I am oppressed with a feeling of loneliness and desolation. I thought I heard Nibs crying last night, and it broke me all up. I will have to hold myself well in hand if I suffer from nerves so early in the game.

September 25, 1902.

Worked all day on my boat. I will caulk it and put a httle hot pitch in the seams tomorrow.

September 26, 1902.

Had my boat finished and caulked at noon today. She is a fairly dapper little skiff, and I am quite proud of my handiwork; in fact, I was just foolish enough to give her a dash of white paint. This seems a pitiful display of worldly pride in the face of a probably quick death in the breakers the first time I try to get ashore. But I wanted to paint her. It relieved me to dress her up a little. Somehow she seemed to cheer me up as I looked at her, so I wrote a name on her bows. I have called her the Mary Atwood

I could not make a very long voyage in the Mary Atwood. I couldn't cross the Pass over to Unimak, where I would very probably find an Indian settlement. But I can make a trip or two ashore in her, and tomorrow, if all goes well, I shall try.

September 27, 1902.

Was up at daylight this morning. Spent the forenoon making a pair of oars. When I had finished I spliced two four-by-four fir scantling together, and the result is a flagpole thirty-two feet long. I cast this overboard and anchored it to the main shrouds with a piece of marline. It blew pretty hard this afternoon, so I deferred my trip ashore.

September 28, 1902.

Launched the Mary Atwood over the stern this morning, using the old lifeboat's davits. The weather was thick offshore, but there was no sea to speak of. At eight-thirty, with my flagpole in tow and a set of halyards and the code distress signals tucked away inside my blouse, I pointed the Mary Atwood for the beach and pulled away. I got through the first line of breakers all right, but filled and sank about eighty feet from the beach. I went overboard with the end of a long painter in my teeth, battled ashore and dragged the unlucky Mary Atwood up high and dry on the beach. The oars drifted ashore later. I rested a few minutes, then shouldering my flagpole I made off up the beach to the top of the bluff. I walked along the bluff, resting at intervals, and presently reached the big headland, with the cliffs sheer to the sea, where the sea birds were congregated by the thousand. The whole colony rose with shrill cries of fright and anger as I invaded the rookery. The ground on top of the cliff was covered with little depressions, in which the penguins had laid their eggs and were rearing their young.

I sat down to watch the queer antics of the young penguins and gulls, and to rest after my hard trip up from the beach. Suddenly I was aware of a great commotion among a colony of cormorants about a hundred yards farther along the bluff Their curious antics, coupled with their shrill cries, aroused my curiosity and I arose and walked on up the headland. I soon discovered the cause of the row. A small, dark animal which I took for a fox was pillaging the nests of the birds. I threw a stone at this solitary outlaw and he braced around with a growl of rage and astonishment. To my great surprise—indeed, to my very considerable joy and unspeakable relief—I recognized my poor, abused Nibs.

I whistled to him, and a moment later he was springing about me in short leaps expressive of his happiness. He was a little gaunt and dirty, but otherwise unchanged Evidently he had been cast ashore half drowned and stunned, but had recovered and subsisted ever since on a diet of eggs and young sea fowl. I took that honest bulldog in my arms and stroked and petted him. I talked foolishly to him. I called upon Nibs to witness that it had hurt me to throw him overboard. I almost cried. I had presumed to harm a harmless brute, and in the fullness of his canine affection he forgave and forgot.

When, after two hours of hard work, I had dug a hole in the earth with a chisel brought ashore for the purpose, I stepped my flagpole, piled a little monument of stones around its base to support it, and ran up the distress code signals, where any vessel making the Pass in clear weather could not fail to see them. Then I killed a couple of brant, gathered a hatful of eggs and made my way back to the Mary Atwood, accompanied by Nibs.

I tried to induce Nibs to come into the boat with me, but he appears to have had enough of the briny deep, and I do not blame him. So I pulled off without him, and by great good luck got through the breakers and reached the Courtney Ford safely. Nibs howled dismally on the beach for an hour. I wish I could get him aboard. He would be a great comfort to me. However, his food supply ashore is unlimited, and he will doubtless survive until the ice comes in and he is enabled to walk aboard as a self-respecting bulldog should.

September 29, 1902.

Had a splendid breakfast of bacon and eggs. Eggs a little strong, but not unpalatable. Roast brant for dinner. I am eating two meals a day, which is ample when a man has nothing better to do than lie on his bed before a red-hot stove and read.

October 20, 1902.

I have been here a month, during which time I have been ashore twice. Nibs is on board. It is getting too chilly for a short-haired dog ashore without a berth, and upon the occasion of my last trip I tied his feet together and brought him back with me to the schooner. He cuts into the rations a little, but appears to be content on one meal a day, and for the sake of his company I am willing to permit this extravagance.

The weather has been thick for twenty-two of the thirty days I have been here. A steamer whistled in the Pass one afternoon, southward-bound, but it was too foggy for them to see my distress signal on top of the bluff. I call this pretty tough luck.

It is almost a certainty that the second mate and the crew did not reach Dutch Harbor. If they had been able to get to any one of the Northern Commercial Company's stations a steamer or a revenue cutter would have hove in view before now. As for Bully Madison, if he managed to reach civilization, it would mean nothing to me. Somehow I have an intuition amounting almost to a conviction that Bully Madison will get through all right. The devil's luck will attend him.

I can expect ice almost any day now. The nights are bitterly cold, and I am very grateful to Providence for a good stove and a deckload of lumber.

I have finished all of Dickens, and tomorrow will commence on the Merchant of Venice. When I finish Shakspere I can read Dickens all over again.

It is terribly lonesome.

October 23, 1902.

Went ashore yesterday and laid in another supply of eggs and brant. Upset in the surf on my way back to the schooner and was nearly drowned. Lost all my eggs and the brant I had killed. Got aboard chilled to the bone, and have had a slight fever ever since. I felt rather downhearted yesterday. Nibs, poor fellow, came up to my berth and licked my face in sympathy. I struck him. Later he came and licked the hand that had struck him.

October 26, 1902.

I have been ill. Caught a bad cold the day I got the ducking, and I imagine that nothing but the luck of sailors has staved off pneumonia. Have dosed myself with salts and pepper whisky and quinine from the medicine chest. I am very weak, but I will be myself again in a few days.

Some snow fell last night. The vessel looked marvelously beautiful this morning, with her spars covered with it, and a thick mantle of it overspreading the deckload. During the day it stopped snowing

It Will Not Cost You a Penny—

if Occident Flour *itself* does not *prove* to you in your own home and to your entire satisfaction, that it is the best and most economical flour you can buy

We *know* that Occident Flour will give you far better results in baking than any other flour.

And we *prove to you* that we must know this because we agree to refund to you, without argument, the full purchase price of any package of Occident Flour which you do not find to be all that we claim.

It is a simple matter to *claim—in advertisements*—that *any* product is the best of its kind.

But our proposition is a money-back-guarantee instead of a mere claim, assuring you of everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Occident Flour. That is why we can afford to rest our case on the guarantee. You need no argument when the *proof* is yours at our risk.

A Word to Dealers

Occident Flour is far superior to other flours. If you want to sell goods that give your customers absolute satisfaction, you must carry Occident Flour. Write us today.

OCCIDENT FLOUR

—Made So Much Better It Must Cost More

Explanatory Note: *Usually reasons for extra quality are given in advertisements. It would take a book to give the reasons for Occident quality—to explain about the hard, glutinous wheats used—our unique methods of cleaning, washing and drying these wheats—the many intricate processes of separating and purifying the flour particles—our laboratories where chemists and bakers study, test and safeguard the Occident product. We give you far greater assurance of better satisfaction with Occident Flour than mere reasons in advertising. We give you the very best reason—proof in the flour itself by trial at our risk.*

Occident superiority always shows in your baking.

Our Offer

Try a sack of Occident Flour making as many bakings as you wish. If you are not satisfied that it is better than any other flour you can buy, your money will be returned *without argument*.

All we ask is that you tear off the coupon and hand it to your grocer. Tear it off now and you won't forget. If your grocer does not sell Occident Flour, he can easily get it for you. If he won't, send us the coupon or a postal giving your own and your grocer's name and address

Special Offer Coupon

Name_____

Address_____

Grocer's Name_____

Grocer's Address_____

Special Notice to Grocers: We will protect you fully in this guarantee. If any Occident sacks are returned through dissatisfaction with the flour, you are authorized to refund the full purchase price and we will reimburse you for same

RUSSELL-MILLER MILLING CO

Russell-Miller Milling Co.
Minneapolis
U. S. A.

Without "coffee troubles"

Iced coffee has become our national summer drink—just as hot coffee is our national winter drink. You enjoy its rich, cool refreshment.

Yet many people find the same unfortunate after-effects which are always present in *ordinary* coffee—whether served hot or cold. In fact, *more* effects are apt to result from iced coffee because one drinks more of it.

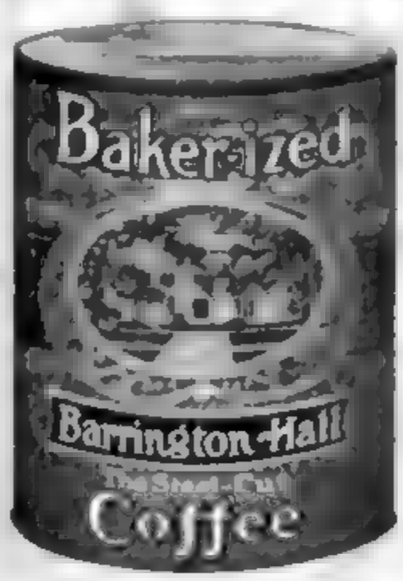
The coffee which is free from the causes of these ill effects is

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

Bakerizing is a unique process which improves the coffee in three distinct ways.

First, it *removes the coffee chaff*—those white flakes which you see in ordinary coffee. Coffee chaff brewed alone is bitter, harsh and nauseous. It is not good for the coffee flavor, or for the human system.

Second, the coffee beans are *steel-cut with knives*, into pieces of uniform size, instead of being crushed into varying particles by the old mill process of grinding. Bakerized coffee can therefore be brewed to the exact strength desired, because each little piece gives up its strength and flavor at the same rate. One pound will make 15 to 20 cups more than ordinary coffee. No coarse grains to be wasted by under-brewing, and no fine particles to make it bitter by over-steeping.



Sealed by us — Opened by you

Third, steel cutting produces none of the dust which appears in all coffee crushed in the old way. Coffee dust has caused many a coffee trouble, because it floats and passes into the system—bitter, woody and indigestible.

Being free from dust, Bakerized Coffee makes a clear, amber coffee, brilliant to the eye and grateful to the system.

Trial can free

Simply send us your grocer's name, and we will mail you enough Barrington Hall to make six cups of delicious coffee. We can well afford to do this, because nearly everyone who tries Barrington Hall coffee [illegible] every day—without harm.

BAKER IMPORTING CO.
116 Hudson Street
New York, N. Y.

Baker Importing Company
New York
Minneapolis

Please send me free sample can of Barrington Hall Coffee and booklet "The Coffee Without A Regret." In consideration I give my grocer's name (on the margin).

Name

Address

BH BH BH BH

and I had an afternoon of clear weather. The sun shone. It didn't appear to warm anything; but still, thank God, I could see it, and it gave me renewed hope. I realize that I am in a very nasty predicament. Still, I could stand it if I only had company. How I long for the sound of a human voice! When I talk to myself, or to Nibs—as I sometimes do—the sound of my own voice makes me feel creepy.

October 27, 1902.

Today I searched the vessel high and low for a fishhook. I didn't find one. Good God, what brand of fool outfitted this ship? No fishhooks! No files aboard. Wire, but no files. So I can't make a fishhook and I can't fish. I wish that Bully Madison was here. I'd kill him. I'd bend him over the bulwarks until his back cracked. I'd choke him until his cruel eyes popped out of their sockets. I pass over the fact that he threw me overboard when I wasn't expecting it. I can forgive that, but I can't forgive him for running away. He should have made certain that I was dead. It was awful of him to leave me here alone to fight it out. I wish I had a fishhook.

October 28, 1902.

We had a fairly big sea last night. Evidently the sandbar on which the wreck lies shifted a little—that is, the sand that has drifted in around the hull of the Courtney Ford has drifted out and she is pounding again. I don't like this pounding. She'll go to pieces the first blizzard that comes along.

October 29, 1902.

I thought a great deal last night as to the condition of the Courtney Ford. Her bottom must be ripped out clear up to the garboard-strake. At high tide she rides fairly free. So this morning after breakfast I launched the Mary Atwood, cruised around the wreck and made soundings with the lead. She lies in about two fathoms of water at high tide, and she draws eleven feet aft loaded.

Before I got back to the wreck I made a rather startling discovery. The Courtney Ford lies on a sandy ledge or bank. Less than a ship's length to starboard there are fully three fathoms at high tide, and right astern of where she lies, and running to within fifty yards of shore, there are from three to four fathoms. The depth of water around the coast of the Alaskan islands is evidently very uncertain. I discovered some Geodetic Survey Reports in the captain's cabin which seem to bear me out in this assumption.

The discovery of this limitation of the shoal whereon the vessel lies has filled me with a new hope. I think I see a way out of this difficulty, but I must think it over carefully and then act quickly. My commissary is getting down to flour and dried apples and apricots. Dried apples and dried apricots are, perhaps, very nutritious, but I'm pretty tired of them. I am saving my potatoes till the very last.

October 30, 1902.

I made a successful sortie to the beach early this morning and worked all day knocking over sea birds with stones and a club. At nightfall I managed to get back to the wreck safely and with a dry skin. Worked until late at night drawing my birds and hanging them up in the shrouds where Nibs can't reach them and where they'll keep pretty well in this crisp weather. I must have at least forty of them—cormorants, gulls, penguins and brant. The gulls are for Nibs. It's getting late in the season and the birds are migrating. I expect ice any day now.

October 31, 1902

I am feeling pretty husky again. Nearly all over the severe cold on my lungs. So this morning I resolved to put my discovery of the limitations of the shoal to a practical use.

Just outside the line of breakers there is a tall spire of rock, possibly five feet in diameter and rising fully fifteen feet in the air. It lies directly off the port bow of the schooner. I lowered the Mary Atwood and with the end of a brand-new towing-hawser aboard and about fifty fathoms of the slack trailing overboard, I circled the spire of rock, lassoed it and made one end of the hawser fast to the rock. Then I returned to the wreck and attached the other end of my hawser to the steel cable operating on the drum of the donkey-engine on the fo'castle head, first taking a purchase around the foremast.

At eleven o'clock it was full flood tide and I had a good head of steam up in the boiler. After letting out all my spare chain on the anchor I began to haul away on the hawser. The Ford stuck hard at first, but the line was new and strong, and by nursing her every time she lifted to a good heavy sea I finally succeeded in hauling her bow around until she was headed toward the beach. I heaved the lead and found her riding in four fathoms under her forefoot.

I was wild with joy and in a spirit of victory tore loose a long shrill blast on the little donkey-engine whistle. It frightened the birds and they arose in a vast clamorous cloud. Nibs barked and bit at the hawser and in a number of ways showed that he was proud of me.

But the stern of the Ford was still hung up on the shoal, so I took a purchase with the hawser around the mizzenmast; and after tugging desperately until I thought her anchor bolts would pull out of the deck, the old donkey-engine did the trick. The schooner slid off the shoal and rode high and free. I let her drift inshore until she rounded up nicely with every foot of chain out, and the job was finished.

I celebrated by cooking three of my precious potatoes for supper. Also we had roast brant and tea with fried dough. I am so happy that I hardly feel lonesome today.

November 1, 1902.

Thank the Lord, winter is fully three weeks behind time this year. I cannot see very far north, but the ice must surely be drifting south. The big ice fields don't come much below St. George Island, but I ought to meet enough ice to make the voyage troublesome, even as far south as the Foxes. I say I ought to meet it because tomorrow, if the same half gale is still blowing out of the nor'west, I shall cut loose the anchor, hoist the jib and spanker with the aid of the donkey-engine, and sail south. I will not stay here to starve. I'm going to try to make the run to Unalaska.

I worked hard today, and I am tired. Of late I tire very easily. I was out nearly all day in the Mary Atwood, charting and sounding a course out into deep water. By keeping well to the southeast I can be certain of four fathoms. I shall sail around Unimak in search of trading stations or Indian settlements, and failing shall stand off for Unalaska. It will be a cold day for Ned Penny and his faithful dog Nibs if we get blown offshore, because the water has gone rotten, and excepting dried apples and flour I have very little food on hand. Nevertheless, my sleep tonight shall be dreamless and untroubled. Either I will be at sea again tomorrow, or I'll pile up on the beach and perish. In either event the riddle will be solved.

Discovered a small keg of salt horse on the beach this morning. Bully Madison must have dropped it overboard the night he provisioned the dingey. Though it had been some weeks on the beach it was in good condition, and I got it aboard.

I have lost considerable weight and my digestion is becoming impaired. But there is a good fight left in me yet.

November 8, 1902.

I wonder if a special devil has been detailed to keep tab on Ned Penny and the schooner Courtney Ford. A week has passed and I am still here. I think I shall stay here, for it does not seem possible that I will live to get out. Still, I may if I can fight it off. I mean scurvy. I have thought of that many times. That's why I have saved my potatoes till the last. They are the only vegetables I have left. I counted them this morning and there were eighty-nine good potatoes—but such little miserable spuds as some of them are!—and nine rotten ones. I threw the rotten ones away. I will be blockaded by the ice until April, possibly the first of May. Six months! That means fifteen potatoes a month, and allowing for some of them spoiling I have to face a prospect of three potatoes a week. This is not enough, but it will have to do.

The very night the Ford slid off the sandbar the barometer commenced falling until it reached 29.00. I went on deck at midnight for a look at the weather, but the intense cold quickly drove me back to the galley. Toward morning it began snowing pretty heavily and by noon of the next day a howling blizzard was sweeping through the Pass. I felt like cutting loose and making a run for it, but it was very thick weather and I found that Bully Madison had taken

(Continued on Page 28)

Some complain that smoking is an expensive habit.

It isn't so much the *habit* of smoking that proves expensive as the *method of buying* cigars.

Your taste demands a certain standard; by unconscious experiment at cigar stores you have come to believe that it cannot be satisfied at less than ten cents.

So you buy a ten-cent straight—and every time you do you are paying five cents for the cigar and *contributing five cents to the trade organization behind that cigar.*

In other words, you are paying five cents each for the *privilege* of getting your cigars singly and buying them at any stand you wish to stop at!

My plan brings you this self-same ten-cent grade of tobacco, this same careful selection, the same skilled handmaking, not at 10 cents, but at the wholesale price—$5 per hundred.

Nine men out of every ten who have never tried my Panatela doubt this statement; also, nine out of every ten boxes I sell go to men who have smoked them and are ordering again. And these are mostly men whose tastes run in the two-for-a-quarter class.

Among such men I have 15,000 regular customers; because I please such men I have in seven years built up the largest box cigar trade in the world.

Shivers' Panatelas are made in my own factory—a clean, light, finely-ventilated, model establishment. They are made of strictly long, clear Havana filler, *grown in the best districts of Cuba.* The wrapper is genuine Sumatra, *grown on the island of Sumatra.* They are made by hand—by some of the highest paid men cigar makers in the business.

Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatela Cigars, on approval, to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

If Shivers' Panatelas weren't all I claim for them, how long could I do business on such a basis as embodied in that offer?

When ordering please enclose business card or give reference. State which you prefer, light, medium or dark cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street — Philadelphia, Pa.

SOUPS, STEWS AND HASHES
are much improved by adding
LEA & PERRINS SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE
A rare relish for Fish, Meats, Game, Salads, Cheese, etc.
JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N. Y.

Fine Rugs woven from Old Carpet
DENWORTH RUG MILL
3045-47-49-51 Boudinot St., Phila.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE

This Wonderful New Cadillac was not possible 12 months ago

Our conviction is that this larger, more powerful and more luxurious Cadillac is the finest specimen of close and scientific measurement, which the manufacture of motor cars has yet developed.

Manufacturing plants are strangely like men—still more strangely like the men who operate them.

Abraham Lincoln just elected to Congress, could not will himself to be the Abraham Lincoln of later years.

He had to grow to greatness, through the painful and wearisome pursuit of a principle.

This new Cadillac for 1911 is not a mere insensate piece of steel and wood and iron.

It is the embodiment and the expression of a manufacturing principle to which the Cadillac Company committed itself more than ten years ago.

The Cadillac principle, faithfully followed all these years, is this—that any one of ten thousand or more Cadillacs should be interchangeable in its parts with any other Cadillac of the same type.

Cadillac interchangeability insures in turn, an absolutely perfect alignment. It reduces friction to an infinitesimal minimum, augmenting every particle of power generated by the engine.

This principle implies a very large production with its consequent economy.

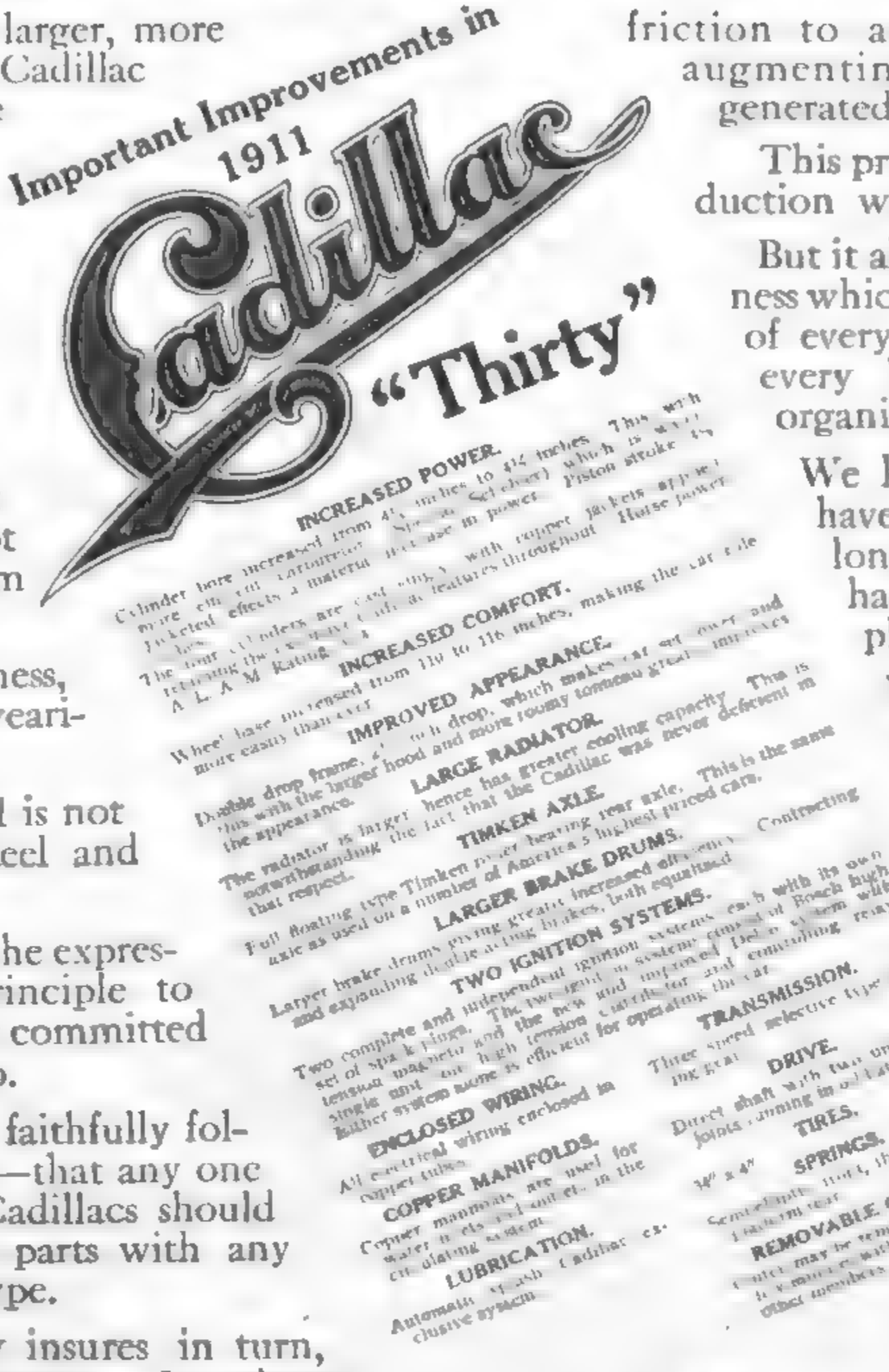
But it also implies a painstaking exactness which must be exercised every hour of every working day in the year by every branch of a highly skilled organization.

We know that this car could not have been evolved except by the long and arduous process which has been pursued in the Cadillac plant for the past ten years.

We know that it cannot be excelled in scientific standardization until it is excelled by a manufacturing organization which has paralleled and surpassed this Cadillac experience.

For the ensuing twelve months (as for the past 24) the fullest capacity of the noblest motor equipment extant will be taxed to satisfy the normal Cadillac demand.

Please co-operate with your Cadillac representative by the earliest possible inspection.



Price $1700 F. O. B. Detroit

Touring Car, Demi-Tonneau and Roadster
(Coupé $2250. Limousine $3000)

Prices Include the Following Equipment—Bosch magneto and Delco system. One pair gas lamps and generator. One pair side oil lamps and tail lamp, one horn and set of tools, pump and repair kit for tires. 6 mile season and trip Standard speedometer, robe rail. Two foot rail in tonneau and foot rail in front. Tire holders.

Cadillac Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

Licensed Under Selden Patent

(Continued from Page 26)

the ship's compass when he skipped. So I concluded to wait for calmer weather. The blizzard lasted three days and when it cleared the Pass was jammed with ice and the jig was up.

Yes, the ice has drifted into the little bay, and the Courtney Ford lies supinely in the jam, her spars and shrouds heavy with thick clusters of it. And down in the galley I sit with Nibs, reading and shivering, and anon speculating mildly on the gastronomic potentialities of flour, dried apples and tea, seasoned with a little salt horse and one potato three times a week.

I have given up hope. I have lost the power to think. I can only suffer.

. . . . . .

At this point in the strange narrative Three-Fingered Jack leaned over my shoulder and indicated with his grimy finger certain small discolorations on the page. The paper was a cheap, yellow chemical, and in spots it was faded almost white.

"It's been wet—tears ——" said Three-Fingered Jack. "He writes for all the world like 'twas an every-day stunt to lie in the ice an' wait f'r scurvy. Poor old Neddy! His heart was sore heavy, poor lad! When a man o' th' like o' Ned Penny cries, every tear is a drop o' blood. But turn over th' page t' th' entry of December 25th. Up to then all the other entries is weather observations, except he writes o' havin' a toothache on November 27th. But read what happened on Christmas Day."

I read:

Christmas Day, 1902.

This morning when I awoke I felt weak and queer at the stomach. It required an effort, mental as well as physical, before I could climb out of my blankets. Presently I remembered that it was Christmas Day, and since it was Christmas I had to wish somebody a Merry Christmas. So I wished it to Nibs. I said: "Merry Christmas, Nibs. We haven't any turkey, but I tell you what we have got, and that's bully Christmas weather." And Nibs wagged his brindle tail and barked, as if to say, "I wish you the same, Ned, and many happy returns of the d——" No, I'm sure Nibs didn't mean it that way. It would have been too horrible.

Anyhow, we've had a Merry Christmas, for when I went on deck for a bucket of snow, what should I see flapping around on the ice but our Christmas present! A nice fat little fur seal. Isn't God good? I feel like Wilkins Micawber must have felt when something "turned up." Straightway I got me a marlinspike, went out on the ice and tapped Mr. Seal over the coco in three wags of a hummingbird's tail.

We had a splendid dinner. And because it was Christmas Day I threw caution to the winds and ate my weekly allowance of potatoes at one meal. I suppose I'll be sorry for this later on. I found an accordion in old Monroe's seachest, and half a bottle of whisky in the captain's locker. I made punch good and hot, too—and we stayed up very late, playing Adeste Fideles on Monroe's North Sea piano and guzzling the punch. I recited Lord Byron's Farewell, but Remember the Hour. Or is it Moore's? I forget just who did write that poem.

December 27, 1902.

I forgot to mention that Nibs has the mange and has lost all sense of decency. He trots around in a scandalous, hairless condition. Nibs was never a handsome dog. Now he is positively ugly.

New Year's Day, 1903.

I looked at myself in a mirror today. I resemble nothing human.

January 15, 1903.

I am getting weaker. I can't hold out till spring. There is considerable movement to the ice, and I will have to watch my opportunity and beat out to sea, taking my chances among the detached ice cakes and broken bergs. I am not afraid to die, but I don't want to go insane before I do. And that's what will happen if I stay here.

I fear I am losing my grip. Last night I came on deck and watched the Aurora Borealis flaming and crackling in the northern sky. It terrifies me—this mystery and grandeur of the lights and the silent misery of this slow approach of death. I am not afraid to die; but, dear God, grant that I do not die alone. I can't die. I mustn't think of such a thing until I have cornered Bully Madison and brought him with me.

I am suffering. I cannot write the thoughts that seethe through my brain. They are too vague or too dreadful or too fanciful to depict in words. All the sorrows and little tragedies of my past life seem to be congealed in a heavy lump that I call my heart.

I have thought a great deal of Mary of late. I got out all of her old letters today and reread them. My heart is very full tonight. It's hard to be fixed the way I am. It's terribly hard.

January 27, 1903.

It was a clear day today. No snow. It took all my strength, but I had to make the effort while I have some strength left. I'm so tired of this horrible, soggy mass of dough and dried apples boiled in a pot. My teeth ache and my left hand is frostbitten. I'm not strong enough to do it by hand, but I will try to get steam up in the donkey and hoist the sails. Everything is all balled up with this awful, damned ice. O God, won't anybody ever come? Won't a steamer anchor out in the Pass and send a small boat ashore? I've done my duty. I've stuck by the ship. The owners can't say, Monroe, hurry up. Don't wait until spring, Sandy. Don't you know, Sandy, that I can't wait that long. Don't you know that I can't eat any more salt horse, and the potatoes are nearly gone? I've stood it the best I could, shipmate, and I'm not complaining; but it's terrible to be here all alone. I'm afraid of the Northern Lights. If they come too close they'll set the schooner afire, my dear Mary.

I must write to you, dear, just a little note to say goodby, because I'm going on a cruise up to the Aurora Borealis and I won't be back till the ice breaks up. I suppose Nellie's baby is walking by this time, so I inclose a five-dollar bill. I wish you would buy the baby something for his birthday. I am terribly lonesome, dear; sometimes I think my heart will break. I won't come back till the ice breaks. Waiter, bring me a boiled Virginia ham—why, you chump, I've been eating salt horse all winter, and you know it! Bring me a nice fat milk-fed chicken à la Maryland, with country gravy and French peas and asparagus and potatoes—lots of potatoes. Keeps off scurvy, you know.

January 28, 1903.

Sick all night. I don't know what's the matter with me. Yesterday I crawled aloft and knocked the ice away from the blocks and stays with a hammer, and it was cold, and I don't suppose I shall ever be warm any more.

January 28, 1903. 10 P. M.

I have the scurvy. My legs are swelling and my stomach's gone wrong. I don't feel like moving around. I must get away tomorrow or it will be too late.

I can't eat any more of the salt horse. I wish Nibs was a Great Dane instead of a little bulldog. I'd eat him in a minute. But he's too small and thin. Not worth while.

January 30, 1903.

I didn't eat any supper and turned into my blankets at seven o'clock. I wanted to go up and see the lights, but it's too cold. I imagine I have been a little lightheaded at times, but my brain is quite clear tonight.

As I lay here looking at the galley range, and wishing I had ambition enough to light a fire in it, I heard a voice calling me up on deck. I ran up right away. Mary Atwood—not the boat, but my Mary—I knew the voice immediately. She was out in the ice pack calling to me. I couldn't see her at first, but presently she came floating across the ice floe toward the bow of the schooner. She was dressed in white and as she came toward me it seemed as if the night was lit up all around the ship. She came right in over the bowsprit. I was frightened at first and started to go below, but she kept calling: "Wait, Ned, dear. I'm coming. I'm coming to help you bear it, darling."

So I waited until she reached the foremast, and I noticed that she didn't have her crutches, which, of course, accounts for her being able to come such a long distance. I wasn't frightened any more after that, and I held out my arms and she came and kissed my blackened lips, and laid her dear, warm cheek close to mine and cried over me, which is just like a good woman. Crying over a mouldy sea biscuit like Ned Penny!

How I have thought of her since I have been here alone! And to think that she

HEATED 12 ROOMS LARGE STORE
for a Half Dollar a Day
is the MONEY SAVING WORK of
The UNDERFEED

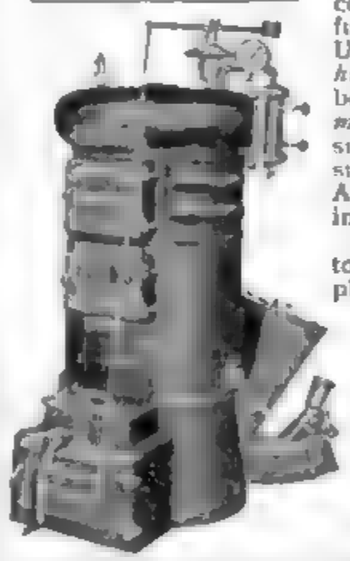
Write for FREE Booklets Telling About CLEAN Heat at LEAST Cost

Think of going through a long-drawn-out winter like last season's continuous cold spell and heating a big *three-story building*, including a 32 foot front store and THIRTEEN rooms—for about half a dollar a day! This was the experience of M. L. Matz, who declares that his building at Lancaster, Pa., was perfectly heated during the coldest weather. The Underfeed Boiler did it. Well pleased over his experience, Mr. Matz writes:

"I ran this boiler all through last winter, which was unequalled in our vicinity for duration and severity. I certainly was able to give the boiler a thorough test. I recommend it to anybody contemplating the installation of a Steam or Hot Water plant. My coal bill for the entire winter was $70 75. The Underfeed Boiler is easily operated and produces heat in a very short time."

The same satisfaction is found in the use of the Underfeed Furnace. *Thousands* have learned that

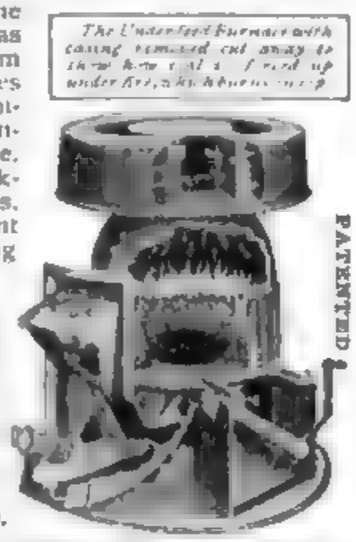
The Peck-Williamson Underfeed
HEATING SYSTEMS WARM AIR FURNACES-BOILERS STEAM-HOT WATER
Save 1/2 to 2/3 of Coal Bills



A sure saving like this means in a little while the Underfeed *pays for itself* and then keeps on saving for you. Pea sizes of hard and soft coal and *cheapest* slack—which would smother fire in ordinary furnaces and boilers—yield in the Underfeed as much clean, even heat as *highest* priced coal. Coal, easily fed from below, burns on top. All smoke and gases *must* pass through the flames, are consumed, and make *more* heat, besides insuring freedom from smoke nuisance. Ashes are few and are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces.

It will prove a good summer-investment to take out old unsatisfactory heating plants and put in the Underfeed.

We'd be glad to send many fac-simile letters of enthusiastic users of Underfeed plants. Our Underfeed Furnace Book or Special Catalog of Steam and Water Boilers are FREE. Heating plans and services of our Engineering Corps are FREE. Write TODAY, giving name of local dealer with whom you'd prefer to deal.



THE PECK-Williamson Co.
329 West Fifth Street, CINCINNATI, O.

Furnace Dealers, Plumbers and Hardware Dealers will be vitally interested in our Sales Plan. WRITE TODAY.

Ypsilanti Moosehide Canoe and House Shoes
For Indoors or out, these Indian Shoes give greatest ease and comfort. Hand sewed and decorated in correct style. Soft as rubber, yet tough as raw hide.
Men's $2 (5½ to 10) Ladies' $2 (3½ to 7) Boys' $1.75 (2½ to 5)
All Postpaid. This and a score of others also made for Misses, Children and Infants.

No. 870 A
Order by number, stating size, or write to-day for folder of 1910 styles.
Ypsilanti Indian Shoe Co., 529 Cross St., Ypsilanti, Mich.

LEARN TO SWIM
BY ONE TRIAL
Ayvad's Water-Wings
Price 25c and 35c

GREAT SPORT IN THE WATER
With Them Anyone Can Swim or Float
Supports From 50 to 250 Pounds
Weighs Three Ounces
Takes Up No More Room Than A Pocket Handkerchief
Sold by Druggists, Stationers, Dry-goods, Sporting goods, Hardware dealers, Toy Stores, etc. Ordering from us direct, enclose price to Dept. P.
AYVAD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Hoboken, N. J.
N.B. Educational Dept. London County Council classified Water Wings with books, etc., as necessary school supply.
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The Texas Loan & Guaranty Co.
Organized by Bankers of the State
Centralizes one branch of business resulting from the development of the Natural Resources.
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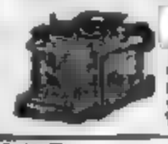

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would come to me over a couple of thousand miles of mountain and sea and ice to comfort and love and cheer me to the finish! I have been so lonely and wretched, and of late I have suffered much, though I have tried to bear it like a man. But when Mary came last night and sat by my berth all night, stroking my forehead and helping me to bear up, I couldn't help crying a little She is such a wonderful woman. She left me at daylight, but she'll be back a little later. She won't leave me alone at nights, because the nights are hardest to bear.

Out in the Pass the ice is breaking and pounding and telescoping, and there are big gaps of open water. Tonight, when Mary comes back, I'll have steam up in the donkey and we'll cram every last rag of canvas on her. I'll cut the anchor chain—saw a link out of it and let it go by the board. Mary will help me with the wheel and we'll sail away out of this cold, lonesome place. Mary understands all about the course. We must keep to the southeast in four fathoms and everything will come out all right. Nibs is eating the salt horse—half a keg of it left. Nibs, leave it alone—the damned stuff; it will give you scurvy, you old fool! Don't you know any better? You have the mange, Nibs; you look like a Mexican hairless instead of a bulldog

At sea. Must have been delirious. Dreaming of Mary. If I close my eyes I see her at the wheel. Well, it's a blessed dream. My own dear Ma ——

Wonder what day this is. I have scurvy. I'm dying. Mary still aboard, God bless her! Nibs still aboard. He's too small. Only eat potatoes—raw. Then you won't get scurvy.

Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed—and forgive us as we forgive those —I forgive Bully Madison—Mary asked me to—Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name—Thy kingdom come—Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven—Give us this day our daily bread, and forg ——

The log ended in an unintelligible scrawl. I closed the book, and Three-Fingered Jack, with a nicety as generous as it was unexpected, went behind his bar and pretended to be busy with his glasses and bottles. For a long time he was silent, while I brooded over the story of Ned Penny and his dog Nibs. Presently Three-Fingered Jack blew his nose with a resounding report, came from behind the bar and resumed his seat at the fire.

"I bought that log for a drink from a quartermaster of the revenue cutter Polaris. The Polaris wintered at Dutch Harbor that year, and in the spring when the northerly drift commenced, they took a run over to Scotch Gap lighthouse. Bully Madison was there with the keeper. With his devil's luck he'd made his run safely, as Neddy figured he would. I never heard the particulars of his voyage or whether Monroe and the crew were ever heard from any more. But I do know, for I had it from the purser of the Polaris, that Bully Madison was found at Scotch Gap light, and that they gave him a passage to Puget Sound.

"Two days later, when they were a couple of hundred miles south of the Fox Islands, it came on thick weather. When it cleared the first thing the lookout sighted was a ragged, battered-lookin' little baldheaded schooner coming across the bows of the Polaris. She had a deckload of lumber and was carryin' a mains'l, jib an' flyin' jib. Her mizzenmast had been broken off at the deckload and was trailing over the starboard quarter. She was waterlogged and ridin' very low.

"Half a mile ahead of the Polaris and a little to port the strange schooner luffs up into the wind and lies hove to with her black, ragged sails flappin' crazylike. Both the lookout and the mate saw she was deserted, an' th' word was passed among th' crew that she was th' Flyin' Dutchman, until Bully Madison comes on deck an' takes a squint at her through the skipper's glasses. Small need f'r Bully Madison t' look twice

"'She lays quarterin' to us,' says Madison, 'an' I can't make out her name, but unless I'm clean crazy it's the Courtney Ford. And since the Courtney Ford went to pieces on Tigalda Island last August, then I must be crazy.'

"The Polaris steamed up close to the derelict and lowered a boat. Bully Madison went in the boat with th' executive officer, an' th' executive officer climbs aboard first with Bully at his heels. They went down into th' cabin first, and sure enough there was Bully Madison's ticket hung up on the cabin wall in an oak frame, next to Ned Penny's. It goes t' show what a funk Bully Madison must have been on th' night he abandoned his ship, when he left his ticket behind him.

"'It's th' Courtney Ford as sure as your name is Bully Madison,' says the executive officer. 'Pull yourself together, man, an' we'll have a look aft.'

"They went aft, and there, lyin' on his face beside th' wheel, with his arms formin' a pillow f'r his head, was Ned Penny, froze stiff, an' dead as a mackerel An' right beside Neddy, with his head and front paws restin' on his master's body, lay the terrible gaunt skeleton of a dog.

"Bully Madison screamed and went to th' deck on all fours, grovelin' like an animal.

"'I killed him!' he kept mumblin'; 'him an' th' dog; an' I killed th' nigger boy too. I killed th' mate, but I had to. I had to get away fr'm th' dog. He's a hellhound come f'r my soul, an' he'll chew my heart out. Stop him! Stop him! Mr. Penny, man, in pity's name, throw him overboard!'

"Th' executive officer o' th' Polaris reached down an' grabs Bully Madison by th' collar.

"'There's been foul work here,' says he, givin' Madison a shake. 'Speak up. Who is this dead man at the wheel, and why didn't this schooner go to pieces?'

"'She's got lumber in her hold an' she can't sink,' moans Bully Madison. 'He's come back after me. I killed th' nigger, an' the dog knows me—aye, aye, sir, starboard she is. Oh, that damned dog! Heave to, my hearties. Walk away with it All together now, and a good deep-sea chantey ——'

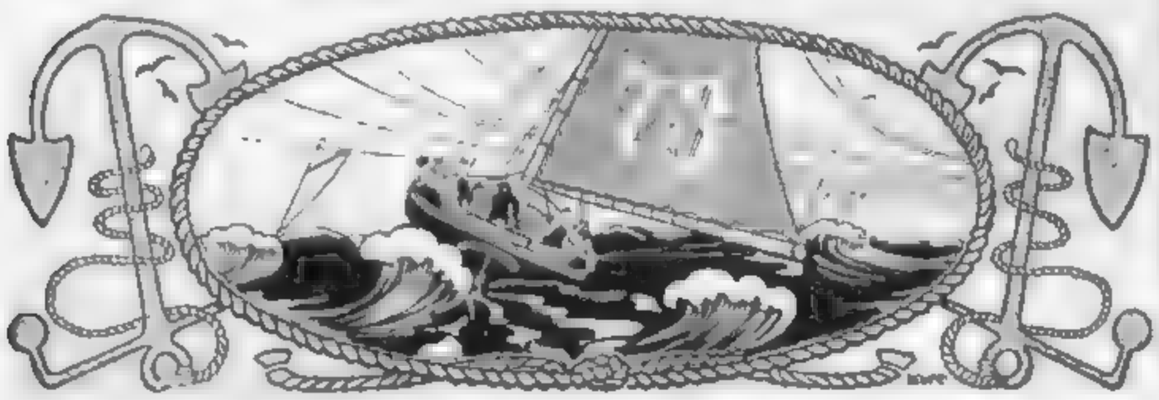
"And with that Bully Madison, a ravin', blitherin', jibberin' jackdaw of a man, goes stark mad, an' before a hand could be raised t' stop him he was over the side. He never come up; an' a mighty good job, say I, that he didn't.

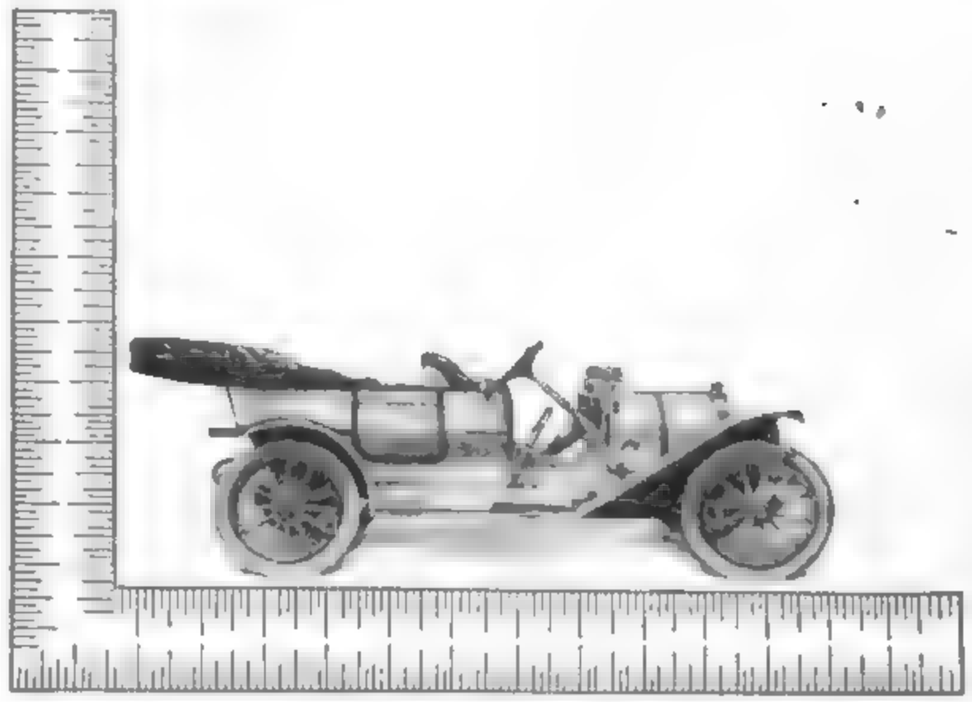
"What become o' th' Courtney Ford? Th' Polaris towed her back to Dutch Harbor. She lay there a couple of months, an' her owners finally abandoned her t' th' underwriters, who unloaded her, patched up her bottom an' bent new sails on her. Later she was sold to a Jap poacher, and a gunboat caught her next summer down in the Pribilofs and blew her to Kingdom Come.

"An' as f'r Ned Penny and Nibs, th' crew o' th' Polaris gives them both a decent funeral at sea, an' when th' Polaris gets back on th' Sound th' paymaster writes a letter to this Mary girl o' Neddy's, down in Port Townsend. But th' letter never reached her. It seems she died at nine o'clock on th' night of January 30, 1903 If you'll look in Ned Penny's log you'll find that that same night an' hour he heard her callin' him out in th' ice.

"Which goes t' prove what I was tellin' you about dreams, an' any man that don't believe in dreams ain't a smart man an' his head needs fixin'."

Three-Fingered Jack shook his own sinful head and fingered the little gold ring in his left ear.





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(Continued from Page 10)

because it involves official recognition; and it seems that about all that can be done practically is to rid the streets of those sinister and fugitive figures which appear with the fall of night. It almost seems, indeed, that the modern municipality must take its choice. It may drive these women off the streets and into the house with the red light, or it may drive them out of the house into the white light of the streets at night. Most cities today try to keep these women off the streets. But to do even this requires an official who shuts his eyes and his heart to a condition that is abject, pitiable and sad. It requires a man of that type in which the sins, the mistakes and the failures of others excite a moral indignation, or else one in which it can be artificially provided by an affectation of that impersonal precision which, as it is supposed, should replace in the official breast all human feeling. And yet, even with the most rigorous and remorseless executive, this process is difficult. It would be difficult even for a man possessed of the wide discretion and deep perspicacity that inhere in policemen the moment they get blue coats on their backs, and shields on their breasts, to detect among women on the streets at night those who are not frequently the subjects of polite reference; and it would be still more difficult for these custodians of the law, who would, perhaps, not be the first to accept the equal standard, to tell whether the men on the streets at night were honest burghers or *vieux marcheurs*. It might be inconvenient to make them thus the silent and irresponsible judges of the motives and morals of people they meet. So, in this particular application, the doctrine is exceedingly delicate, and about all the police can do is to deny the freedom of the streets to those women known to be *licencieuses*. And they might arrest men of the baser sort, although it is difficult, because of the modesty of women—some shreds remaining even to the most unfortunate—to secure convictions in this class of cases.

But still the problem persists. Having been driven from the streets, where are these women to go? Are they to be driven out of town?

It may be said, perhaps, that they have the alternative of reforming. But where? Under whose protection or auspices? And, pending the process, how are they to be supported—clothed, fed, sheltered? There is somehow an impression that the habitués of the tenderloin are there because they want to be there, that they lead the kind of life they do because it is happy and joyous. Some speak of it, indeed, as if they themselves were deterred from adopting it only by the fear of some future deprivation or punishment, and as if for the sacrifice they make here they are to be appropriately rewarded hereafter. But the fact is that these women are in that condition not because they want to be but because they have to be; because once in it through a mistake, and not always a mistake of their own, society will not let them seek any other condition or rise to any higher level. As the saying is, and as the general belief seems to be, each with reference to herself at any rate, they "have to live." They cannot live in our civilization unless they can get money; they cannot get money unless they can get a job, and no job is open to them other than the one they have.

Where to Find the Guilty

So long as women are kept economically dependent on men, just so long will this condition exist; just so long will officials and administrations and society have to choose one or the other horn of this dilemma. And until the dawning of a better day, in which there shall be an equal opportunity for men and women, equal opportunity to find employment and to earn money and to keep what they make, just so long will these poor creatures be found in our communities. If a man falls he does not lose his job or his position in society or his chance of life, and so, economically, that fact does not drive him either to the river or the tenderloin, or to walk the streets at night to get his bread.

Many girls who find themselves compelled to make a living are confronted with the impossibility of making that living because the wages paid are too small to live upon. And herein the employer who is grasping profits has a certain responsibility, and though he may evade that responsibility in his own mind or in the minds of others by complaining of the police, he will not in all probability be able to evade that responsibility when he faces that God to whom he prays. The recent report of the Government in the so-called white-slave traffic shows the effect of this cause and bears out a statement of Doctor Sanger, who, in his history of the social evil, says:

"A prolific cause of female depravity can be found in the several tables showing the description of the employment pursued and the wages received by the women previous to their fall, and it will be a question for the political economist to decide how far mere business consideration should be an apology on the part of employers for a reduction in their rates of remuneration, and whether the savings of a small percentage in wages is not more than counterbalanced by the enormous amount of taxation enforced on the public at large to defray the expenses incurred on account of a system of vice which is the direct result, in many cases, of insufficient compensation of honest labor."

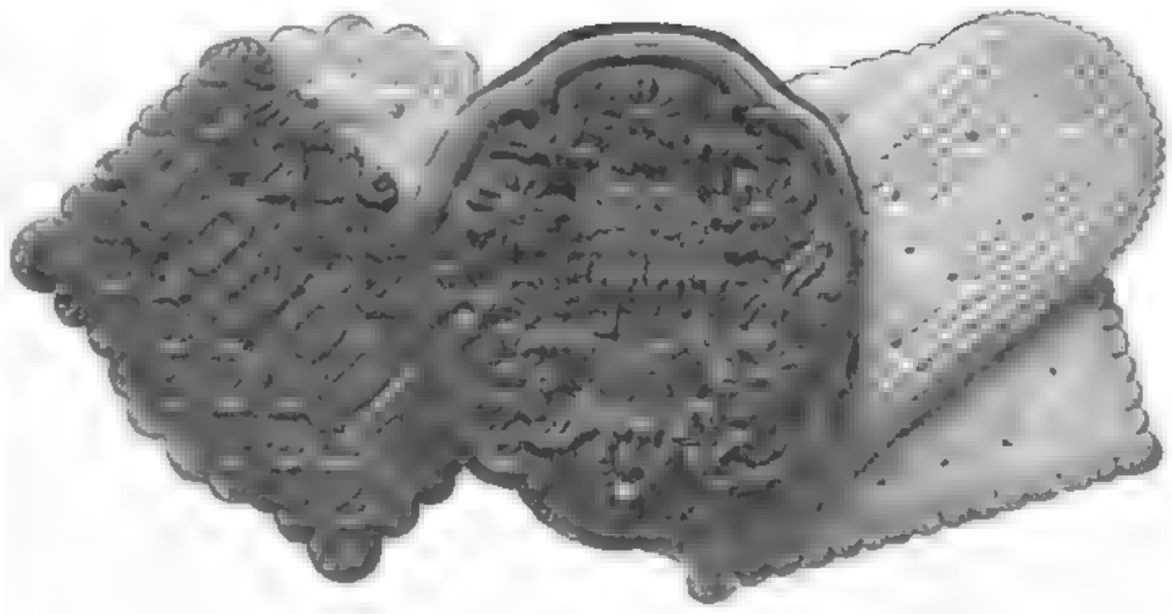
Then there is the more indirect but no less potent effect of the manipulation that goes on under the form of law, that subtle process of exploitation and appropriation which makes millionaires of the few and paupers and criminals of the many. In the first cold days of winter the monopolist may raise the price of meat or bread or oil, and in a lordly way give the proceeds of his facile extortion to charity, and at the same moment and because of what he has done, somewhere in these big cities of ours, some poor girl succumbs and goes out on the streets to get her bread.

Suffering From Our Social System

And when we reflect that these women are but women after all, that, like their more fortunate sisters, they love comfort and fine clothes, it will be seen that they are not to be altogether and eternally condemned if, in their desire to have those things which they see other women in economic ease and security enjoying to the point of luxury and extravagance, they yield to the temptations everywhere about them. To imagine that this condition can be cured or even bettered by the brutalities of prisons, after they have been tried for thousands of years and by all are admitted to have failed, and failed miserably, is absurd. Such methods have no tendency other than to brutalize and embitter their victims, and all the serious students of this subject, all the criminologists—Dr. Alfred Blaschko, Havelock Ellis and the rest—are agreed that legal restrictions and moral crusades have never influenced conditions in the least. The problem will never be solved by pretending an outraged morality or by hounding the fallen; it will be solved only when it is intelligently recognized as one of the many evils of industrial slavery and legal privilege.

There were afforded quite recently in Cleveland and in Toledo examples of the very practical manner in which economic changes may affect what are called moral conditions. The boards of assessors of real property raised the valuations of realty in the most undesirable quarters of those cities—that is, the boards wisely assessed it according to its rental or earning power. All know the sinister implications of the phrase "earning power" in this relation; all know what it connotes; all know its vast implications. And no action taken by the police or by the criminal courts could have the influence for good that this blow struck at the root is likely to have: this very practical method of rendering vice unprofitable, not to its immediate practitioners—for they suffer now from its unprofitableness—but to the ultimate recipients of its profits, those higher up in society, to whom all this vice ministers and whom it supports.

I should not wish, however, to be understood as blaming particularly and alone those who rent places for this purpose. I should be disposed to blame them more, if I blamed them at all, for their public protestation against the business rather than for their silent participation in it, for they, too, are but the impotent victims of our whole social system; they can be released



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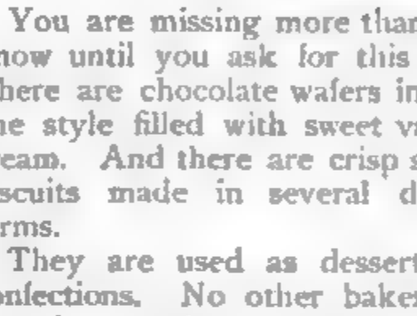

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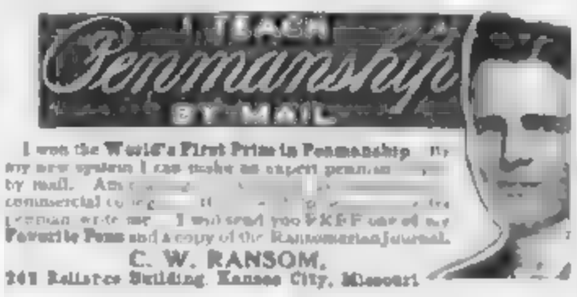

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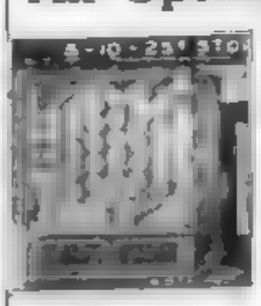
An Opening for a Retail Store



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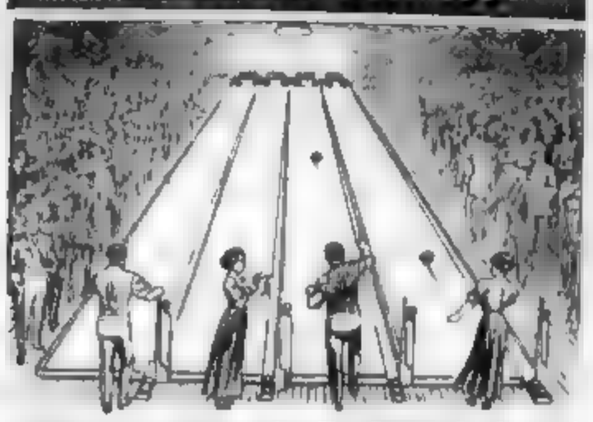

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from its difficulties, from its pains and from its insidious influences for evil only when all men are released from the system itself. This social system, with privileges for the few and proscriptions for the many, creates these conditions and these types, and we cannot get rid of either, no matter what we do, so long as we continue to produce them. If the police were to drive these habitués into some other town or into the river their places would be promptly filled the very next day by others exactly like them.

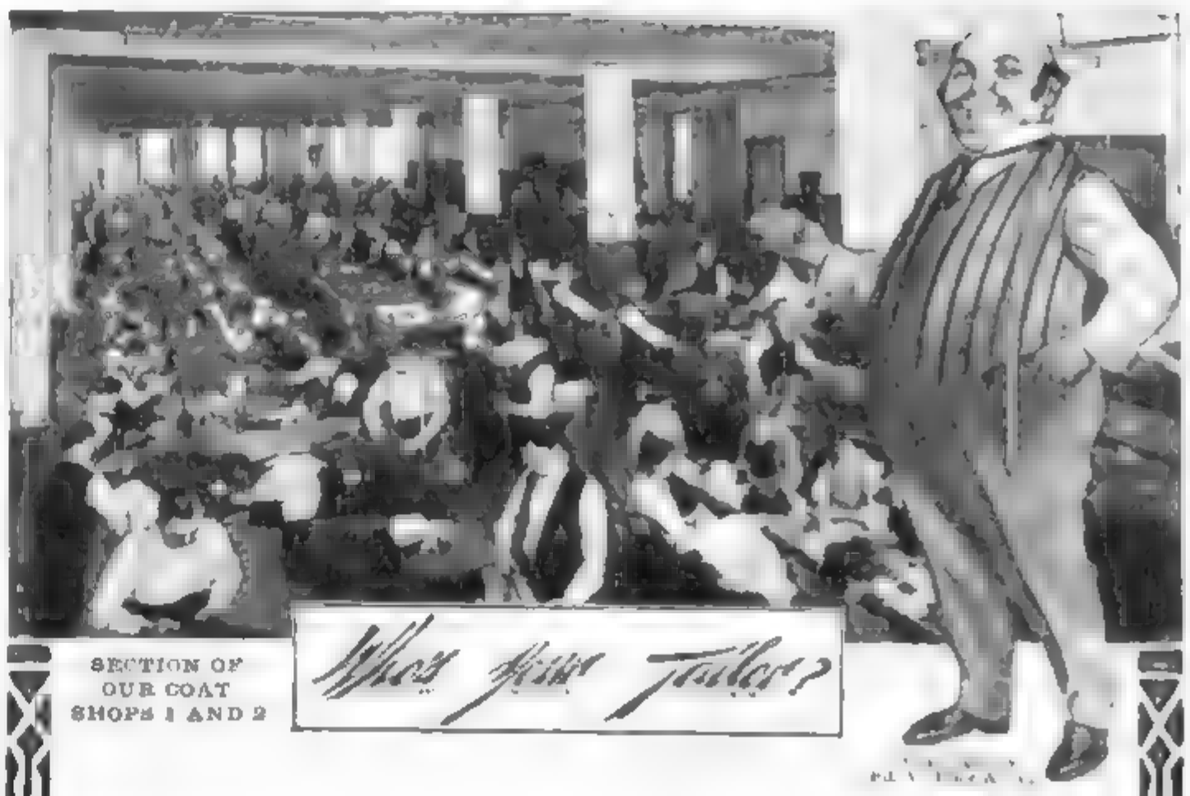
This fact will become clear and patent to any one who will but open his eyes and honestly, fearlessly, look about him. He should be warned, however, before looking, that the spectacle he is about to behold will reveal society to him in a new light; a light that will make him inexpressibly sad and that will interfere seriously with his peace of mind for the rest of his days. But it may make him wiser; it may move him to the desire and duty of going to them in the spirit of reason, the longing to help and to save them; and presently he will conclude that the best way to help and save them is to begin to reconstruct society so that it shall no longer produce the conditions that condemn thousands of his fellow human beings to such a life, or to such a death as it is pretty certain to be. To maintain economic conditions that produce these effects and put these people in the tenderloin, and then to turn around and berate and beat and destroy them, seems to be a bigger crime than any they have ever committed. It passes comprehension how any one can look at them and see how miserable, how poor, how wretched they are, and then have any feeling of hatred for them or any wish to hurt them more than one has hurt them already. In one who realizes their helplessness, their dumb yearning for life, they inspire only feelings of profoundest pity.

IV

THE problem of gambling will be found, too, to sound in deeper complexities than many suppose. In the vocabulary of the municipal moralist gambling means the activities of those places where men play with the forbidden paraphernalia of the professional gambler. Such places have existed in all cities of the world, and have been patronized by those for whom games of chance have some peculiar fascination.

Gambling, which is just one expression of the spirit of speculation that is rife in Christendom, is not a vice of those who are engaged in productive toil. It is indulged in rather by those who live off the labor of others, those who do not earn money, but merely gather or appropriate, often by the subtle processes of the law, the money that has been earned by others. Gambling is essentially a vice of the idle, and exists only where there is apparent in the upper classes of society that decadence which comes with wealth and luxury, all of which is made possible by those processes of exploitation that take from the man who works and give to the man who does not work. The wages of the workingman, it may therefore be said, are indeed wasted in gambling and in speculation, but they are not wasted by the workingman himself; they are wasted before he gets them by those who are living idle lives on the product of his toil.

In these several respects, however, there is evidence everywhere of improvement. There is today a keener public conscience, the race is growing more respectable, more temperate; and this improvement in character is finding in most cities a better, more wholesome, reflection. But this amelioration is not to be attributed so much to the laws as to the improvement in the habits of men. The present generation, for instance, has witnessed an improvement in the customs of the table. There is doubtless more temperance in everything but speech than ever before: it is no longer considered one of the accomplishments of a gentleman to be able to drink himself and his companions under the table every evening, and, though the custom of the ladies' withdrawing after the dessert still holds, it no longer has the basis it once had. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that this growth in temperance offers at least one explanation of the recent remarkable opposition to the liquor traffic; it may be found to be one of the causes of prohibitive laws rather than one of the effects. And this leads to a consideration of the source of law, a subject which may better be considered at another time.



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TIRE TROUBLE—with its cost, annoyance, delays and, we fear (sometimes), profanity, need not worry *you* for another single week.

We can show you a way, which thousands of owners of automobiles have *proven* by years on *the road*, that will end *your* tire trouble *right off short.*

Standard Tire Protectors

are the only practical solution of the tire question. With them you may come and go, day in and day out, without the least bit of anxiety. Your repair bills will take a sudden drop.

Sharp stones, glass or nails cannot penetrate our durable protectors, still they do not reduce the "life" of the tire nor affect its resiliency. Many people have driven for thousands of miles without a puncture or a blow-out. Many have driven for two years or more without giving a thought to their tires.

The protectors slip over the tread surface of the tire and are held firmly in place by the natural inflation pressure. There are no metal fastenings. Sand, gravel or water cannot get in. Impossible for them to work off, and no creeping takes place. Nor do they give your car a clumsy appearance.

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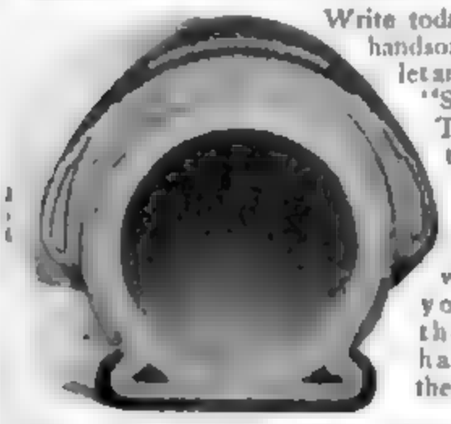

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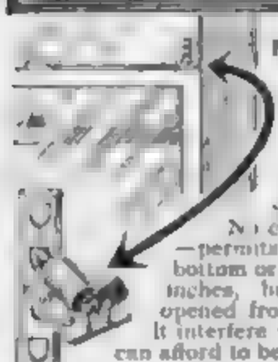

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Agents wanted everywhere

Frank F. Smith Metal Window Hardware Co.
50 Spring St., Newark, N. J.

CUTTING UP THE BIG RANCHES

(Concluded from Page 7)

and Eastern papers told the farmers of the cheap lands to be found in the Southwest. Excursion rates, offered twice a month, brought thousands of farmers to Texas to clamor for the land the ranchmen owned. Here they were taken in charge by the real-estate men, who led the assault on the cattle industry in the interests of farming.

The odds seemed to favor the cattleman who owned the land and did not want to sell, but in the end the farmer won, as he has always won such contests, and the ranchman turned real-estate man or sold out his property to a colonization company.

When the cattlemen were forced to retreat they carried the spoils of war with them. Some sold outright for ten dollars an acre. Ten dollars an acre amounts to sixty-four hundred dollars a section or six hundred and forty thousand dollars for a hundred sections, which is the average size of a ranch. Others became interested in founding towns and sold out an entire section in town lots at more than one hundred dollars an acre. Some sold and bought and sold again, and with the rapid increase in land values their money doubled on each transaction.

A Cattleman With Millions

A flood of money from foreign land investors kept Texas prosperous while the remainder of the country groaned under the pressure of a panic. Men who had counted their wealth by the number of cattle their branding iron had seared, began to invest money in bank stock and city real estate. The main business street of Fort Worth is exactly one mile long and the business houses on it represent investments by cattlemen who retired on the wave of the land boom. The one exception is a big office building. Imbued with the Christmas spirit last year, one of these cattlemen sent for his three children to come and receive their Christmas gifts. Each of the three presents consisted of two million dollars' worth of property—and he told his children they were more liberally provided for in his will.

In the hunger for new farms a few ranches have remained untouched. Some of them have not yet been connected with railways; others have been retained intact by their owners out of respect to tradition.

"I guess I can't stop you from building a railroad across my ranch," a cattleman told the promoter of a road last fall. "Go ahead and build it if you have to, but when your trains get on my ranch I don't want them to stop. Just keep going until you get out of it again. I am not going to have any rotten little towns built on my land, with farmers bothering me to sell them a quarter section."

This explains why one prospective Texas railway has on its blueprints no station where a hustling new townsite ought to be located.

The Matador, JA, Circle Seven, Santa Gertrudas and SMS are among the few remaining of the big ranches. The others are gone, their magnificent distances cut up by wire fences, and their pastures dotted with new farmhouses and ambitious towns.

Even on these ranches things are not as they used to be. Cattle from the SMS ranch are no longer fattened on grass and shipped to market from the pastures. Instead there is a giant feed mill, the biggest of its kind in the world, which grinds up scientifically balanced rations for the cattle. A standard-gauge railway track leads from the mill to the feed pens, and carries feed to the cattle in trainloads. With it four thousand cattle can be fed in an hour. The feed mill offers a striking contrast to the old range methods of even ten years ago, and is another reason why beefsteak is high and will remain so.

The process of cutting up the ranches is still going on, with a constant tendency toward the small farm. When it was first discovered that crops could be grown in the grass country the vast tracts of cheap land offered encouragement and opportunity for the big farm. The farmer bought all the land he could afford and then, with a steam plow, planted whole sections in corn or cotton or milo maize. The level prairie country, where it is possible to plow a furrow a mile long without once pausing for stump or rock, makes conditions ideal for this kind of farming; but only a few succeeded at it, while many failed. With perfect seasons the thousand-acre cornfield might prove as productive as the forty-acre patch, but the perfect season never existed, and the forty-acre man had much better opportunity to nurse his crop through a drought or to do a quick job of replanting after a late frost. The man with the big farm soon learned this and now devotes his attention to the half or quarter section near at home, and rents out the remainder.

It must not be supposed that in the cutting up of the big ranches the cattle industry disappeared from the plains. On the contrary more people are now engaged in cattle-breeding than ever before. Only a few herds of more than a thousand head exist now, but instead there are many herds of ten or fifty or one hundred head. With a few acres in alfalfa and milo maize the owner of six hundred and forty acres can care for fifty or one hundred head without interfering with his farm crops. Instead of one cow to every fifteen acres as under the old buffalo-grass system, it is now possible to keep a steer for each acre of the farm, and the steers go to market in better condition and sell at higher prices. Old cattlemen, who see the present meager herds, recall the good old days, and remark that on a trail herd they would not have noticed the loss of the cattle it now takes to make a herd. But the cattleman has never been completely reconciled to changed conditions and his comments on present-day methods may be more or less biased. The fact remains that the number of cattle has never materially diminished through all the changing fortunes of the plains. Meantime the lowly hog, despised of cattlemen, but esteemed by those who know him better, is for the first time rooting up the buffalo pastures and bringing prosperity to his owner.

As for our old friend, the cowboy, he has lost his contempt for the nester. The railroads brought girls to the ranches, and Joe and Pete and Hank lost their bashfulness and became nesters themselves. They now plant corn in the old pastures, and some of them even raise hogs. A few have never been reconstructed. These men left the plains and found new opportunities for adventure as trainmen or automobile drivers.

"The plains is not what it used to be," complained one. "It's too crowded now. Why, you can't cuss a cat there without getting your teeth full of hair!"

A Son of the Soil

EVEN the farmer is developing a surprising thirst for expert information when it comes to the purchase of an automobile. For more than a year a few dozen automobile salesmen had tried their wiles on a hard-headed, hard-fisted tiller of the soil who cultivated his broad acres by means of a traction engine, but invariably without success.

All had given him up except one dealer who, through hard study and hard work in factory and shop, had mastered every detail of the intricate mechanism.

One spring morning this dealer's car stopped at the edge of a field over which the farmer's traction engine was pulling a gang-plow. The work did not proceed smoothly. The engine was bucking, stuttering and complaining, and the dealer, his professional interest aroused, joined the mechanic and the farmer.

"Why don't you set your carbureter right?" he asked after a short examination. "It's adjusted for high speed only, and you're working on the low three-quarters of the time. You might also give her all the oil she needs. Your oil feed is only half open."

The farmer watched in silence as the mechanic made the suggested adjustments. When the engine started off smoothly he turned to the automobile dealer, a twinkle in his shrewd eyes.

"I reckon you won't talk about the fine upholstering and the elegant paint if I should ask you to show me your car," he said. "You seem to know your business. That man has been here from the city four days now, trying to spot the trouble that it took you ten minutes to locate. Let's see what you have for sale."

The dealer made the sale, and has since sold three other cars to the farmer's friends.

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It is truly a wonderful instrument, perfected to such a degree that a deaf person can hear faint sounds and enjoy all the pleasures of church, theatres, public speaking or ordinary conversation. **Over 10,000 in use.** Enthusiastic testimonials from responsible people. Almost invisible when in use. Makes you hear and gradually improves your hearing. If you are deaf or hard of hearing, be sure and write at once.

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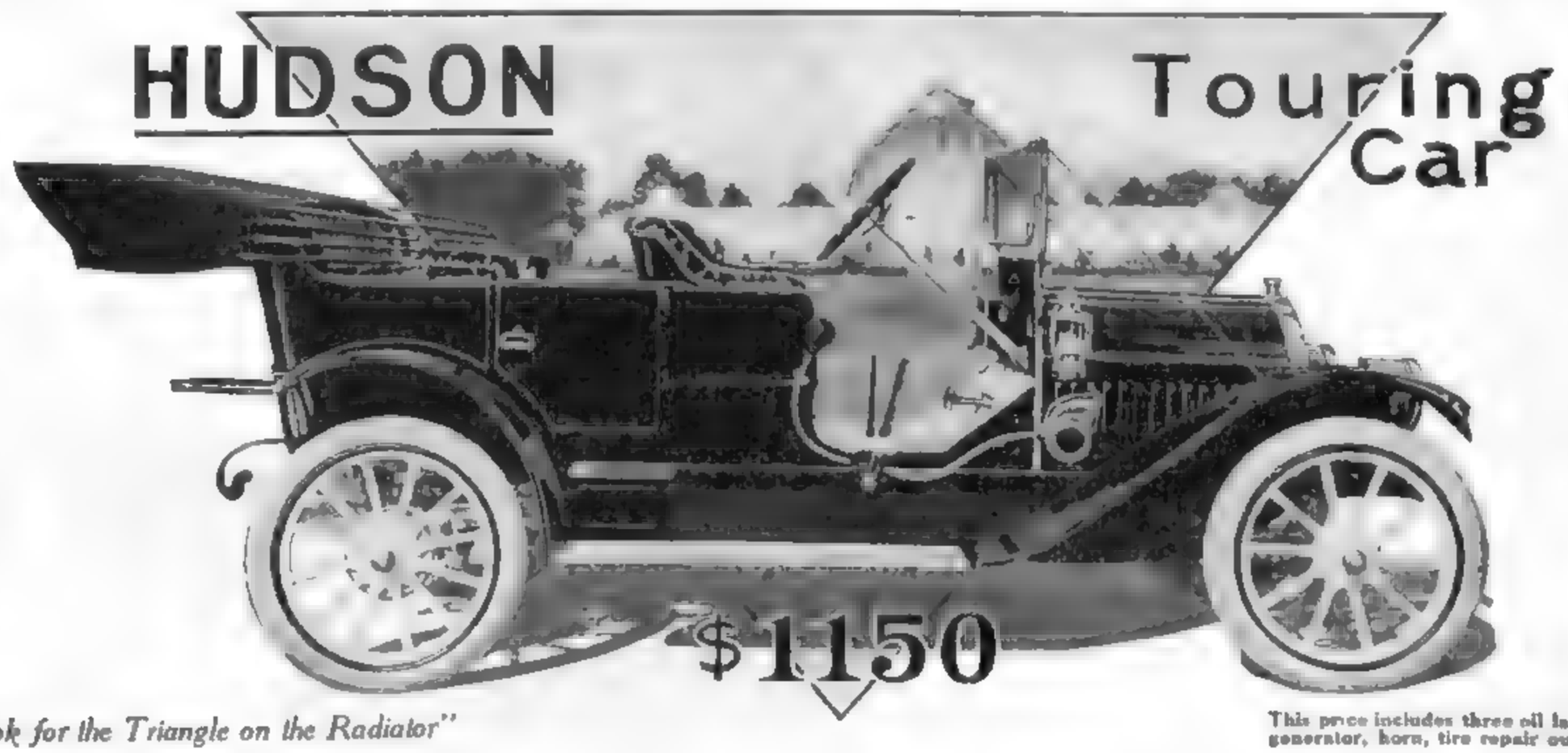

"Look for the Triangle on the Radiator"

This price includes three oil lamps, two gas lamps, generator, horn, tire repair outfit, tools and jack.

You may know nothing about an automobile, but this you can prove for yourself

"The HUDSON is the Most Comfortable to Drive and the Easiest Riding Among All Low Priced Touring Cars"

Sit at the wheel of a Hudson—put your feet on the clutch and brake pedals. See how natural and comfortable it is to operate them.

Rest your right foot on the curved accelerator. Notice it is made so your foot will not slip off, and so placed in the foot board that a long day's drive will not tire or cramp you.

Grasp the big 18-inch steering wheel. Notice what a leverage it offers for the easy and safe control of the front wheels. See how comfortable you can be while handling the wheel and how much foot room you have.

You are going to buy an automobile principally for the pleasure you expect to get out of it. How much pleasure you will get will depend upon how comfortable you are when in it. This not only applies to you as the man who is going to drive it, but to your family and friends who are going to ride with you.

That is why we lay special stress on these Hudson features. You need not be an expert to appreciate how much these points should mean to you.

The Hudson provides more foot room in front than any standard touring car at any price. It is even easy to get in and out from the driver's seat without disturbing the passenger in front. The big roomy tonneau rides like a rocking chair.

Cars costing upwards from $4,000 have the same style of spring suspension that you find on this $1150 car.

You cannot yourself do very much toward improving American roads, but you can and should buy the car best suited for road conditions as you will find them. Among all low priced cars the Hudson is the car which is so designed and so built that with it you get the fullest possible enjoyment out of country driving.

In addition to the satisfaction which goes with owning and driving such a comfortable car, the Hudson owner has the additional satisfaction of knowing that he has one of the best looking touring cars built; particularly from cars in its own class does the Hudson stand out because of its good looks.

You must sit in a Hudson and ride in it to satisfy yourself as to its comfort and easy riding qualities, but you have merely to look at it to appreciate its beauty of line and finish.

Our records show that 27% of all Hudsons delivered (and we have delivered over 4,200) are being used by physicians and business institutions. Business institutions look on an automobile as an investment. They choose the car which offers the most for the money. That so many of them have chosen our standard passenger car models, as cars best adapted for commercial purposes, is the greatest compliment that could be paid us.

Every business institution that uses a Hudson pleasure car for commercial purposes is willing to testify of the satisfactory service they give and to the unusually low cost of operating and maintaining them.

Evidence from these users, plus the testimony of the thousands who are using our cars purely for pleasure, is conclusive that the Hudson is beyond any question of doubt the best buy on the market.

The Hudson offers more real sound automobile value for the money than any other make.

The Hudson Catalogue and Hudson Literature go into the mechanical side of the Hudson in detail. Send for them today, and get also the name of the dealer nearest to you, who handles the Hudson line.

In the meantime, take the first opportunity you get to satisfy yourself that the Hudson is as comfortable to drive and ride in as we say it is. See for yourself how good looking it is—then make up your mind to join the ranks of Hudson owners and save money by doing so.

To get the same value in any other make you will have to pay a higher price.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

Licensed Under Selden Patent

CUT OUT AND MAIL S. E. P.

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Mail New Hudson Catalog to

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THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

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is a cool smoke, a pleasant smoke—a smoke that does not burn the tongue or dry the throat.

Rich and Mellow For Pipe and Other Smokers

At All Dealers

In a neat metal case that keeps it perfectly

10 cents

SPAULDING & MERRICK
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Hay Fever

and Asthma are quickly relieved by the use of an effective device which we will send to any sufferer for seven days' free trial. They may then decide whether or not they want to keep it. This device filters the air of all foreign matter, dust and pollen which cause the irritation known as Hay Fever and prevents paroxysms of Asthma.

No medicines are used—no operation is required. The use of this marvelous device will bring quick relief to any sufferer. Persons who are compelled to breathe a great deal of dust find this device of immediate relief. It protects the sensitive membranes of the nasal cavities from all foreign matter in the air, thus eliminating the irritation.

If you are troubled with Hay Fever or Asthma, send your name and address. You can use this device seven days before deciding to keep it.—The Nasalfilter Company, 430 Globe Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. (2)

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Is now ready and will be sent free. Quarter Sawed White Oak. Samples of finish. 64 page catalog.

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CHOCOLAT-DUHAMEL

(Continued from Page 14)

possibly convey the person of Duhamel *père*.

It was Tuesday, Emile's afternoon off, but in view of Georges' illness, which had continued since his fainting spell of the week before, Emile had consented to remain on duty until four o'clock.

"You shall have Friday off instead," Bodin declared. He was in especially good spirits, for that very morning Paillard and Beretta had called in response to an apologetic note written by Gély under his partner's compulsion, and they had pledged the renewal of their friendship in a happy fashion.

"Yes, Emile," Bodin repeated, "you shall have Friday off, for I shall call in Doctor Beretta this afternoon and he will no doubt get Georges on his feet again."

Emile nodded condescendingly and barely concealed a smile. There was no telling where he would be on Friday if the grand coup he had planned for the following morning should prove to be as successful as he hoped.

"I need to make only a few purchases," he replied loftily, "and I shall be back at half past five."

Bodin smiled amiably.

"Stay as long as you like," he said, and when at four o'clock Emile left by the front door instead of the kitchen entrance, he bade the waiter goodby with an affectionate heartiness. Emile bowed superciliously and made at once for a small grocery store near the corner of Seventh Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street.

"Hello, Uncle," he said to a tall, white-haired man behind the counter.

"Not another cent," the grocer replied positively.

Emile reached down into his trousers pocket and produced Bodin's fifty-five dollars intact. The roll consisted of small bills, and it had an opulent bulkiness that made the grocer gasp.

"Here is your little loan," Emile said, peeling off five one-dollar bills. "Now, listen to me."

For ten minutes he unfolded the tale of the missing heir with a vivacity that caused his uncle to shake with laughter. Jean Dupont was the grocer's name, and his thick white hair and mustache gave him an almost distinguished appearance.

"But what impelled you to try on this dodge?" he asked Emile.

"It was a stroke of genius," Emile replied proudly. "On the morning the dispatch was published I was polishing the brass railing in front of the café, when Bodin disappeared for a moment. Instantly it came over me like a flash, 'Why should I not be the missing heir?' On the spur of the moment I ran behind the cigar case and tore the corner off a sheet of paper. '*Mon cher* Adrien,' I wrote with the back of a thin steel pen. It was a beautiful example of feminine penmanship, and when I dropped it on the floor Bodin picked it up and bit immediately. The rest you know."

Once more Emile produced the roll and laid down five one-dollar bills on the counter.

"With your silk hat and frock coat," he continued, "you will be perfectly safe. No one knows Duhamel, and the danger of a clash with the real Duhamel is nothing at all, for the Lorraine will not dock until half past nine, and our coup will be all over at a quarter to ten."

"But ——" the grocer said.

"But nothing," Emile broke in. "It will be a hundred dollars found money. With all the *mécaniciens* that you know, it will be an easy matter to hire a big touring car with that fiver."

"And the police?" Dupont asked.

"If the police could not find the real Adrien Duhamel," Emile concluded, "it stands to reason they will not find his imitation father."

A quarter of an hour of skillful argument followed, and Dupont at length slapped his thigh with his open hand.

"I will do it," he cried, "if it is only for the fun of the thing."

At nine o'clock the following morning the telephone bell of the Maison Bodin trilled sharply and Crépin Bodin himself answered.

"Allo!" he said. "Allo! Oh, good morning, Doctor. You want to know about

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"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures

IT is a matter of far-sighted policy to make every home investment count—not only as to comfort, sanitation and attractiveness, but in the enhancement of the building's present monetary value and in the safeguarding of its future worth. Inferior bathroom fixtures, with their rapid deterioration in dependability and service, always detract from a building's worth. *There is no such thing as permanency in equipment of this character.* There is certainly little satisfaction.

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Send for your copy of our beautiful new book "Modern Bathrooms." It will prove of invaluable assistance in the planning of your bathroom. Many model rooms are illustrated, costing from $75 to $600. This valuable book is sent for 6 cents postage.

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The frontiersman chose the COLT because of dependability. YOU should buy a COLT because its claims for superiority are based on actual tests and PROVEN.

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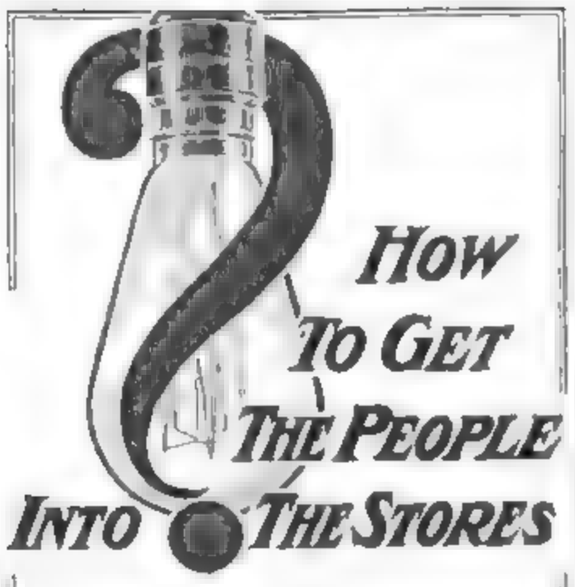

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is the big question with all store owners. The answer is simple: brilliant and effective lighting of attractive window displays makes people stop, look, admire, desire—enter—and buy. With

General Electric Mazda Lamps

you can flood your windows with a clean, white, cool and intensely bright light that will bring out all details of the display with striking accuracy and distinctness.

G-E Mazda Lamps have cut in two the former cost of electric lighting because they give more light on less current than any other type of electric incandescent lamp

Phone your electric light man to-day to equip one window with G-E Mazdas. Give them a month's trial. The trial will convince you of the need of having these lamps throughout your entire store. Then you'll be ready for the big fall trade

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Here's the finest chewing gum you ever put in your mouth

—the *Chewy* kind, big mint-quality Spearmint in round metal boxes

Fine half-tone portrait of a baseball player in every five cent box.

Violet Chips

Flavored like the aroma of sweet violets
Purifies and delicately perfumes the breath.
Fine for the teeth. A toilet requisite.

Mint Chips

With the wonderful flavor of old-fashioned mint-stick peppermint. Refreshing after meals or smoking. Fine for breath. Aids digestion. Handy for vest pocket or hand bag. A necessity to travelers

Specify Colgan's—Avoid imitations.

Favored by athletes, golfers, fishermen, etc

COLGAN GUM CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

Put sticky fly paper in this holder. It enfolds the entire sheet of sticky paper—conceals it—keeps it clean—and makes it last longer. Metal frame. Lasts indefinitely. Supplies 3 sheets to make $1.00 postpaid express. STAY PUT CO. Danville, Va.

Georges? Since your visit yesterday afternoon he is much improved. You do not want to know about Georges? O-oh! It is something else? Certainly I will allow you to speak. What is it?"

For three minutes Crépin held the receiver to his ear while Doctor Beretta told him of the Lorraine's expected arrival

"But if he is on board hadn't I better go down to meet him? No?" he exclaimed

"You would spoil everything," Beretta said. "It is for you to keep your eye on Emile. You say he suspects nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing," Bodin replied

"Then let him continue to do so," Beretta rejoined, "and Paillard and I will meet the old man at the pier and bring him up as soon as possible. Good-by"

Crépin hung up the receiver with a sigh. "They will take their percentage of the reward," he murmured; "but what does it matter?—a table more or less on the second floor."

It was nearly nine o'clock and Emile dusted the tablecloths with an assiduity that broke two tumblers and a saucer; but Bodin only smiled.

"Accidents will happen, Emile," he said, and the waiter agreed with a haughty nod

Finally half past nine arrived, and Emile, with one eye on the street door and the other on his employer, hastily ran over his points. There seemed to be no possible slip-up, and he was not in the least nervous when a sixty-horse-power automobile drew up at the curb and a tall white-haired gentleman alighted. He was garbed in a frock coat, a trifle long in the skirts but silk-lined to the edges. A little red ribbon showed in his right lapel and on his thick white hair a high hat was perched—a high hat so beautifully polished that it temporarily blinded Crépin.

"Is this M. Bodin?" the visitor inquired.

Crépin bowed. Outwardly he appeared quite calm, but it was all that he could do to hold his knees in check.

"It is," he replied

"I am Adolphe Duhamel," the visitor said simply.

Bodin made a deeper obeisance and looked behind him. There stood Emile with mouth agape and eyes staring. It was the cue

"*Mon père!*" Emile shrieked.

"Adrien!" the newcomer cried. Just in the nick of time he placed his hat carefully on a marble-topped table, for the next moment Emile seized him in a strangle hold and burst into a fit of hysterical weeping.

"Gently, gently," Dupont murmured, "you are ruining my cravat."

But Crépin heard only his waiter's sobs. He gazed with streaming eyes at the affecting scene and then he ran to the kitchen

"Gély," he cried, "come at once. Chocolat-Duhamel has arrived."

Gély made for the café, followed by the assistant chef

"Stop," Gély thundered. "Where are you going?"

The assistant chef shrugged and returned to the range

"He can be of service," Bodin interrupted. "Let him go upstairs and tell Georges instantly to dress himself and come down to the café."

The assistant chef shrugged and started obediently for the back stairs. Ten minutes later he returned with Georges, and when the latter entered the café the assistant chef peeped in. Around the corner table sat Emile, Dupont, Gély and Bodin, and in front of them stood an empty quart bottle of vintage champagne. Georges was immediately set to work opening another one, and after he had filled the glasses he was bidden to return to the kitchen.

"And now to business," Dupont said, after the quartet was again undisturbed. "Now to the reward. Fifty thousand francs you shall have without delay."

He stood up and felt in the tails of his coat, but without result. More and more clouded his face became as he explored the pockets of his garments.

"Have I been robbed?" he muttered. Suddenly his face broke into a smile, which merged into a huge guffaw as he struck the marble table with his fist

"Idiot that I am!" he shouted. "I gave all my money to the *commissaire*—the purser—for safekeeping, and I am absolutely penniless. What shall I do?"

He turned to Bodin with a whimsical grin.

"I suppose I must borrow from my chauffeur," he said.

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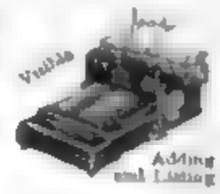

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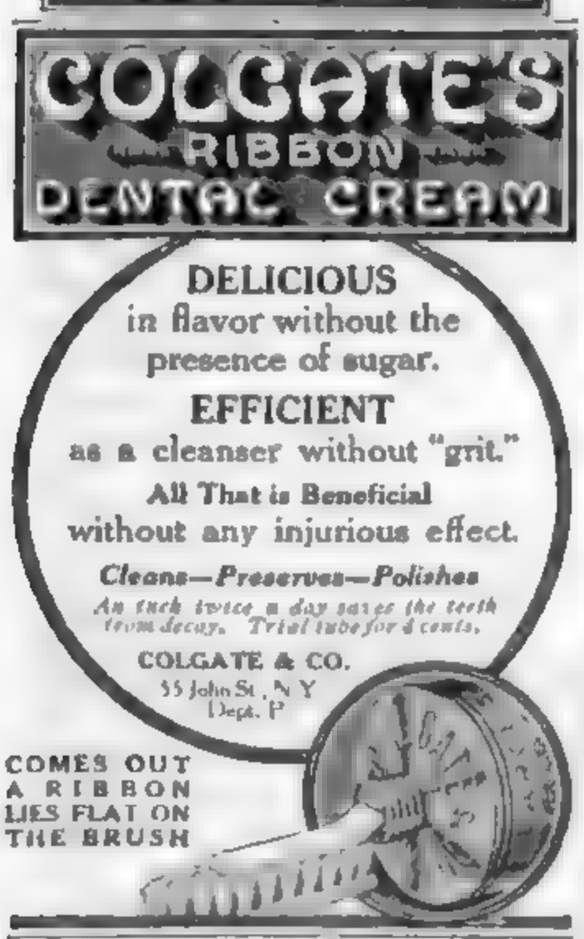

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"Not at all, not at all," Bodin exclaimed. "Permit me."

He jumped to his feet and ran to the safe in the corner, whence he returned with a roll of yellow-back bills.

"How much do you require?" Bodin asked.

"A trifle merely," Dupont replied. "Five hundred francs will be enough."

Under the tortured gaze of his partner Crépin counted out five twenty-dollar bills, which Dupont thrust carelessly into his trousers pocket, and for fifteen minutes more they sat and sipped their wine. At length Dupont arose.

"I must be going back to the steamer," he said, "to get my money. Adrien, you will accompany me. We return in half an hour and perhaps we see your friends there and bring them with us. Too bad we missed them."

It was the work of a moment for Emile to run upstairs and secure his hat, and when he returned Bodin assisted him into the tonneau with the tenderest solicitude.

"*Au revoir*," Dupont said, waving an airy adieu. "We are back in half an hour."

With a final honk the machine wheeled about and disappeared toward Sixth Avenue just as a brokendown hack ambled around the corner and approached the Maison Bodin.

Gély and Bodin had barely entered the basement café when the shabby equipage came to a stop and Beretta and Paillard alighted. The third occupant of the carriage descended rather shakily, as if he felt the land rocking under him.

"Ah-ow mooch cost?" he asked the cabman.

"T'ree dollars," the cabman said. "De legal fare is four, but you bein' a greenhorn I'll only charge yer t'ree. See?"

The third occupant explored a bulky purse with his thumb and finger and drew forth a silver dollar. He was short and insignificant in appearance but for his mouth and chin, both of which seemed to indicate a certain inflexibility of character. As for the latter, it protruded three inches beyond the rest of his face, and even the cabman was overawed by it.

"Wot's dis?" he said as he balanced the coin in the palm of his hand.

"Take eet or leave eet," said the greenhorn, and he followed Beretta and Paillard into the café.

"Bodin," Paillard called, "there is some one here you will wish to meet."

Bodin had commenced to superintend the clearing away of the champagne glasses, and Georges had just lifted a trayful of empty bottles when the third occupant of the carriage entered. Immediately there was a tremendous crash as the bottles fell to the tiled floor.

"Blockhead!" Bodin cried, and then he turned toward the newcomer. For one minute he rubbed his eyes with his fingers and looked back at the trembling Georges. Barring the chin and mouth, the newcomer was another Georges, slightly grayer around the temples, but identical in build and height.

"So," said the visitor sternly, "it is you!"

"*Oui, papa*," Georges murmured.

"Do you consent to return with me?" said the duplicate Georges.

Georges' lower lip trembled.

"But Liane ——" he whimpered.

"I withdraw my opposition to Liane," said Georges' father, with a wave of his hand. "She is an actress, but she is a business woman. She sues out a *proces* against me for malicious interference in a proposed contract of marriage. I withdraw my opposition, provided she discontinues her action."

"I promise she shall do so," Georges answered.

"Then you will come back?"

"*Oui, papa*," Georges cried again.

"And serve your term with the colors?"

Georges shrugged his shoulders.

"Rather than this life," he said, "yes."

Georges' father walked slowly forward and embraced his son dispassionately.

"Take that thing off," he said, pointing to the apron, "and sit down at this clean table with me."

He bowed to Paillard and Beretta.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you will join us in some refreshments?"

He looked sharply at Gély and Bodin and clapped his hands.

"Come, come," he said. "Bestir yourselves. What shall we have, gentlemen? For alcohol it is too early, and sirop upsets my stomach. I have it."

He snapped his fingers at Bodin.

"*Chocolat-Duhamel*," he said, "and service for four."

"But," Paillard began—"But, M. Duhamel, these gentlemen are the proprietors. It is they who sent the cablegram."

"The second cablegram, yes," said Duhamel, for it was none other than the chocolate king himself, "but the first, no. Also a letter came after the first cablegram was sent; it reached me on shipboard this morning and it contained a full report of all that these *canaille* did to my Adrien. However, I shall not prosecute, for, though the boy has suffered, it will be a lesson to him."

"But," Beretta broke in, "who sent the first cablegram?"

Before Duhamel could reply the kitchen door opened and the assistant chef stepped forth. He was divested of his cooking costume and wore the correct morning attire of an English gentleman as interpreted by a Parisian tailor.

"Ah, M. Duhamel," he cried, "it is at last that the fruits of an entire year's work are garnered."

"Messieurs," cried Duhamel, "permit me to introduce to you the gentleman who traced my son here. It is he who was the instrument of restoring him to me."

The assistant chef bowed.

"A happy meeting," he murmured. "I will celebrate it fittingly out of the fifty thousand francs that are to be my reward."

Bodin had collapsed behind the cigar stand. His head was sunk on his breast, and he stared at his former employees with upturned eyes. Gély retained his composure, however, and rose philosophically to the occasion. He approached the table at which the Duhamels were sitting and rubbed his hands in a professional manner.

"At your service, Messieurs," he said. "You will pardon a slight upset in the establishment. Emile, our waiter, and an accomplice of his decamped this morning with a hundred and fifty-five dollars of our money."

"What?" the assistant chef cried. "Were you as easy as that?"

"Myself, no," Gély replied; "but I have a partner, Messieurs, a generous fellow, whose heart sometimes runs away with his head."

The reproach, so gently put, was too much for Crépin, and he wept unaffectedly, whereat the assistant chef rose to his feet and placed his hand on Crépin's shoulder.

"Courage, *mon ami*," he said. "It is I that am at fault primarily. I knew all and should have warned you in time. Therefore I shall make good the loss out of the reward that M. Duhamel is to give me."

Crépin dried his eyes.

"What nobility!" he exclaimed.

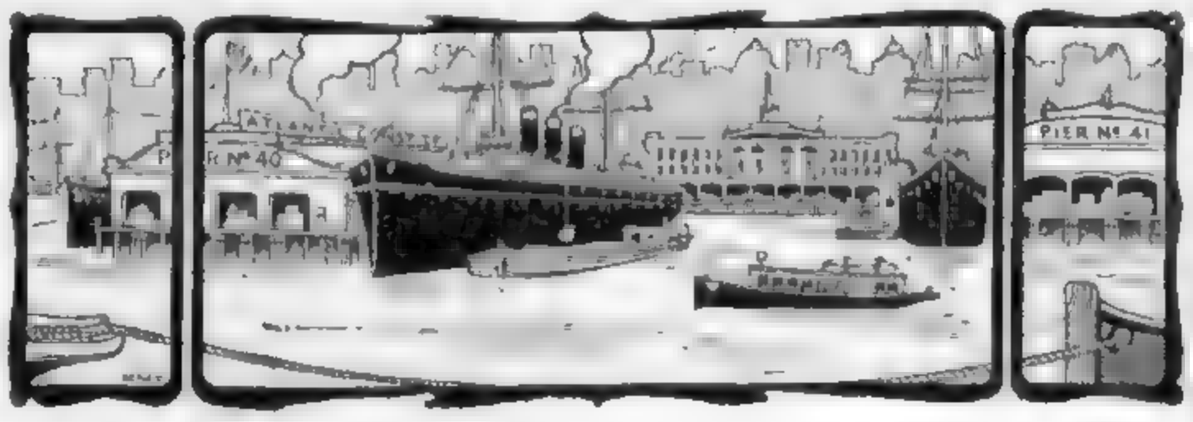
"It is nothing at all," the assistant chef cried. "Have no fear, Messieurs; I shall get it back as sure as a tree."

He turned to the others and bowed.

"Yes, Messieurs," he said, "the miscreant and his accomplice are as good as apprehended, for when my professional pride is touched I am infallible."

"Your professional pride?" Gély repeated blankly.

"Precisely," said the assistant chef. "Allow me to introduce myself: I am M. Laurent Charpentier, of the Paris police."



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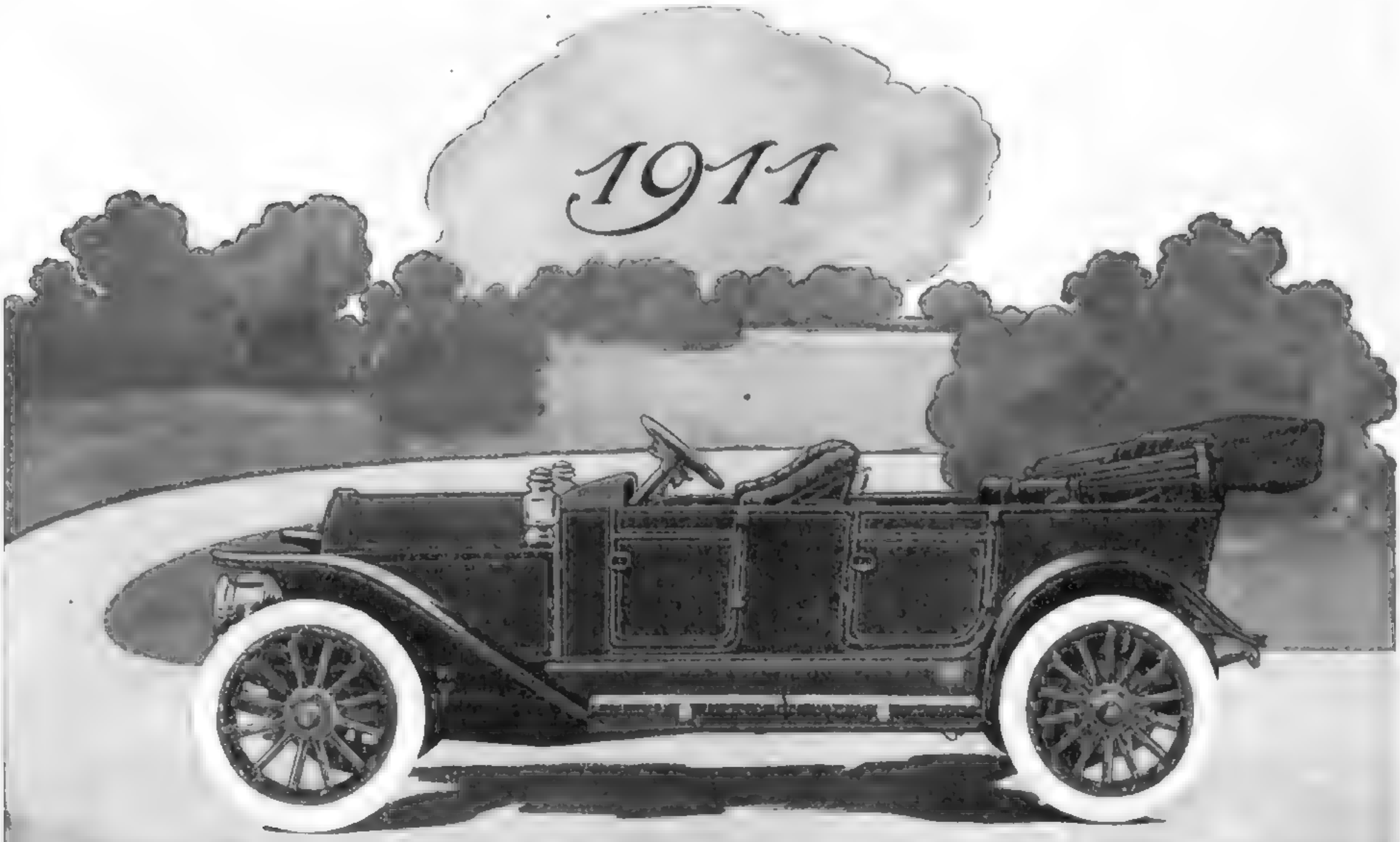

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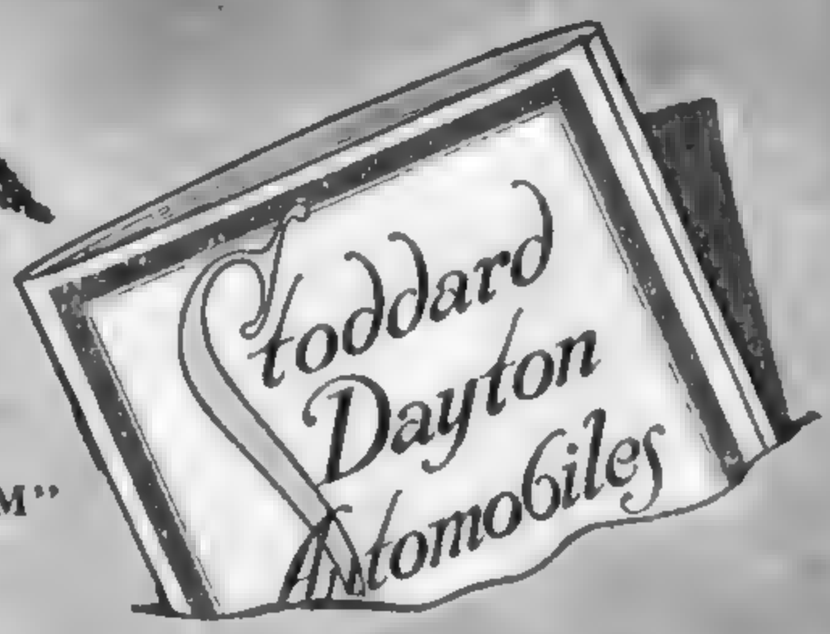

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AILSA PAIGE

(Continued from Page 17)

The awful roar of the firing to the right deafened him; he caught a glimpse of squadrons of regular cavalry in the road, slinging carbines and drawing sabers; a muffled blast of bugles reached his ears; and the next moment he was trotting out into the smoke.

After that it was a gallop at full speed, and he remembered nothing very distinctly, saw nothing clearly, except that everywhere among his squadron ran yelling men on foot, shooting, lunging with bayonets, striking with clubbed rifles. Twice he felt the shocking impact of his lance point; once he drove the ferruled counterpoise at a man who went down under his horse's feet. One moment there was a perfect whirlwind of scarlet pennons flapping around him; another, and he was galloping alone across the grass, lance crossed from right to left, tugging at his bridle. Then he set the reeking ferrule in his stirrup boot, slung the shaft from the braided arm loop, and drew his revolver—the new weapon lately issued, with its curious fixed ammunition and its cap imbedded.

There were groups of gray infantry in the field, walking, running or standing still and firing; groups of lancers and dragoons trotting here and there, wheeling, galloping furiously at the men on foot. A number of foot soldiers were crowding around a mixed company of dragoons and lancers, striking at them, shooting into them. He saw the lieutenant-colonel of his own regiment tumble out of his saddle; saw Major Lent put his horse to a dead run and ride over a squad of infantry; saw Colonel Arran disengage his horse from the crush, wheel and begin to use his heavy saber in the mass around him. Bugles sounded persistently; he set spurs to his tired horse and rode toward the buglers, and found himself beside Colonel Arran, who, crimson in the face, was whipping his way out with dripping saber.

Across a rivulet on the edge of the woods he could see the regimental colors and the bulk of his regiment reforming; and he spurred forward to join them, skirting the edge of a tangle of infantry, dragoons and lancers who were having a limited but bloody affair of their own in a cornfield where a flag tossed wildly—a very beautiful, square red flag, its folds emblazoned with a blue cross set with stars.

Out of the mêlée a score of disheveled lancers came plunging through the corn, striking right and left at the infantry that clung to them with the fury of panthers; the square battle flag, flung hither and thither, was coming close to him; he emptied his revolver at the man who carried it, caught at the staff, missed, was almost blinded by the flashing blast from a rifle, set spurs to his horse, leaned wide from his saddle, seized the silk, jerked it from its rings, and, swaying, deluged with blood from a sword-thrust in the face, let his frantic horse carry him whither it listed, away, away, over the swimming green that his sickened eyes could see no longer.

XVII

ON EVERY highway, across every wood trail, footpath and meadow streamed the wreckage of seven battlefields. Through mud and rain crowded heavy artillery, wagons, herds of bellowing cattle, infantry, light batteries, exhausted men, wounded men, dead men on stretchers, men in straw-filled carts, some alive, some dying. Cannoneers cut traces and urged their jaded horses through the crush, cursed and screamed at by those on foot, menaced by bayonets and sabers. The infantry, drenched, starving, plastered with mud to the waist, toiled doggedly on through the darkness; batteries in deplorable condition struggled from mudhole to mudhole; the reserve cavalry division, cut out and forced east, limped wearily ahead, its rear guard firing at every step.

To the north, immense quantities of stores—clothing, provisions, material of every description—were on fire, darkening the sky with rolling, inky clouds; an entire army corps with heavy artillery and baggage crossed the river enveloped in the pitchy, cinder-laden smoke from two bridges on fire. The forests, which had been felled from the Golden Farm to Fair Oaks to form an army's vast abatis, were burning in sections, sending roaring tornadoes of flame into rifle pits, redoubts and abandoned fortifications. Cannon thundered

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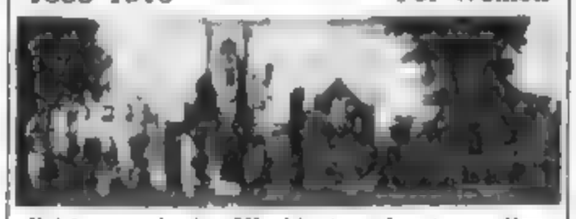

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at Ellison's Mills; shells rained hard on Gaines' Farm; a thousand simultaneous volleys of musketry mingled with the awful uproar of the cannon; uninterrupted sheets of light from the shells brightened the smoke pall like the continuous flare of electricity against a thundercloud. The Confederacy, victorious, was advancing wrapped in flame and smoke.

At Savage's Station the long railroad bridge was now on fire; trains and stores burned fiercely; thousands of boxes of hard bread, barrels of flour, rice, sugar, coffee, salt pork, cases of shoes, underclothing, shirts, uniforms, tinware, blankets, ponchos, harness, medical stores, were in flames; magazines of ammunition, flat cars and box cars loaded with powder, shells and cartridges, blazed and exploded, hurling jets and spouting fountains of fire to the very zenith.

And through the White Oak Swamp rode the commander-in-chief of an army in full retreat, followed by his enormous staff and escort, abandoning the siege of Richmond and leaving to their fate the wretched mass of sick and wounded in the dreadful hospitals at Liberty Hall. And the red battle flags of the Southland burned on every hill.

Claymore's mixed brigade, still holding together, closed the rear of Porter's powder-scorched army corps.

The Zouaves of the Third Regiment—what was left of them—marched as flankers; McDunn's battery, still intact, was forced to unlimber every few rods; and the pouring rain turned to a driving golden fire in the red glare of the guns, which lighted up the halted squadrons of the lancers ranged always in support.

Every rod in retreat was a running combat. In the darkness the discharge of the Zouaves' rifles ran from the guns' muzzles like streams of molten metal spilling out on the grass. McDunn's guns spurted great lumps of incandescence; the fuzes of the shells in the sky showered the darkness with swarming sparks.

Toward ten o'clock the harried column halted on a hill and bivouacked without fires, food or shelter. The Zouaves slept on their arms in the drenched herbage; the lancers, not daring to unsaddle, lay down on the grass under their patient horses, bridle tied to wrist. An awful anxiety clutched officers and men. Few slept; the ceaseless and agonized shrieking from an emergency hospital somewhere near them in the darkness almost unnerved them.

At dawn shells began to plunge downward among the dragoons. McDunn's battery roused itself to reply, but muddy staff officers arrived at full speed with orders for Claymore to make haste; and the starving command staggered off stiffly through the mud, their ears sickened by the piteous appeals of the wounded begging not to be abandoned.

Berkley, his face a mass of bloody rags, gazed from his wet saddle with feverish eyes at the brave contract surgeons standing silent amid their wounded under the cedar trees.

Cripples hobbled along the lines, beseeching, imploring, catching at stirrups, plucking feebly, blindly at the horses' manes for support.

"Oh, my God!" sobbed a wounded artilleryman, lifting himself from the blood-stained grass, "is this what I enlisted for? Are you boys going to leave us behind to rot in rebel prisons?"

"Damn you!" shrieked another; "you ain't licked! What'n hell are you runnin' away for? Gimme a gun an' a hoss an' I'll go back with you to the river!"

And another pointed a mangled and shaking hand at the passing horsemen.

"Oh, hell!" he sneered, "we don't expect anything of the cavalry; but why are them Zouaves skedaddlin'? They fit like wildcats at the river. Halt! you red-legged devils. You're goin' the wrong way!"

A Sister of Charity, her snowy, wide-winged headdress limp in the rain, came out of a shed and stood at the roadside, slender hands joined imploringly.

"You mustn't leave your own wounded," she kept repeating. "You wouldn't do that, gentlemen, would you? They've behaved so well; they've done all that they could. Won't somebody tell General McClellan how brave they were? If he knew he would never leave them here."

The lancers looked down at her miserably as they rode; Colonel Arran passed her, saluting, but with heavy, flushed visage averted; Berkley, burning with fever, leaned from his saddle, cap in hand.

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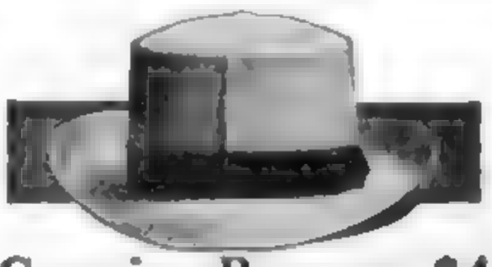

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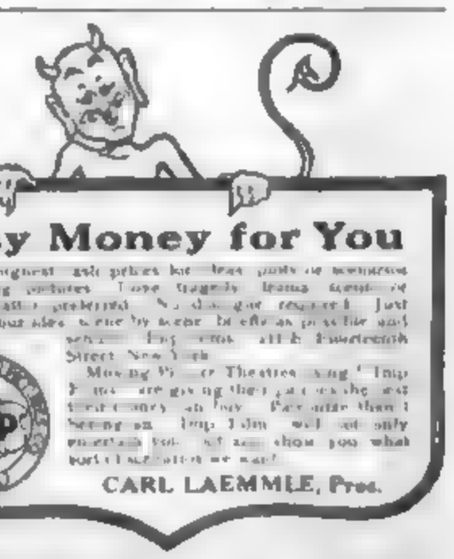

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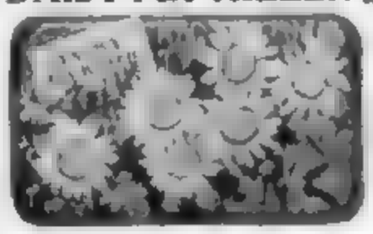

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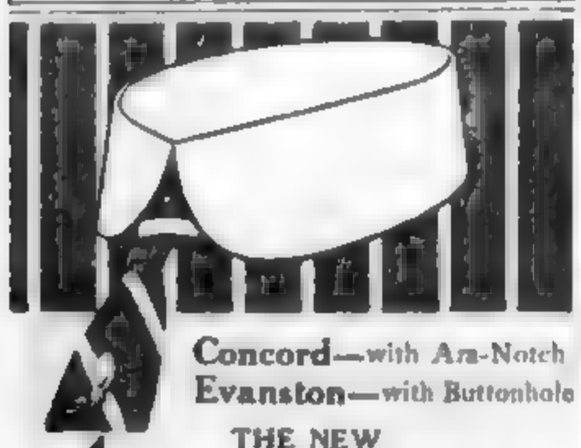

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"We can't help it, Sister. The same thing may happen to us in an hour. But we'll surely come back; you never must doubt that!"

Farther on they came on a broken-down ambulance, the mules gone, several dead men half buried in the wet straw, and two Sisters of Charity standing near by in pallid despair.

Colonel Arran offered them led horses, but they were timid and frightened; and Burgess gave his horse to the older one, and Berkley took the other up behind him, where she sat sideways clutching his belt, white coiffe aflutter, feet dangling.

At noon the regiment halted for forage and rations procured from a wagon train which had attempted to cross their line of march. The rain ceased; a hot sun set their drenched clothing and their horses' flanks steaming.

At two o'clock they resumed their rout: the ragged, rain-blackened pennons on the lance heads dried out scarlet; a hot breeze set in, carrying with it the distant noise of battle.

All that afternoon the heavy sound of the cannonade jarred their ears. And at sunset it had not ceased.

Berkley's Sister of Charity clung to his belt in silence for a while. After a mile or two she began to free her mind in regard to the distressing situation of her companion and herself. She informed Berkley that the negro drivers had become frightened and had cut the traces and galloped off; that she and the other Sister were on their way to the new base at Azalea Courthouse, where thousands of badly wounded were being gathered from the battles of the last week, and where conditions were said to be deplorable, although the hospital boats had been taking the sick to Alexandria as fast as they could be loaded.

She was a gentle, calm-browed little thing, with ideas of her own concerning the disaster to the army which was abandoning thousands of its wounded to the charity and the prisons of an enemy already too poor to feed and clothe its own.

"Some of our Sisters stayed behind, and many of the medical staff and even the contract surgeons remained. I hope the rebels will be gentle with them. I expected to stay, but Sister Aurelienne and I were ordered to Azalea last night. I almost cried my eyes out when I left our wounded. The shells were coming into the hospital yesterday, and one of them killed two of our wounded in the straw. Oh, it was sad and terrible. I am sure the rebels didn't fire on us on purpose. Do you think so?"

"No, I don't. Were you frightened, Sister?"

"Oh, yes," she said naïvely; "and I wished I could run into the woods and hide."

"But you didn't?"

"Why, no, I couldn't," she said, surprised.

The fever in his wound was making him light-headed. At intervals he imagined that it was Ailsa seated behind him, her arms around his waist, her breath cool and fragrant on his neck; and still he knew she was a phantom born of fever, and dared not speak—became sly, pretending he did not know her lest the spell break and she vanish into thin air again.

What the little Sister said was becoming to him only a pretty confusion of soft sounds; at moments he was too deaf to hear her voice at all; then he heard it and still believed it to be Ailsa who was speaking; then, for a few seconds, reality cleared his clouded senses; he heard the steady thunder of the cannonade, the steady, clattering splash of his squadron; felt the hot, dry wind scorching his stiffened cheek and scalp where the wound burned and throbbed under a bandage clotted with blood.

When the regiment halted to fill canteens the little Sister washed and rebandaged his face and head.

It was a ragged slash running from the left ear across the cheek-bone and eyebrow into the hair above the temple—a deep, swollen, angry wound.

"What were you doing when you got this?" she asked in soft consternation, making him as comfortable as possible with the scanty resources of her medical satchel. Later, when the bugles sounded, she came back from somewhere down the line, suffered him to lift her up behind him, settled herself, slipped both arms confidently around his waist, and said:

"So you are the soldier who took the Confederate battle flag? Why didn't you tell me? Ah—I know. The bravest never tell."

"There is nothing to tell," he replied. "They captured a gudon from us. It evens the affair."

She said, after a moment's thought: "It speaks well for a man to have his comrades praise him as yours praise you."

"You mean the trooper Burgess," he said wearily. "He's always chattering."

"All who spoke to me praised you," she observed. "Your colonel said: 'He does not understand what fear is. He is absolutely fearless.'"

"My colonel has been misinformed, Sister. I am intelligent enough to be afraid philosopher enough to realize that it doesn't help me. So nowadays I just go ahead."

"Trusting in God," she murmured.

He did not answer.

"Is it not true, soldier?"

But the fever was again transfiguring her into the shape of Ailsa Paige, and he remained slyly silent, fearing to disturb the vision—yet knowing vaguely that it was one.

She sighed; later, in silence, she repeated some Credos and Hail Marys, eyes fixed on space, the heavy cannonade dinning in her ears. All around her rode the lancers, tall pennoned weapons swinging from stirrup and loop, bridles loose under their clasped hands. The men seemed stupefied with fatigue; yet every now and then they roused themselves to inquire after her comfort or to offer her a place behind them. She timidly asked Berkley if she tired him, but he begged her to stay, alarmed lest the vision of Ailsa depart with her; and she remained, feeling contented and secure in her drowsy fatigue. Colonel Arran dropped back from the head of the column once to ride beside her. He questioned her kindly; spoke to Berkley, also, asking with grave concern about his wound. And Berkley answered in his expressionless way that he did not suffer.

But the little Sister of Charity behind his back laid one finger across her lips and looked significantly at Colonel Arran; and when the Colonel again rode to the head of the weary column his face seemed even graver and more careworn.

By late afternoon they were beyond sound of the cannonade, riding through a golden light between fields of stacked wheat. Far behind in the valley they could see the bayonets of the Zouaves glistening; farther still the declining sun glimmered on the guns of the Tenth Battery. Along a parallel road endless lines of wagons stretched from north to south, escorted by Egerton's Dragoons.

To Berkley the sunset world had become only an infernal pit of scarlet strung with raw nerves.

The terrible pain in his face and head almost made him lose consciousness. Later he seemed to be drifting into a lurid sea of darkness, where he no longer felt his saddle or the movement of his horse; he scarcely saw the lanterns clustering, scarcely heard the increasing murmur around him, the racket of picket-firing, the noise of many bewildered men, the cries of staff officers directing divisions and brigades to their camping ground, the confused tumult that grew nearer, nearer, mounting like the ominous clamor of the sea as the regiment rode through Azalea under the July stars.

He might have fallen from his saddle, or somebody perhaps lifted him, for all he knew. In the glare of torches he found himself lying on a moving stretcher. After that he felt straw under him, and vaguely wondered why it did not catch fire from his body, which surely now was but a mass of smouldering flame.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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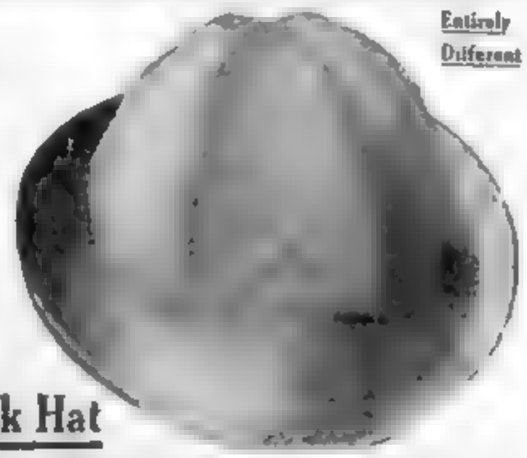

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Sense and Nonsense

All He Wanted

CARL SCHURZ was dining one night with a man who had written a book of poems, so called, and who was pleased with himself.

The poet was discoursing on the timeworn topic of politics and of the men who take office.

"I consider politics and politicians beneath my notice," he said. "I do not care for office. I wouldn't be a Senator or a Cabinet Minister, and I doubt if I could be tempted by the offer of the Presidency. For the matter of that, I would rather be known as a third-rate poet than as a first-rate statesman."

"Well, aren't you?" Schurz shouted at him.

The Perfect Stage-Robber

Th' most perlitest robber, Pard, that ever flashed a gun
On th' frontier trail to Deadwood, whar th' stages used to run.
I was dozin' off an' dreamin' when th' driver hollered "Whoa!"
An' I heered a clickin' trigger whar th' sagebrush used t' grow
Higher'n Six-Foot Spencer's middle; in a most persuadin' way
He invited us t' linger while he passed th' time of day;
He had one of Colt's persuaders, which jest mesmerizes you
When you look into it stiddy fer a minute's time er two!

Th' most perlitest robber, Pard, that ever robbed a stage
On th' road, as I remember now, in this er any age;
He was coverin' th' driver an' th' men of us, an' that
Was th' reason, so he told us, that he didn't tip his hat
To th' ladies of th' party, which th' same he couldn't chance;
But his breedin' was remarkable—I seen that at a glance;
Th' most perlitest robber, Pard, I ever, ever met.
He was jest a perfect master of th' laws of etiquette!

He smiled behind his weapon—good a smile as you could ask,
An' it run up on his face an' was lost behind his mask.
Th' driver acted offish, so he shot him through th' arm,
But apologized profoundly fer this necessary harm;
An' he said, "Now, all in favor of preservin' life's few sands
Indicate th' inclination, please, by holdin' up your hands!"
Th' vote was all affirmative, as fur as I could see;
An' he said, "I thank you, brethren, fer this unanimity!"

I remember when I offered him my ticker he said, "I'm
A very, very busy man, but glad to take th' time!"
We had a schoolma'am with us an' a little, shy, trained nurse,
An' he said, "You're wearied, ladies—won't you let me take your purse?"
He looked so pained an' troubled when one feller stood, unpursed,
An' offered him his money, an' he murmured, "Ladies first!"
A rebuke quite unexpected, but it proves, where'er you go,
That natural perliteness and gentility will show!

Th' most perlitest robber, Pard, I ever, ever met,
A perfect an' past master of th' laws of etiquette!
He took up his collection, an' he cut th' rope an' spoke,
"You see, I leave no traces!"—which was somethin' of a joke.
He bowed to both th' ladies an' pertitely backed away.
"So fortunate a meeting! Such a profitable day!"
He cried to us at partin'—"Be a pleasant journey thine!
I'm very glad I met you, an' th' pleasure is all mine!"

—*J. W. Foley.*

Silent Recognition

IN A PREPARATORY school near Washington a youth who was much behind in his studies was told he must be prepared in geology for a recitation next day, but was given rather free latitude as to what he might bone-up on.

He got an encyclopedia and read up on a certain stone and went to class letter-perfect. When the professor called on him he arose and spouted his piece.

When he had finished he sat down and waited for something from the professor, but that person said nothing and went on with the lecture.

After class the student went to the professor and asked: "How did you like my recitation?"

"Very well."

"But you didn't say anything about it. Was the information I had unfamiliar to you? Did I touch a new field of research?"

"No," said the professor, "hardly that. The reason I could say nothing about your recitation was that I wrote what you recited from that encyclopedia twenty years ago."

Choice in Children

REPRESENTATIVE OLCOTT, of New York, has a neighbor who has two children, a boy and a girl. This same neighbor recently adopted a little girl.

The sister and brother looked the adopted sister over carefully and made some disparaging remarks about their superiority.

"Well," sniffed the little adopted girl, "your papa and mamma had to take you, but they choosed me."

Me and Andy and John

Me and Andy and John
Are givin' a lot away
To colleges here and libraries there—
We're helpin' 'em every day.
There's John—he's smilin' a happy smile
And writin' the checks against his pile;
And Andy—biddin' the world have peace
And wishin' the wars would somehow cease;
And me—I'm doin' my hours o' toil
To pay the bills for the steel and oil.

John and Andy and me—
We're certainly helpin' some
With money for this and money for that
As fast as petishuns come.
There's Andy makin' 'em carve his name
Upon the libraries for his fame;
And John—he's teachin' the young to save
An' givin' advice he always gave.
And me? I'm helpin' 'em meet both ends
By chippin' in on the dividends.

Andy and John and me
Hold wealth as a preshus trust;
We're helpin' 'em here an' helpin' 'em there
By shovelin' out our dust.
There's Andy busy as he can be
Considerin' plans for a library;
And John a-whackin' a boundin' ball
And lettin' his words o' wisdom fall;
And me! I'm payin' my small amount
To help 'em both to a bank account.

Me and Andy and John
Are givin' our money free;
The colleges here and libraries there
Are gettin' it from us three.
There's John—he's happiest when he gives,
And he'll be doin' that while he lives;
And Andy—makin' 'em raise their part
To build the houses for books and art.
And me? By ginger! How fine I feel—
Apayin' the bills for oil and steel!

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

A Fallible Father-in-Law

TWO of the gilded youth of Providence, Rhode Island, were in Newport and came upon a newsboy.

"Let me have a paper," said one of them, giving the boy fifty cents.

"I can't change that," said the boy

"Lend me a nickel," the gilded youth asked his companion.

"Oh, bother, let him have the fifty cents!"

"No, indeed! You let him have it if you like. My father-in-law is not dead and yours is."

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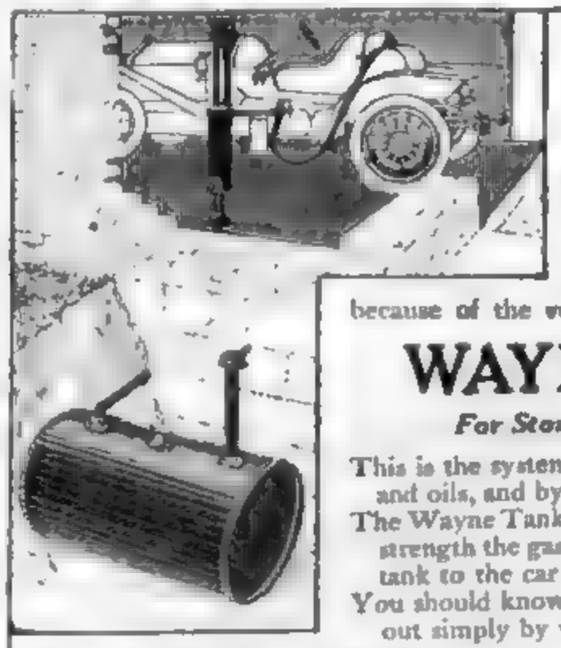

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PREMIER

"The Proven Car"

Glidden Trophy, 1907-08-09-10

The three most-coveted reliability trophies in motordom—all won by the Premier

List of cars which have competed in one or more of the last four Glidden Tours and have yielded precedence to the superiority of the

PREMIER

The Proven Car

PEERLESS	BERLIET	SHOEMAKER	STUDEBAKER
PACKARD	HAYNES	AUTOCAR	JEWEL
COLUMBIA	WHITE	CHALMERS-DETROIT	GLIDE
RAINIER	GARTH	WALTER	MIDLAND
LOZIER	ROYAL TOURIST	METEOR	COLE
STODDARD-DAYTON	THOMAS-FLYER	ACME	CARTERCAR
MITCHELL	WELCH	FRANKLIN	PARRY
APPERSON	REO	MARMON	OHIO
THOMAS-DETROIT	PUNGS-FINCH	OAKLAND	PENNSYLVANIA
AEROCAR	MAXWELL	OLDSMOBILE	CINO

In each of the three previous Glidden Tours the Premier has finished with a perfect score, and the average showing of the Premiers in any three of the four, or all four, has not been equaled by any car in the list shown herewith.

The Premier is the only make competing for the Glidden trophy in any three of the last four tours, or all four of them, which has not lost a car and has finished on schedule time with every car they started.

PREMIER

The Proven Car

Winner of the Glidden Tour

The 1910 Glidden tour searched out the weaknesses and omissions of every car entered. It incapacitated every official and non-contesting car before the tour was half finished, in spite of the fact that they were permitted to make repairs and replacements and adjustments at will.

Abandoning these disabled cars, officials of the tour, including the referee, pacemaker, noon checker and Dai Lewis, pilot, with his bags of confetti, took refuge in the Premier, which carried some of them on ten of the sixteen running days.

As a matter of fact, this, the 1910 Glidden tour won by the Premier, was beset with road conditions so desperate and abnormal that they actually asked the miraculous and almost impossible of the entrants.

Out of this terrific 1910 ordeal as in the tours of 1907, 1908 and 1909, the Premier emerged untouched by tool and unaided by repair, with a trifling penalty imposed for attention to the fan belt only, and the renewal of water.

It was the only car traveling on the maximum schedule, which reached every control throughout the tour on time—in spite of the "excess freight" it carried in the shape of Glidden tour officials.

There is a widespread and growing disposition to assign the Premier a position of precedence over all other American cars without regard to price. This is due to a spreading belief that a car must prove its worth by the way it measures up with other cars in reliability contests, and in the esteem of its owners. The Premier, in that respect absolutely dominates the situation. And that suggests the thought—what car has earned the right to be valued above the Premier? Study the list shown above.

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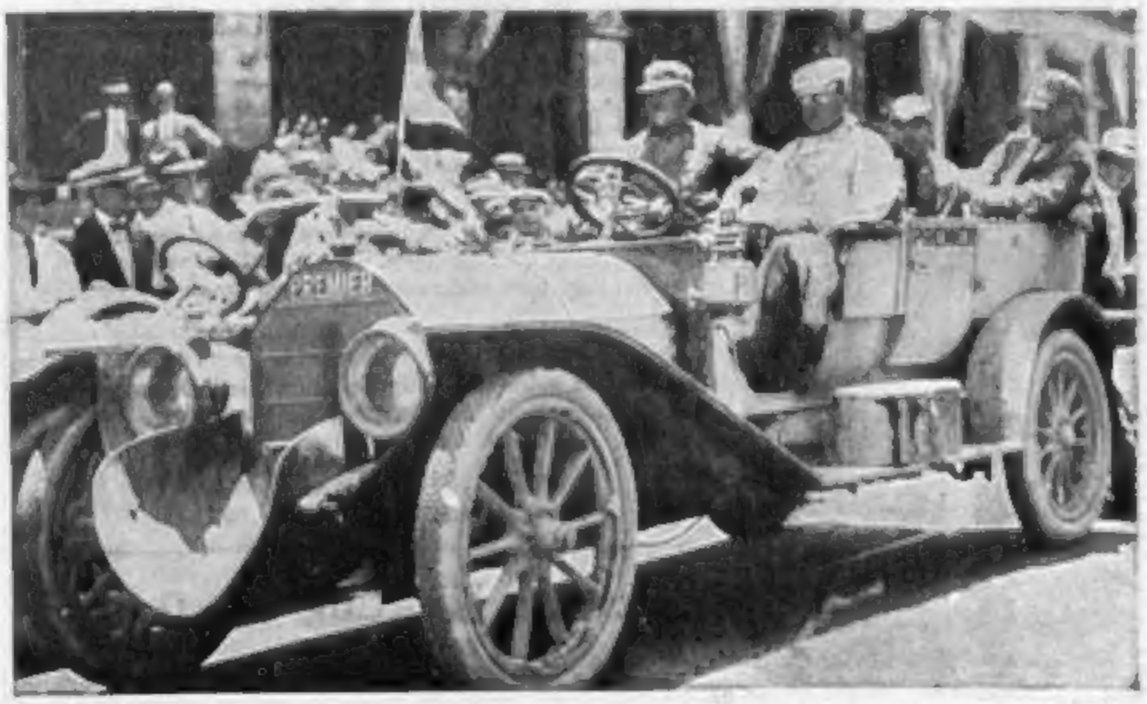

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